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JOHN MILTON.

Engraved by H. Meyer, from a Drawing by Mr. Harrison,
in the Possession of the Rev.d Dr. Disney.

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To the Memory of
my most dear and accomplished Son,

CHARLES SYMMONS,

by the suggestions of whose fine mind and perfect taste
I have been largely benefitted as a writer,
and to the contemplation of whose piety and virtues,
the sources of much of my past happiness,
I am indebted for all my present consolation,
I inscribe

THIS LIFE OF MILTON;

which, having grown under his eye
and been cherished with his regard,
is dear to me for merit,
not intrinsically its own.

On the 23d of May, 1805,
before he had completed his twenty-second year,
he was torn from my affection and my hopes,
experiencing from his God,
the recompense of a pure life,
in the blessing of an early death.

CHARLES SYMMONS.

PREFACE.

Though a part of my former preface has now lost its reference, I am induced to retain the entire composition, as it was written under the impression of principles, not liable to decay, and of wounded affections which can cease to pain, alas! only in the grave. What I have now to say will relate altogether to the present edition of my work—to those inaccuracies in it which I have corrected, those deficiencies which I have supplied, or those opinions which have been pronounced on it since its property was transferred from me to the public.

In quoting by memory from Dr. Johnson, I had been guilty of a verbal error; and the slip was not suffered to be made with impunity. On the passage in question, which referred to that writer's censure of the "Damon," one of the public critics remarked, "Here, however, we must impeach the bio-

grapher of mistake or lapse of memory in quoting *affectation* where the original gives us *imitation* of pastoral life, as part of the argument is ingrafted upon the harshness of the word used."[a] Though no essential part of my argument was dependent on the miscited word, (for imitation, with, *childish*, for its adjunct, implies what is sufficiently injurious and false to justify my censure and refutation,) I was thankful to the critic for his remark; and the error has, in consequence, been blotted from my page.

On that place, where I appeal to the academical registers for the proof of Milton's not having lost a term before he took his bachelor's degree, and content myself with specifying the year only for the date of this event, the same critic, not without some confusion in his language, observes, that "Dr. S. who quotes the register of Christ's College in *his*" (Milton's I suppose) "vindication, should have substantiated *his*" (Dr.

[a] Crit. Review, series 3d. ix. 269, in a note.

S—'s I conclude) "point by the adduction of more minute testimony, as *his*" (Milton's again) "having taken his degree in 1628, unless it were in the early part of that year, after having entered in 1624-5, is obviously inconclusive."[b] *In the early part of* 1628 Milton could not have taken his degree, for then his requisite number of terms would not have been completed: but, (as we may chuse to follow the present calendar, or that which computed the beginning of the year from March) he took his degree either early in 1629 or in one of the latter months of 1628. He took it, in short, at the accustomed and regular time of taking the B. A. degree in Cambridge, viz. in January; and though he might have taken it in the preceding term, the measure would not have been consistent with the usual and most reputable practice. With respect to time therefore, he took his degree with the strictest regularity, and as soon as he properly could. This fact however is not, after all, so decisive of the controverted point as I once thought it, or as my censor, (if I am right in

[b] Ib. 264.

my inference of his meaning,) is willing to admit it to be. As I am an historian with truth, and not an advocate with victory for my object, I will here fairly state the case for the reader's uninfluenced determination. Milton entered in Feb. 1624-5, and took his first degree in Jan. 1628-9. Exclusively, however, of the term in which he entered and of that in which he took his degree, it was necessary for him to keep only ten terms; and, if he kept the term immediately subsequent to that in which he entered, he would still have one term to spare: whether or not, therefore, he kept every term during the year in question must now be regarded as a point which it is impossible to ascertain. Having made this statement to weigh what it can in the estimation of Milton's enemies, and acknowledged my own hasty and inaccurate conclusion from premises which were correct, let me profess that my conviction on the subject remains unalterably as it was. It is possible, and even probable that Milton passed one of his terms under his father's roof: but his positive assertion, that he had not incurred any academical disgrace, makes it evident,

as I think, that his absence from the University in this instance was not the consequence of any punishment; but was an act either of obedience to his father's will, or of submission to necessity, from the want of pecuniary supplies. On this supposition the expressions of "vetiti laris," and "exsilium," would be strictly or poetically proper; and if he had suffered rustication, he would not surely so confidently affirm, when it was in the power of numbers to disprove him, that he had taken his degree "procul omni flagitio;" for every scholar knows that flagitium means not only facinus and vitium, but probrum and dedecus,—not merely crime, but shame and disgrace.

As this work was originally written under circumstances not favourable to its perfection, I was fearful that it might be found, on a revision, not only faulty in the substance and the mode, but deficient also in the just measure of its information. Its demand however for correction has proved to be less than I had reason to apprehend; and on

looking on every side for some fresh sources of intelligence, I have not been able to discover any from which I could draw more than a few accidental drops of what I deemed worthy of my reader's participation. The little new matter which I have obtained, has been derived from the kindness of Mr. Bindley, the first commissioner of the Stamp Office: a gentleman who delights in the communication of the large and curious literary stores which he possesses; and whose benevolence, while it gives enjoyment to his own declining age, diffuses pleasure around the circle in which he moves. With reference to myself, I must regret that my acquaintance with this friend to literature and its professors has been formed at so late a period: but it gratifies me to be yet indulged with this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to him, and of evincing my feeling of worth by professing my respect for him.

On striking the account with public criticism, I am gratified to find the balance considerably in my favour. If in some of its

pages I am subjected to more censure and in others am treated with more munificence of praise, in none of them am I consigned to unqualified condemnation. In one indeed of these vehicles of critical remark I find a charge brought against me of republicanism; and in another, of insincere attachment to the church of which I am a member: but neither of these charges can touch me with the irritation of a feather, as they are repelled by the evidence of my work, of my connexions, and of the uniform tenor of my writings and my conduct through life.

Satisfied however as I ought to be with the general result of public criticism, I have been struck, and at the same time pleased, as I will confess, with the variety and, in some instances, the contradiction of its opinions. Here a fault has been objected to me, and there with another name it has been thrown into my scale for merit. By one my prose composition has been censured, and by another my verse. This critic discovers that my translations are superfluous, and that pro-

nounces my numbers to be defective; while a third boldly affirms my style to be unfit for narration, as it rises to turgidity and bombast, and surpasses the modesty, not only of biographical narrative but, of prose itself! My translations shall plead for themselves, and shall find in me as silent an advocate as they do in the ingenuous Mr. Hayley:[c] but of my prose, which has been thus fearfully arraigned, I must be permitted to suggest something in the defence.

Between the false and the true in composition the separating line is strong and broad. Where ideas strut in a pomp of expression, to which they can allege no claim; where they are oppressed with an incumbency of words; where, from vague conception, they are indistinct, or, from wrong perception, broken and disordered, the style suggests the sense of incongruity, disproportion, and deformity, and we justly brand it as turgid, bombastic, and not calculated to fulfil

[c] See his publication of Cowper's translations of Milton's Latin and Italian poetry.

the first duty of language, that of communicating thought with propriety and precision. This is the false in composition, and while the critic may explain the causes of the error, the illiterate will feel and will recoil from it with disgust: all that is not thus incongruous and disproportioned, undefined and confused in the ideas and the diction is true; and the space between the very simple and the very figurative is sufficiently wide to allow the writer to walk or to run, as his spirits may prompt or his taste may direct. If my composition, therefore, be convicted of any of these enumerated crimes it must necessarily be condemned:—if it be found innocent, it must be acquitted; and the greater number of my readers will not perhaps complain if while their understandings are not abused, their fancies should be entertained. Intervening, indeed, between the true and the false there are the several degrees of the better and the worse, not ascertainable by any fixed standard of principle, but left for discrimination to the loose and floating sentiment of

taste. In this nicer graduation of styles, if mine should be determined by a plurality of voices to be too remote from the just point, I must submit to be censured, and must content myself with imputing the fault to the vice rather of my nature than of my judgment. I never strain after allusion, or laboriously beat the thicket for game: it springs around me in abundance; and I am compelled to refuse more than I take. If I could show my readers what I reject before it drops upon the paper and what is subsequently withdrawn by my prudence, they would perhaps pardon the errors which I have committed, for those which, under the impulse of temptation and with something of violence to my feelings, I have virtuously abstained from committing.

Having intimated, with reference to my own case, a contrariety in some of the decisions of public criticism, I may be asked the cause of this opposition of judgment in writers, who profess to determine without passion and on principles which are established and

invariable. But not to remark that, in the trial of literary composition, much must always be left to the discretion of individual taste, and that in criticism, as in law, there is something of a glorious uncertainty, it must be observed that, in consequence of the present eager demand for periodical criticism which seems to be increasing with the hour, every man, who can arrange a common sentence, is invited, with the helmet of Orcus on his head, to assume the office of a critic, and thus to pass sentence on the merits, if not on the destinies of authors. The pen on these occasions is frequently, as I know, in the hand of ability and learning: but it is also, as I am likewise certain, not infrequently in that of imbecillity and ignorance. I am far however from objecting to this indiscriminate exercise of criticism, which, productive as it may be of partial evil, must, in my view of its operation, have a tendency to general good. I wish, indeed, that every man who can spell would turn critic; and from the extended agitation of opinion, which

would thus be excited, I am satisfied that the cause of truth would eventually flourish. Beneath the flood, which covers the plain, fertility will rest upon the soil, and though the weaker vegetation may perish, the root of the stronger will be cherished, and the branch of the loftier be adorned with more copious and animated green.

By more than one of the public critics I have been charged with injustice to the memory of Dr. Johnson; and for my treatment of this extraordinary and inconsistent man, in whom so many traits of great and so many of little and mean character concur to excite in the same moment our respect and our pity, I have been censured with some degree of harshness by a writer, of whose conduct to me in other respects I feel no reason to complain.[d] The intellectual power of Dr. Johnson with his numerous virtues, and those prejudices which united him with a potent faction in the state, conciliated during his life the attachment of many illustrious friends,

[d] The Cabinet, Vo. 1, p. 35.

and, when he ceased to breathe, communicated a species of sanctity to his grave. Of this I was aware in the commencement of my undertaking; and, repressed by a sensibility of which he had shewn himself to be insusceptible when he violated the ashes of Milton, my hand paused, as I reflected that he, on whom it was to fall, had paid the last debt of human infirmity, and was no longer in a condition to offend or resist. The suggestions of feeling in this instance pressed me more strongly than those of prudence; and, superior as I was conscious of being with the weapons of truth, I wished him to

> " be alive again,
> " To dare me to the desert with his sword."

But death can consecrate only virtue and truth; and with the fear of posthumous conviction and disgrace would be extinguished one of the most powerful restraints of human enormity and excess. If every villain were assured of an inviolable asylum for his memory in the tomb; and a James or a Wild

were to rest unmolested by the side of an Antoninus or a Socrates, the desire of fame and the terror of reproach would be deprived of half of their beneficial influence; and every wretch, who could defy the laws and was not afraid of God, would indulge his selfish passions without the check of a controll. But the case is too clear to admit of illustration; and if we cannot, like the old Egyptians with respect to their deceased monarchs, submit the dead to the striking solemnity of a judicial process, it belongs to the historian and the biographer to bring their conduct to the bar of Truth, and firmly to pronounce her sentence of acquittal or condemnation. On the dead indeed only can the sentence of truth, at all times and without the pleading of any opposing duty, be pronounced. Have I then advanced against Dr. Johnson a single charge unsupported by sufficient evidence? Have I accused him of malignity to Milton, when the crime can be denied by the most bigotted of his adherents? Have I called him the coadjutor and accomplice of Lauder,

when the propriety of the terms is not fully established by the production of facts? The case in truth, is in this instance not stated so strongly as it might be against the author of the Rambler; and it is the prudence of his friends not to provoke any further discussion of the subject, as it must infallibly terminate in his greater confusion. If he was not actually privy to the forgeries of the northern schoolmaster, whose confidence he accepted and abused, he certainly had sufficient reason to suspect them; and with his friend, Cave, he resisted their detection as long as the resistance could be either effectual or safe. In any event, he adopted the whole of Lauder's malignity; and let his partizans first clear him of this offence before they talk bigly of his innocence, and bluster in his cause. Urged as I have been by some, whom I respect and love, to soften what I have said against him, with my conviction of the atrocity of his conduct, to one of the most perfect characters which is to be found in the page of biography, I have not erased a

syllable respecting him, and have felt more inclined to strengthen than to mitigate the censures, of which I have made him the subject. Even the concluding sentences of my work, which seem to extend their crimination to his general merits as a writer, I have not persuaded myself to omit: and if it be a crime in me, with the fullest sense of the great powers of his mind, to regard him as a corrupter of our style, to affirm that I dislike the fatiguing and laborious monotony of his sentences, and, delighted as I have been with the occurrence of brilliant passages, of vigorous and original thought, to assert that I have never yet read one of his productions with unmingled or even with prevailing pleasure; if this I say be a crime in me, I cannot hesitate to avow it, and I must consent to visit that allotment of future time, which may belong to me, with the brand of guilt flagrant on my forehead.

My preface is already too long: but I must be forgiven if I still lengthen it to touch upon a topic, which stands in connexion with my work.

When I offered the translations of some of Milton's Latin and Italian poetry to the public, I introduced them with a note of civility to Mr. Cowper: and to Mr. Hayley, who has enriched himself by converting the ashes of his friend into gold, I have shewn myself disposed, in more than one instance, to be too liberal rather than too economical of praise. Not regarding the translator's palm as an object worthy of contest, I translated merely for the entertainment of my readers: but I translated also, as I will ingenuously confess, or I would not have translated at all, without a consciousness of inferiority to the writer who had preceded me on the ground. Having published, however, in the course of the last year, the whole of his departed friend's translations from my author, Mr. Hayley has favoured me with notices which are not of a nature to exact my thanks, or to impress me with any strong idea of a just and honourable mind. Of one of my translations alone has he condescended to speak, and of this he has judged

it right to speak in such a manner as strongly to imply that it is the single instance of poetic translation to be discovered in my volume. That this was the persuasion which he intended to communicate to his readers, is manifested by his subsequent conduct: for on occasions which he has improved to display his candour and his taste, by lavishing extravagant commendations on some very subordinate versions of the "Mansus" and the "Damon," he has carefully buried mine in the profundity of silence. In a few passages, indeed, he has been pleased to couple my name, as a writer, with some civil epithets: but at the same time he has prudently guarded against any possible excitement of my vanity, by throwing me into company, not of a class to corrupt me with improper sensations of my own importance. As Mr. Cowper's translations may now be confronted with mine, I have only to declare that, if the relative merit of the latter should be determined by the general suffrage to be inconsiderable, I shall be happy, whenever another edition of

my work may indulge me with the opportunity, to remove them from the eyes of a judicious public, of which, under this decision, I must pronounce them to be wholly unworthy.

By one of the public critics[e] I have been referred to a translation of the "Damon" by the pen of the late unfortunate Dermody, with a suggestion that it is superior to that which I have submitted to my readers. Having not, however, been able to find this translation in the place where I was directed to look for it, I am still unacquainted with it otherwise than by this critic's report; and I can therefore only profess with truth, that if it really deserve the preference which he assigns to it, (and I am very well disposed to believe that it may), I shall be honestly gratified by the fact: for desirous as I may be of erecting myself to the stature of higher men, I am far from wishing to depress them to the mediocrity of mine. So that I were permitted to

[e] See the article in the Cabinet, to which I have before referred.

retain my own positive rank, intellectual and moral, it would please me to see my whole species on an elevation above me: since, actuated by an ambition the very reverse of Cæsar's, I would rather be the last of an angelic community than the first of a human.

With respect to Mr Hayley, I may perhaps be arraigned of ingratitude or deficient taste, when I express a wish that he had obliged me by a total forgetfulness of my very name; and had reserved the whole impression of his praise, in its unbroken integrity, for Messrs. Cowper, Langhorne, Stockdale, Sterling, and Todd. With no peculiar abstinence to boast in my appetite for praise, I am contented with that portion of it which has been adjudged to me: and I may candidly confess that, while it has satisfied my desire, it has very far exceeded my desert. To adduce all the eminent names of those, who have indulged me with their applause, would expose me to the suspicion of a vanity, of which I am unconscious: but I must say that, if I have not been so fortunate as to obtain the

favour of Mr. Hayley, I have experienced some degree of consolation under the humiliating circumstance, from the very partial regard with which this Life of Milton has been honoured by a WILLIAM GIFFORD, a SAMUEL PARR, and a CHARLES FOX. To the last my voice cannot now reach; and to the first I have already imperfectly expressed my sense of obligation: but Doctor Parr must forgive me if I here state that the benefit, which this edition of my work has derived from the assistance of his judgment, has been so considerable as to give him a just claim to the thanks of my readers and myself. In a correspondence, which has passed between us, his deep and accurate erudition has supplied me with so many curious observations on the subject of Milton's Latin poetry that, if I could consent to arrogate the possessions of a friend for my own and to shine with the wealth of another, I could now make a splendid figure, and appear to be great beyond the design of my nature or the indulgence of my fortune.

The high reputation of Dr. Parr for learning and for talents cannot acquire a line of additional elevation from my panegyric; and when I affirm that his virtues as a man are equal to his merits as a scholar and a writer, I say only what his friends know to be true and what his enemies have not the confidence to deny. I speak of him on this occasion only to gratify myself, and he must pardon my justifiable vanity—for

"Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen."

Before I conclude, I must profess my thankfulness to the Reverend Doctor Disney, of the Hyde, for his very obliging communication of the fine drawing, which has supplied my work with its valuable frontispiece; and to the Reverend Mr. Matthews, Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, for the kindness with which he has enabled me to gratify the curiosity of my readers with a most curious fac-simile of Milton's hand-writing.

The drawing by Cipriani, from which my

frontispiece is engraved, is of a bust, in the possession of Dr. Disney, which was modelled from my author immediately after he had completed his "Defence of the People of England;" and the fac-simile is of the writing of that great man, in a volume of his poems, published in 1645, which he presented to Rouse, the librarian of the Bodleian, and which is now preserved in that grand repository of the literature of ages.

May 11, 1809.

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

More than two years have now elapsed since the Editors of the prose works of Milton favoured me with an application for the life of the author. With the diffidence, proper to my conscious mediocrity of talents, but with the alacrity, inspired by the wish of illustrating a great and an injured character, I undertook, and soon sketched the rough draught of a large portion of the work. Unacquainted with the general progress of the publication, with which my biography was to be connected, I already looked forward to its early appearance, when it pleased the Almighty to visit me with an affliction of so much power as to oppress all my faculties, and, during a heavy interval of many successive months, to render me incapable of the slightest mental exertion. From this half-

animated state I was at length roused by a sense of the duty which I owed to my engagements, and by the fear of having injured, with the consequences of my weakness, those interests which I had bound myself by promise to promote. On the completion, however, of my work, I discovered, and not without some satisfaction, that my life of Milton was yet to wait for its associate volumes from the press, and consequently that I had contracted no obligations for indulgence either to the editors or the public. Of all the parties, indeed, engaged in the transaction I alone seemed to have experienced any essential change of situation in the interval between the expected and the actual period of the publication. Eighteen months ago I felt an interest in the scene around me of which I must never again hope to be sensible; and my pen, which now moves only in obedience to duty, was then quickened by the influences of fame. Eighteen months ago, like the man who visited the Rosicrusian tomb, I was surrounded with brilliant light:

but one blow dissolved the charm, broke the source of the illumination, and left me in sepulchral darkness. It is only, however, in their reference to the execution of the following work that my calamities or my weaknesses can be of consequence to the public. If any passages then, in the present life of Milton, should be noticed by the reader for peculiar deficiency in composition or in spirit, as he pronounces their merited condemnation let him be told that they were written by a father who, with a daughter, the delight and, alas! perhaps too much, the pride of his heart, has lost the great endearment of existence; the exhilaration of his cheerful and the solace of his melancholy hour.

Candour now requires me to speak of the literary assistance of which I have availed myself. If any vanity yet lingered in my bosom, in which every animating passion is nearly extinct, I might abundantly gratify the weakness by enumerating among my friends or acquaintance some of the first scholars and geniuses of the age: but of those, whose abi-

lity, if circumstances had permitted me to solicit its co-operation, would have imparted ornament and value to my production, my obligations for effective aid are limited to one. By the reverend FRANCIS WRANGHAM, with whose talents and various erudition the public is already acquainted, I have been favoured with translations of my author's sixth elegy, of the greater part of his ode to Rouse, of more than one of his familiar epistles, and of many portions of his controversial pieces. These translations the reader would easily discover not to be mine: but to prevent his inquiry for the superior hand, from which they came, he will find them either acknowledged in their places, or specified at the foot of the present page.[a]

[a] The second letter to Deodati. The conclusion of the "Defence of the People of England:" "Hactenùs quod initio institueram," &c.

The two letters to Leo. Philaris, with exception to the quotation in the second of them from Apollonius, for the version of which I am accountable.

The address to Cromwell from the "Second Defence:" "Tu igitur Cromuelle," &c.

The conclusion of the "Second Defence:" "Ad me quod attinet," &c.

The letter to Peter Heimbach after the plague in London.

I am bound also to profess myself indebted to this accomplished scholar and excellent friend for several hints of minute information by which I have considerably profited.

The name of WILLIAM GIFFORD, so associated with praise in the conversation of the world, I have already taken occasion to introduce into the body of my volume: but I must not omit the present opportunity of mentioning that many of my last sheets, as they passed through the press, have been improved by the revision of this accurate critic, and most friendly man.

On the plan and the execution of my work, it would not be my wish, if I possessed the power to influence the determination of the reader. It has been my object to present to him as complete a view of the subject, of which I have undertaken to treat, as was admitted by my materials or my powers; and to communicate to my pages all the variety and entertainment, of which they were susceptible, I have interspersed them with small pieces of criticism, with

translations and extracts from my author, and with occasional, though short views of the great contemporary occurrences in the state.

For the political sentiments discoverable in my work I am neither inclined, nor, indeed, able to offer an apology. They flow directly from those principles which I imbibed with my first efforts of reflexion, which have derived force from my subsequent reading and observation, which have "grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength." If they should, therefore, unhappily be erroneous, my misfortune, as I fear, is hopelessly irremediable, for they are now so vitally blended with my thought and my feelings, that with them they must exist or must perish. The nature of these principles will be obviously and immediately apparent to my readers; for I have made too explicit an avowal of my political creed, with reference to the civil and the ecclesiastical system of which I am fortunately a member, to be under any apprehensions of suffering by mis-

construction. If any man should affect to see more deeply into my bosom than I profess to see myself; or to detect an ambush of mischief which I have been studious to cover from observation,—that man will be the object not of my resentment but of my pity. I shall be assured that he suffers the infliction of a perverted head or a corrupt heart, and to that I shall contentedly resign him, after expressing a simple perhaps, but certainly a sincere wish for his relief from what may justly be considered as the severest of human evils.

I belong to a fallible species, and am probably to be numbered with the most fallible of its individuals: but I am superior to fraud, and am too proud for concealment. TRUTH, religious moral and political, is what alone I profess to pursue; and if I fancied that I discerned this prime object of my regard by the side of the Mufti or the grand Lama, of the wild demagogues of Athens or the ferocious tribunes of Rome, I would in-

stantly recognize and embrace her. As I find her however, or find a strong and bright resemblance of her in my own country, I feel that I am not summoned to propitiate duty with the sacrifice of prudence, and that, conscious of speaking honestly, I can enjoy the satisfaction of speaking safely. Without acknowledging any thing in common, but a name, with that malignant and selfish faction which, surrendering principles to passion, inflicted, in the earlier periods of the last century, some fatal wounds on the constitution; or with those men who in later times, abandoning their party and its spirit, have struggled to retain its honourable appellation,—I glory as I profess myself to be a WHIG, to be of the school of SOMERS and of LOCKE, to arrange myself in the same political class with those enlightened and virtuous statesmen who framed the BILL OF RIGHTS and the ACT OF SETTLEMENT, and who, presenting a crown, which they had wrested from a pernicious bigot and

his family, to the HOUSE OF HANOVER, gave that most honourable and legitimate of titles, the FREE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE, to the Sovereign who now wields the imperial sceptre of Britain.

AUG. 4. 1804.

THE

LIFE OF MILTON.

Quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus. LUCR.

THE author of the "Defence of the People of England" and of the "Paradise Lost" has engaged too much of the attention of the world not to invite its curiosity to the circumstances of his conduct and the peculiarities of his mind. His biographers have been numerous; and every source of information respecting him has been explored with a degree of solicitous minuteness, which bears honourable testimony to the impression of his importance. Unfortunately however, the character which the great Milton sustained, on the political theatre of his calamitous times, has exposed him to the malignity of party; and this undying and sleepless [a] pest has been

[a] ——"Nec dulci declinat lumina somno."
Party resembles the "Fama malum," the allegorical monster of Virgil, in more than this particular of sleeplessness; for it is

ever watchful to diminish the pride of his triumph, and to obscure that glory which it could not extinguish.

During the immediate agitation of the political conflict, while interest is directly affected, passion will necessarily be excited; and the weapons of passion are seldom delicately fashioned or scrupulously employed. When the good or the great therefore are exposed to falsehood by contemporary malignity, and are held up, with questioned virtues and imputed vices, to the execration instead of the applause of their species, we acknowledge the cause of the fact in the corruption of man, and it forms the subject of our regret rather than of our surprise. But when, after a lapse of years sufficient to obliterate the very deepest trace of temporary interest, we observe the activity of passion stagnating into the sullenness of rancour; and see these heroes of our race subjected to the same injuriousness of malice which they had suffered from their personal adversaries, we stare at the consequence of unexpected depravity, and are astonished in as great a degree as we are afflicted.

also "ficti pravique tenax,"—tenacious of falsehood and wrong; "et magnas territat urbes," and it alarms and agitates great cities, breaking the repose and concord of large communities of men.

This remark is immediately to our present purpose: for this generation has witnessed an attempt on the character of our great writer, which would have done credit to the virulence of his own age. We have seen a new Salmasius, unimpelled by those motives which actuated the hireling of Charles, revive in Johnson; and have beheld the virtuous and the amiable, the firm and the consistent Milton, who appears to have acted, from the opening to the close of his life,—

"As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye,"

exhibited in the disguise of a morose and a malevolent being;—of a man, impatient himself of the social subordination, yet oppressive to those within his power; of a wretch who, from pride austerity and prudence, was at once a rebel, a tyrant, and a sycophant. This atrocious libel has long since reflected discredit on its author alone; and its falsehood has been so clearly demonstrated by many able pens, and particularly by those of Blackburne [b] and of Hayley,[c] that a new biographer

[b] Francis Blackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland, author of the Confessional. He published, without his name, in 1780, some very able and acute remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton; and they have very properly been republished in the "Memoirs of Thomas Hollis," of which the Archdeacon was the compiler.

[c] Hayley's Life of Milton.

of Milton might well be excused from honouring it with his notice. But a regard to the cause of morals and the best interests of man seems to justify that indignation which would brand, again and again, the hand lifted in violation of the illustrious dead. The dead, indeed, are at rest from their labours; and, far from the reach of human malice, are in possession of their reward: but it is discouraging to the weakness of the living, and consequently calculated to diminish the incentives to virtuous exertion, when it is perceived that no endowments of nature, no accumulations of knowledge, no just and sacred appropriation of talents can secure the distinguished mortal from those insults of posthumous calumny, which may bring him down from the eminence that he has gained, and level him with the vulgar of the earth.

Though few, if any immediate references will be made in the following work to the modern biographers of Milton, to many of them the author must necessarily have contracted important obligations; of some of which he is conscious, though of others he may be ignorant. He takes therefore this opportunity of making a general acknowledgement to those who have preceded him on his subject, and particularly to the ac-

curate Dr. Birch and the liberal Mr. Hayley.[d] More solicitous to avoid the charge of deficiency than that of obligation, he has freely availed himself of assistance from whatever quarter it could be obtained; and if his circumstantial or imperfect detail should neither fatigue attention nor disappoint curiosity, his end will be accomplished and his wishes, of course, completely satisfied. His anxiety has been solely to display truth; and, not professing himself to be exempt from those prejudices which cling to every human being, he has been studious to prevent them from disturbing the rectitude of his line or from throwing their false tints upon his canvass.

The lineage and ancestry of a great man are apt to engage inquiry; as we are desirous of knowing whether the virtue or the intellect, which we are contemplating, be a spring gushing immediately from the bosom of the earth, or a reservoir, (if the allusion may be permitted,) formed and supported by a long

[d] Toland's Life of Milton is an able and spirited work. Whatever may be the demerits of this author in some essential respects, his merit as the biographer of our great Poet is certainly considerable, and entitles him to an honourable station among the asserters of historic truth. The admirers of Milton are under great obligations to him.

continued stream. Of the family of Milton nothing more is known than that it was respectable and antient; long resident at Milton[e] in Oxfordshire, and possessed of property which it lost in the wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. The fortune alone of a female, who had married into it, preserved it at this crisis from indigence. The first individual of the family, of whom any thing is mentioned, is John Milton, the grandfather of our author; and of him we are told nothing more than that he was under-ranger of the forest of Shotover in his native county; that he was a zealous catholic, and that he disinherited his son, whose name was also John, our author's father, for becoming a convert to the protestant faith. To whom the family property was bequeathed from the right heir, we are not informed: but we know that the son, on this disappointment of fortune, left his station at Christ Church in Oxford, where he was prosecuting his studies, and sought the means of subsistence in London, from the profession of a scrivener; a profession which in those days united the distinct occupations of the law-agent, and the money-broker.

[e] Near Halton and Thame.

That he was not an ordinary man is evident from many circumstances. Under the constant pressure of a profession, peculiarly unfavourable to the cultivation of liberal knowledge or the elegant arts, his classical acquirements seem to have been considerable; and such was his proficiency in the science of music[f] that it entitled him to honourable rank among the composers of his age.

We are not informed of the precise time of his marriage; and there has even been a question respecting the maiden name and family of his wife. His grandson, Philips, who seems on this occasion to be the preferable authority, affirms that she was a Caston, of a family originally from Wales. We are assured that she was an exemplary[g] woman, and was particularly distinguished by her numerous charities. From this union sprang John, our author, Christopher and Anne. Of the two latter, Christopher, applying himself to the study of the law, became a bencher of the Inner Temple, and at a very advanced period of his life was knighted and raised, by

[f] Burney's Hist. of Music, vol. iii. p. 134.

[g] Londini sum natus, genere honesto, patre viro integerrimo, matre probatissimâ et *eleemosynis per viciniam potissimum notâ.* Def. Sec. P. W. v. 230.

James the Second, first to be a baron of the Exchequer, and subsequently, one of the judges of the Common Pleas. During the civil war he followed the royal standard; and effected his composition with the victors only by the prevailing interest of his brother. Christopher Milton is asserted, by his nephew Philips, to have been a person of a modest and quiet temper, in whose estimation justice and virtue were preferable to worldly pleasure and grandeur: but he seems to have been also, as he is represented in another account, "a man of no parts or ability." In his old age he retired from the fatigues of business, and closed in the country a life of study and devotion. His only sister, Anne Milton, was given by her father in marriage, with a considerable fortune, to Mr. Edward Philips, a native of Shrewsbury; who, coming young to London, obtained in a course of years the lucrative place of secondary in the Crown Office in Chancery: of the children, which she had by him, only two survived to maturity, Edward and John; the former of whom became the biographer, after having, with his brother, been the pupil of his uncle, our author. By a second husband, a Mr. Agar, she had two daughters, one of whom, Mary, died young;

and of the other, Anne, we know nothing more than that she survived till the year 1694.

JOHN MILTON, the illustrious subject of our immediate notice, was born, at his father's house in Bread Street, on the 9th and was baptized on the 20th of December, 1608. His promise of future excellence was made, as we are assured, at a very early period; and the advantages which he derived from the attentions of a father, so qualified as his to discover and to appreciate genius, must necessarily have been great. Every incitement to exertion and every mode of instruction, adapted to the disposition and the powers of the child, were unquestionably employed; and no means, as we may be certain, were omitted to expand the intellectual Hercules of the nursery into the full dimensions of that mental amplitude for which he was intended. We know that a portrait of him, when he was only ten years of age, was painted by the celebrated Cornelius Janssen; and, if we had not been positively told, on the authority of Aubrey,[h] that he was then a poet, we should

[h] Aubrey, who is usually distinguished by the title of the Antiquarian, is the author of "Monumenta Britannica," and of a MS. Life of Milton, preserved in the Mus. Ash. Oxon. He was personally acquainted with our poet, and from him Wood professes to derive the materials of his account of Milton. It is but fair to state, that I owe my acquaintance with Aubrey prin-

have inferred that the son, who was made the object of so flattering a distinction by a father, in competent indeed but by no means in affluent circumstances, could not have been a common child.[i]

"My father destined me," (our author says,) when I was yet a little boy, to the study of elegant literature, and, so eagerly did I seize on it that, from my twelfth year, I seldom quitted my studies for my bed till the middle of the night. This proved the first cause of the ruin of my eyes; in addition to the natural weakness of which organs, I was afflicted with frequent pains in my head. When these maladies could not restrain my rage for learning, my father provided that I should be daily instructed in some school abroad, or

cipally to Mr. Warton; who speaks of the "Monumenta Britannica," as a very solid and rational work, and vindicates its author from the charge of fantastical, except on the subjects of chemistry and ghosts. Aubrey however, on the whole, is a weak and old-womanish writer; whose authority, on the present subject at least, is to be received with caution, and only where no other can be obtained.

"[i] Pater me puerulum humaniorum literarum studiis destinavit; quas ita avidè arripui, ut ab anno ætatis duodecimo vix unquam ante mediam noctem à lucubrationibus cubitum discederem; quæ prima oculorum pernicies fuit: quorum ad naturalem debilitatem accesserant et crebri capitis dolores; quæ omnia cum discendi impetum non retardarent, et in ludo literario, et sub aliis domi magistris erudiendum quotidie curavit." Defen. Secun. P. W. v. 230.

by domestic tutors at home." How great are the obligations of Britain and of the world to such a father, engaged in the assiduous and well-directed cultivation of the mind of such a son!

But the reward of the father was ample; and no one, but a parent of taste and sensibility under circumstances of some resemblance, can form any estimate of the gratification which he must have felt from his child's increasing progress, and from the prospects which it gradually opened. How exquisite must have been his sensations on receiving, in that admirable Latin poem which is addressed to him, the fullest evidence of the learning, genius, taste, piety and gratitude which had unfolded beneath his eye! How pleased must he have been to accept immortality from the hand which he had himself fostered—to be assured of visiting posterity as the benefactor of his illustrious offspring, and of being associated, as it were, with him in the procession and expanding pomp of his triumph! We may imagine with what pleasure a father would read the following elegant compliment to his own peculiar talent from the pen of his accomplished and poetic son:

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas;
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus,

Nor you affect to scorn the Aonian quire,
Bless'd by their smiles and glowing with their fire.
You! who by them inspired, with art profound
Can wield the magic of proportion'd sound:
Through thousand tones can teach the voice to stray,
And wind to harmony its mazy way,—
Arion's tuneful heir:—then wonder not
A poet child should be by you begot.
My kindred blood is warm with kindred flame;
And the son treads his father's track to fame.
Phœbus controlls us with a common sway;
To you commends his lyre,—to me his lay:
Whole in each bosom makes his just abode,
With child and sire the same, though varied God.—

This must have been most acceptable; and yet, perhaps, more gratifying to the heart of a parent would be that effusion of filial affection with which the poem concludes.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub orco;
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

But since, dear sire, my gratitude can find
For all your gifts no gifts of equal kind:
Since my large heart my bounded fortunes wrong,—
Accept, for all, the record of my song:
O take the love, that strives to be express'd!
O take the thanks, that swell within my breast!
And you, sweet triflings of my youthful state,
If strains like you can hope a lasting date;
Unconscious of your mortal master's doom,
If ye maintain the day nor know the tomb,
From dark forgetfulness, as time rolls on,
Your power shall snatch the parent and the son:
And bid them live, to teach succeeding days
How one could merit, and how one could praise! [1]

Some part of our author's early education was committed to the care of Mr. Thomas Young, a puritan minister and a native, as Aubrey affirms, of Essex: but at what precise period this connexion began or ended is not now to be ascertained. It has been deemed probable that Young continued in his office till the time when, in consequence of his religious opinions, he was compelled to retire to the continent, where he obtained the appointment of minister to the British merchants at Hamburgh. Young's depar-

[1] The reader will find an entire translation of this poem at the end of the volume.

ture from England is stated to have taken place in 1623, when his pupil is supposed to have been placed, in his fifteenth year, at St. Paul's school. But this statement seems to be inaccurate, as his pupil, in a letter dated from Cambridge in 1628, promises him a visit at his country house in Suffolk, and compliments him on the independency of mind with which he maintained himself, like a Grecian sage or an old Roman consul, on the profits of a small farm.[m]

[m] "Rus tuum accersitus, simul ac ver adoleverit, libenter adveniam ad capessendas anni tuique non minus colloquii delicias: et ab urbano strepitu subducam me paulisper ad Stoam tuam Icenorum, tanquam ad celeberrimam illam Zenonis porticum aut Ciceronis Tusculanum, ubi tu, in re modicâ regio sanè animo, veluti Serranus aliquis aut Curius, in agello tuo placide regnas." *

Mr. Warton imagines that Young returned in or before this year (1628): but Laud's persecution of the puritans was now at its height; and if Young formerly fled from this persecution, he must at the time in question have returned by stealth, and could hardly have resided openly upon his Suffolk living of Stow-Market. As the Iceni are supposed to have inhabited the counties of Norfolk and Cambridge as well as that of Suffolk, the expression of "Stoam tuam Icenorum," can be confined to Suffolk only by a reference to Young's living of Stow-Market. When Milton used the word "Stoa," on this occasion, and forced it from its proper station next to "Zenonis," could he playfully intend an allusion to his tutor's Stow? I suspect that he did. It is probable that Young did not return from the continent till about the end of 1640 or the beginning of the following year, when the Long Parliament offered to him and to his brother exiles protection from the tyranny of the High Commission and the Star-Chamber courts. Soon

* Epis. Thomæ Junio Jul. 2. 1628. P. W. vi. 112.

"Availing myself" (Milton writes to his late tutor) "of your invitation to your country house, I will with pleasure come to you as soon as the spring is further advanced, that I may at once enjoy the delightfulness of the season and that of your conversation. I will then retire for a short time, as I would to the celebrated porch of Zeno or to the Tusculan villa of Cicero, from the tumult of the town to your Suffolk Stoa, where you, like another Serranus or Curius, in moderate circumstances but with a princely soul, reign tranquilly in the midst of your little farm."— In the same year however, we find him on the continent, and followed by the affection and gratitude of his pupil in a Latin elegy of much beauty and poetic merit.

after this period, we find him engaged in controversy, as one of the writers of the pamphlet called Smectymnuus, against bishop Hall and archbishop Usher. He was a preacher at Duke's Place, and was nominated one of the famous Assembly of Divines, whom the Parliament appointed in 1643 for the management of religion. On the visitation of the University of Cambridge by the earl of Manchester, he was established, on the ejection of Dr. Richard Stern, in the Mastership of Jesus College, and retained it, with much credit to himself and advantage to the college, till his refusal of subscription to THE ENGAGEMENT occasioned his expulsion from the office. He died, and was buried, as Mr. Warton in one of his notes in his edition of Milton's juvenile poems informs us, at Stow-Market, of which parish he had been Vicar during thirty years.

But at whatever period Young retired to the continent or resigned his charge in Mr. Milton's house, it is certain that before his removal to the University the youthful Milton passed some interval of study at St. Paul's school, under the direction at that time of Mr. Alexander Gill. Three of our author's familiar letters are addressed to Alexander Gill, his master's son and assistant in the school, with whom he seems to have contracted a warm and lasting friendship. Their correspondence principally respects the communication of some pieces of composition, and strongly attests the mutual respect of the parties, founded, as we cannot reasonably doubt, on their mutual conviction of great literary attainments.[p]

A powerful intellect, exerted with unwearied industry and undiverted attention, must necessarily possess itself of its object; and we know that our author, when he left

[p] Alexander Gill was Usher to his father, and afterwards promoted to the place of upper master. He was so rigid a disciplinarian that he was removed for extreme severity from his office. He wrote both in verse and prose with considerable taste; and Mr. Warton mentions a Latin epitaph from his pen, which bears testimony to the uncommon purity of his Latin composition. Having exposed himself, by means of which we are now ignorant, to the resentment of B. Jonson, he was made by that coarse writer the subject of a virulent and brutal satire.

this school in his seventeenth year for the University, was already an accomplished scholar. Ardent in his love of knowledge, he was regardless, as we have observed, of pleasure and even of health when they came into competition with the prevailing passion of his soul, and we are consequently not much surprised by the extraordinary and brilliant result which soon flashed upon the world.

It was at this early period of his life, as we may confidently conjecture, that he imbibed that spirit of devotion which actuated his bosom to his latest moment upon earth: and we need not extend our search beyond the limits of his own house for the fountain from which the living influence was derived. Great must have been that sense of religious duty, and considerable that degree of theological knowledge which could induce the father to abjure those errors in which he had been educated, sanctioned as they were by paternal authority and powerfully enforced by the persuasion of temporal interest. The important concessions which he was compelled to make to religious principle would necessarily attach it the more closely to his heart; and he would naturally be solicitous to stamp upon the tender bosom of his

son that conviction and feeling of duty which were impressed so deeply on his own. He intended indeed to consecrate his son to the ministry of the church, and for this reason also he would be the more anxious decidedly to incline him with the bias of devotion. The sentiments and the warmth, thus communicated to the mind of the young Milton, would, no doubt, be strengthened by the lessons and the example of his preceptor, Young; in whom religion seems to have been exalted to enthusiasm, and who submitted, as we know, to some very trying privations on the imperious requisition of his conscience. But from whatever source the fervid spirit proceeded, it seems in its action on our author's mind to have increased the power as well as to have given the direction; to have invigorated the strong, enlarged the capacious, and elevated the lofty. We are unquestionably indebted to it not merely for the subject but for a great part also of the sublimity of the Paradise Lost.

On the 12th of February 1624-5, he was entered a pensioner at Christ's college,[q] Cam-

[q] The entry of Milton's admission, in Christ's College, is in the following words: "Johannes Milton, Londinensis, filius Johannis, institutus fuit in literarum elementis sub M^ro Gill, Gymnasii Paulini præfecto. Admissus est Pensionarius minor, Feb. 12, 1624, sub M^ro Chappell, solvitque pro ingressu 10s."

bridge; and was committed to the tuition of Mr. William Chappell, the reputed author of the "Whole Duty of Man;"[r] and afterwards, in succession, provost of Trinity college, Dublin, dean of Cashel, and bishop of Cork and Ross.[s]

The conduct of the young Milton had

For this and for other information on my subject I am indebted to my friend, the Reverend G. Borlase, B. D. the liberal and most respectable registrer of the University of Cambridge.

[r] This celebrated devotional work has been attributed to various hands: but of the numerous claimants to the honour of its production, it seems with the greatest probability to be assigned to Dorothy, daughter of Thomas, Lord Coventry, and wife of Sir John Pakington, Bart. in the reigns of James the first and of the two Charles's.

[s] As a respectable writer, (with the signature of S. C. in the Gentleman's Magazine * for July, 1806,) expresses surprise at my having omitted to mention the name of a subsequent tutor of Milton's, a Mr. Tovey, who is noticed by Aubrey, I will now transcribe from Aubrey's MS. the passage in which this second tutor is mentioned, and, with a few remarks on it, will show the little credit to which it is entitled, and consequently the propriety with which it was formerly disregarded by A. Wood and lately by myself. Aubrey professes to have gained his information from that old dotard, Sir Christopher Milton, the brother of the poet. "His" (our author's) first tutor there," (at Cambridge) "was Mr. Chappell, from whom receiving some unkindness, (whipt him,) he was afterwards, though it seemed against the rules of the college, transferred to the tuition of one Mr. *Tovell*," (not *Tovey*,) who died parson of Lutterworth." Now the records of Milton's college notice the name of a Mr. Nathaniel *Tovey* as one of its fellows: but give no intimation of his having succeeded to the rectory of Lutterworth, or of Milton's having been transferred to

* Vol. LXXVI. 595.

hitherto been exempted from censure. Distinguished indeed, as it was, by zeal for

his tuition from that of Mr. Chappell's. With respect to the whipping, which is assigned as the cause of Milton's change of tutors, the alleged fact may be rejected on the most satisfactory evidence. Not to observe that this punishment is asserted by some of Milton's enemies to have been inflicted on him by the hand of Dr. Bainbridge himself, the master of the college, who is said to have been a stern disciplinarian; this species of correction was always inflicted by the deans of the college and neither by the tutors nor the master, and, what is more immediately and directly to our purpose, was restricted by the University statutes altogether to *boys*, as they are distinguished from *young men*; or, in other words, to those who had not attained the age of puberty. The words of the penal statute in question are, "*Mulctetur*, &c. *si adultus:* alioquin virgâ corrigatur;" and whether Milton, who was in his seventeenth year when he entered at the University, could be regarded on any construction of this statute as liable to the punishment of the rod, shall be submitted to my readers to determine. I must believe that they who drew up the University statutes, and they who were to enforce them were too accurate in their learning not to employ their language with precision when they wrote, or not to understand it with correctness when they read: adultus, according to Stephens, whose explanation of the word is supported by the most unquestionable authorities, ís, qui adolevit, i. e. crevit ad ætatem quæ adolescentia dicitur; and adolescentia is afterwards defined to be prima ætas hominis post pueritiam.—Adolescens in jure dicitur, Qui inter annum decimum quartum et vicesimum quintum ætatem agit. Adultus, therefore, is a young man between the ages of fourteen and five and twenty. In Milton's time, and before it, it was usual to send boys under the age of puberty to the University; and that these *boys* should be still subjected to the common mode of discipline in the subordinate schools cannot be a cause of wonder or of reasonable censure. Dr. Johnson's concern and shame therefore, on the occasion of Milton's supposed punishment, might on every account very properly have been spared.

study and contempt of pleasure, by obedience to his masters and by piety to his parents, it might be regarded as not open to attack and in no way to be made the subject of malevolence: it was indebted however for its immunity to other circumstances perhaps than to those of its innocence and excellence. It continued, as we have the strongest reasons to believe, equally pure and exemplary throughout the subsequent stages of his life: but no sooner did he tread the threshold of manhood, and begin to offend by the exhibition of novel opinions and strong censures, than he became the object of that enmity which, pursuing him with detraction to his grave, has in later times disturbed his ashes and endeavoured to deform his memory.

Of his conduct and the treatment which he experienced in his college much has been asserted and much been made the subject of dispute. His enemies in his own days, (a son of bishop Hall is supposed to have been the immediate advancer of the charge,) accused him of having been *vomited, after an inordinate and riotous youth, out of the University*; and his adversaries in the present age, inflamed with all the hate of their predecessors, have pretended to prove, from

some vague expressions in one of his own poems, that the slander, though completely overthrown at the time of its first production, was not altogether unsupported by truth. The lines, supposed to contain the proof in question, are the following which have been so frequently cited from the first of his elegies to his friend, C. Deodati:

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum;
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor:
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles:
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri;
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hōc[t] exilium patrios adiisse penates
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi:

[t] Our author seems in this place to be guilty of a false quantity, and to begin his hexameter very unwarrantably with a cretic. Terentianus Maurus accuses Virgil of the same inaccuracy in the line "Solus hic inflexit sensus," &c. affirming, with the old grammarians, that hic and hoc were formerly written with two c's, hicc, hocc, being contracted from hicce and hocce, and were always long. Vossius on the contrary asserts that these pronouns were long only when they were written with the double cc.—"Ad quantitatem hujus pronominis quod attinet, producebant et hic et hoc veteres quando per duplex c scribebant hicc vel hocc, abjecto, e; corripiebant cum c simplex scripsere. Art. Gram. 29. Of a short hĭc more than one instance may be produced: "Hic vir hĭc est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis; but not one, as far as my recollection is accurate, of a short hoc. "Hōc illud, germana, fuit." "Hic labor hoc opus est." "Hōc erat, alma parens."—"Hōc erat experto frustra Varrone."—"Hōc erat in votis." My friend, Dr. Parr, however, has suggested that, hoc, is to be found short in the comic poets; and

Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemque recuso
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.

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has referred me to two places, one in Plautus and one in Terence, where it certainly occurs with this quantity. If this authority, from poetry neither epic, elegiac nor lyric, can save Milton in this instance, it will be well; and one sin against prosody will be struck from his account. Salmasius, in his abusive reply to "The Defence of the People of England,' charges our author's Latin verse with many of these violations of quantity, and the accusation is repeated, as I shall remark in the proper place, by N. Heinsius. Though Milton's Latin metre be not proof against rigorous inquisition, yet are its offences against quantity very few—not more, perhaps, (if the scazons, addressed to Salsilli, which seem to be constructed on a false principle, and some of the lines in the ode to Rouse, which appear to have been formed in defiance of every principle, be thrown out of the question,) than four or, at the most, five, of a nature not to be disputed. Of these I shall notice two in the Damon, one of them evidently a slip of the pen, as in a former instance he had observed the right quantity, and the other an unwarrantable licence rather than a fault of this specific description. In the Ideâ Platonicâ, he is guilty of shortening the second syllable of, sempiternus, which beyond all controversy is long; and in his poem to his Father he makes the last syllable of, ego, long, when it is unquestionably short; though here perhaps he might be justified in lengthening it, as the ictus of the verse falls on it. Of Academia, in the second Elegy, he shortens the penult in opposition to the uniform practice of the Greeks, and not sanctioned by any authorities though countenanced, as Dr. Parr has acutely discriminated, by some examples among the Latins; and lastly, in the Alcaic ode on the death of Dr. Goslyn, he has left the interjective, O, open in a situation in which it is never found open in the Roman classics. When, contrary to the usage of Virgil, Horace, &c. he lengthens the first syllable of Britonicum, in the Damon, he is supported by the authority of Lucretius, vi. 1104. "Nam quid Britannis cœlum differre putamus;" and when he makes the final syllable of temere short in—"Quid temere violas

Extinct my love of mansions late denied,
No wish now leads me to Cam's reedy side:

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non nocenda a numina," he is justified not only by analogy but by the sole authority which can be produced on the occasion, and as such to be admitted, the authority of Seneca, who in two places uses it as short—" Sic temere jactæ colla perfundant comæ." Hippo. 392.

" Pondusque et artus temere congestos date." Id.—1244.

For these instances I am indebted to Dr. Parr. By Gray this syllable of temere is improperly made long—Hospiti ramis temere jacentem. I have omitted to state that in the iambics on the death of Felton, Bishop of Ely, Neobŏlen is substituted without authority for Neobūlen.

This I believe to be an accurate and full statement of Milton's real and imputed transgressions of Latin prosody in all its just severity; and this will vindicate me for saying that his offences of this description are few, and not sufficient to support in its full extent the charge which has been brought against him. I am aware however, though the circumstance was not in the contemplation either of Salmasius or of Heinsius, that Milton has frequently sinned against the celebrated metrical canon, (advanced by Dawes, and acknowledged by the chief scholars of the present age,) which determines that in Latin prosody a short vowel is necessarily lengthened by the immediate sequence, though in a distinct word, of sc, sp, and st. But, though I must thus dissent from the opinion of Dr. Parr, from which it is impossible to dissent without a feeling of trembling diffidence, I cannot profess myself to be certain of the authenticity of a law which has not been invariably observed by the greatest masters of Roman numbers in the purest age of Roman taste—of a law, in short, which has been broken by Catullus, by Horace, by Virgil, by Ovid, and by Propertius. To get rid of an infraction of this rule by Virgil, its supporters are reduced to the violent expedient of erasing the offending line without the authority of a single MS. and when Horace with his fine judgment and nice ear, is guilty, as he frequently is, of this imputed crime, the circumstance is attributed to the laxity of the numbers, the " carmina sermoni pro-

Where genial shade the naked fields refuse;
(Ah most unfriendly to the courted Muse!)

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priora," which he professes to employ. Well—be it so: but what is to be said of the following instances, which have not been hitherto produced, of a neglect of this rule by other writers of the golden age of Roman poetry, and particularly by the learned Propertius; in whom more instances of a similar nature are to be found?

"Testis erit magnis vertutibus unda Scamandri." CATUL.

"Brachia spectavi sacris admorsa colubris." PROPER.

"Consuluitque stryges nostro de sanguine, et in me." Id.

"Tuque O Minoâ venundata Scylla figurâ." GALLI ELEG.

If this last instance, as brought from a work the authenticity of which has been suspected by Broukhusius and others, should be thrown out of the question, examples enough have been adduced, (and their number might easily be increased,) to vindicate Milton when, with many of the first-rate scholars of the age just past, he disregards a rule of prosody which, whatever may be advanced in its support by the great scholars of our own times, must be considered as possessing at the most only doubtful authority. Though Homer, if he may be allowed to have *written* his Iliad or to have known the orthography of one of the rivers of the Troad, has frequently transgressed this rule, it was very generally observed by the Greek poets: and by the poets of what has been called the silver age of Roman composition, it has not, as far as I can discover, been ever violated. It would seem that to a Greek or a Roman ear the immediate sequence of the strong consonants in question suspended the voice on the preceding short vowel; but not in that degree as to make inattention to its effect an unpardonable offence against the harmony of the verse.

I have occasionally hinted that Milton's Latin prose composition is not altogether faultless: but its faults are few and trivial; and to dwell on them would expend time for an insufficient object. On his Greek composition, of which the errors are more numerous and perhaps of greater magnitude, I have purposely forborne to offer any remarks, as that accomplished scholar and very acute

And ill my soul a master's threats can bear,
With all the fretting of the pedant's war.
If this be banishment—all cares aloof—
To live my own beneath a father's roof—
Still let an idle world condemn or not,
Mine be a truant's name,—an exile's lot.

On [u] this passage, which probably would not have been published if it had referred to critic, the Reverend Doctor Charles Burney, has completely exhausted the subject. When the almost infinite niceties of the Greek language are considered, and it is recollected that the great Sir William Jones, and even Dawes, the most accurate Grecian perhaps whom this island till the present day has ever produced, have not in every instance been able to observe them, the lapses in Milton's Greek composition will possibly be regarded as venial, and not to be admitted in diminution of the fame of his Greek erudition.

[u] It may be proper to give a literal translation of these lines, that the English reader may form his own judgment on the extent of their testimony. "Now neither am I anxious to revisit reedy Cam, nor does the love of my lately forbidden college give me uneasiness. Fields naked and destitute of soft shades do not please me. How ill-suited to the worshippers of Phœbus is such a place! Neither do I like always to bear the threats of a hard master, and other things which are not to be submitted to by a mind and temper like mine. If it be banishment to return to a father's house, and there, exempt from cares, to possess delightful leisure, I will not refuse even the name and the lot of a fugitive, but exultingly enjoy the condition of an exile." As it may amuse some of my readers to see the entire elegy, I will transcribe it in its complete state, with a translation very inferior to the merits of the original.

ELEG. I AD CALORUM DEODATUM.

Tandem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas:
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ,
Vergivium prono quà petit amne salum.

any transactions dishonourable to the writer, is rested the whole support of the accusa-

Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostrî, tamque fidele caput;
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles:
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O, utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset,
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro:
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest:
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris:
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat.
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectâsse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:

tion, preferred against our author's college life, from his own to the present times. The

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit:
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Illî,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe latemus;
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hîc, blandas spirantia sidera flammas,
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris. Adoni, rubor!
Cedite, laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite, Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus:
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis;
Extera, sat tibi sit, fœmina, posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,

author of the "Modest Confutation," (whom Milton believed to be the son of bishop Hall,)

Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi, conspicuæ formâque auroque, puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGY I. TO CHARLES DEODATI.

At length, my friend, the missive paper came,
Warm with your words, and hallow'd by your name:
Came from those fields which Cestrian Deva laves,
As prone he hurries to Ierne's waves.
I joy to find my friendship thus confest,
Though regions part us, foster'd in your breast:
I joy, believe me, that a distant shore
Owes me a comrade—and must soon restore.
Pleased with my native city, still I dwell
Where Thames's restless waters sink and swell.
Extinct my love of mansions, late denied,
No wish now leads me to Cam's reedy side:
Where genial shade the naked fields refuse;
(Ah most unfriendly to the courted Muse!)

confesses that he had no certain notice of his opponent, further than what he had gathered

And ill my soul a master's threats can bear,
With all the fretting of the pedant's war.
If this be banishment,—all cares aloof,
To live my own beneath a father's roof,
Still,—let an idle world condemn or not,—
Mine be a truant's name, an exile's lot.
O had no weightier ills oppress'd the doom
Of the sad bard in Tomi's wintry gloom;
Great Homer's self had seen a rival lay,
And Maro had resign'd his victor bay:
For here the Muses lead my hours along,
And all my day is study or is song.
Then tired, I hasten where the scene commands
The crowded theatre's applauding hands:
Whether it's fictions show, with mimic truth,
A cautious parent, or a spendthrift youth;
A lover, or a peaceful son of war;—
Or, bawling the base jargon of the bar,
Pompous, and pregnant with a ten-years' cause,—
The prating, puzzled pleader of the laws.
There oft a servant aids the doating boy
To elude his sire, and gain his promised joy:
There a new feeling oft the maiden proves;
Knows not 'tis love, but while she knows not, loves.
Or there high tragedy, in wild despair,
Lifts her red hand and rends her streaming hair.
I look and weep:—I weep—yet look again,
And snatch from sorrow a delicious pain:
Whether the hapless youth, from love and life
Torn by strong fate, resign his virgin wife:
Or, hot from hell, the dire avenger stand,
Exerting o'er the wretch her Stygian brand:
Or heaven's dread wrath o'ertake, with tardy pace,
The crimes of Atreus in his bleeding race;
Or Creon's court atone the incestuous sire's embrace.

from the "Animadversions;" and Milton says, "*He blunders at me for the rest, and

Nor always do I lose, 'mid walls and streets,
Spring's painted blossoms and refreshing sweets.
Sometimes beneath my suburb grove I stray,
Where blending elms dispense a chequer'd day:
Where passing beauties often strike my sight,
Diurnal stars that shoot a genial light.
With raptured gaze, ah! often have I hung
On forms of power to make old Saturn young:
Ah! often have I seen the radiant eye
Outblaze the gem, or Zembla's nightly sky;
The neck, more white than Pelops' ivory arm;
The nectar'd lip, with dewy rapture warm;
The front's resplendent grace; the playful hairs,
Compell'd by Love to weave his golden snares;
And the sweet power of cheek, where dimples wreathe,
And tints beyond the blush of Flora breathe.
Yield, famed Heroides! yield nymphs, who strove
With heaven's great empress for the heart of Jove!
Stoop, Persian dames! your structured foreheads low!
Ye Grecian, Dardan, Roman damsels, bow!
And thou, Tarpeian poet,* cease to boast
Thy Pompey's porch, and theatre's bright host.
Let foreign nymphs the fruitless strife forbear:
Beauty's first prize belongs to Britain's fair.
Imperial London! built by Trojan hands,
With towery head illustrious o'er the lands,
Happy—thrice happy!—what the sun beholds
Of female charms thy favour'd wall infolds.
Not more the stars, whose beams illume thy night,
(Gay homagers of Luna's regent light,)
Than lovely maids, of faultless form and face,
Who o'er thy crowded paths diffuse a golden grace.

* Ovid.

* Apol. for Smectymnuus, P. W. i. 213.

flings out stray [y] crimes at a venture, which he could never, though he be a serpent, suck from any thing that I have written."

Notwithstanding this strong assertion, the hostility of the present generation has again brought the evidence of Milton to convict Milton, and to establish the charges

Hither, 'tis thought, came wafted by her doves,
With all her shafts and war, the Queen of loves:
For this her Gnidos, Paphos, Ida scorn'd,
And Cyprus, with her rosy blush adorn'd.
But I, ere yet her sovereign power enthralls,
Prepare to fly these fascinating walls:
To shun with moly's aid, divine and chaste,
The courts by Circe's faithless sway disgraced;
And, (fix'd my visit to Cam's rushy pools,)
To bear once more the murmur of the schools.
But thou accept, to cheat the present time,
My pledge of love, these lines constrain'd to rhyme.

As this translation was made during a period of peculiar solicitude, when my mind was fevered, or rather phrenzied with alternate hopes and fears respecting a life far dearer to me than my own; and was written, only by scraps, in the few less agitated moments which it was then my fortune to enjoy, it is perhaps the worst of those versions which I have had the confidence to offer to the public. But I will not now either replace it with another, or even essentially alter it. With me it is consecrated by associated ideas; and if the reader, to whom it now belongs, cannot tolerate its imperfections, he may pass it over with a superficial glance; and may either condemn or pity me as his judgment or his sympathy may predominate.

[y] From the "Animadversions" no suspicion of a charge against their writer could by any process be extracted.

of his calumniator. In opposition to this pretended evidence stand the records of our author's university, and the force of his own positive declarations. By the former of these, which prove that he took his bachelor's degree as soon as it could be taken,[y] it is made highly probable, if not absolutely certain that he lost no term; and by the latter we are assured that he was not only exempted from punishment during his continuance at Cambridge, but in that seat of learning was an object of affection and respect. The passage, which I shall cite as worthy of the reader's attention, is in the "Apology for Smectymnuus." After mentioning the charge which we have already noticed, our author proceeds: "[z] For which commodious lie, that he may be encouraged in the trade another time, I thank him: for it hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publickly with all grateful mind that more than ordinary favour and respect which I found above any of my equals at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the fellows of that college wherein I spent some years: who at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many

[y] In Jan. 1628-9. [z] P. W. i. 219.

ways how much better it would content them that I would stay: as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me. Which, being likewise propense to all such as were for their studious and civil life worthy of esteem, I could not wrong their judgments and upright intentions so much as to think I had that regard from them for other cause than that I might be still encouraged to proceed in the honest and laudable courses of which they apprehended I had given good proof."

The evidence now before us seems to be conclusive; for I know not to what tribunal an appeal can be carried from the authority of the registers of an University, strengthened with assertions,[a] publicly made and uncontradicted at a time when their falsehood would be jealously watched and might easily be detected. What interpretation then are we to assign to those expressions in the elegy to Deodati which certainly refer to some com-

[a] The slander was repeated, with some additional circumstances, by Du Moulin in his "Regii sanguinis Clamor ad cœlum." "Aiunt hominem Cantabrigiensi academiâ ob flagitia pulsum, dedecus et flagitium fugisse et in Italiam commigrasse, p. 8. edit. printed 1652. This is the vague and baseless echo of the writer of the "Modest Confutation." We shall soon have occasion to cite our author's reply to this revived calumny.

pulsive absence of the young student from his college, and which discover no fondness in the poet for the society or the country of Cambridge? As we find from some lines in the conclusion of the same elegy that it was his intention to return to his college, we may fairly, as I think, impute the banishment, of which he speaks, to the want of pecuniary supplies for his maintenance at the University; and the example of Gray may instruct us, that it is possible for a man of genius and of taste to dislike the conversation of a college or the naked vicinity of the Cam without being impelled to that dislike by unpopularity or injurious treatment.

The absurd story of the corporal punishment, which Milton is asserted to have suffered, may be regarded as undeserving of notice.[b] It was communicated, as we are informed, with the pretence that it came from himself or from some of his near relations, by Aubrey to Wood; but with Wood, ill-disposed as he is known to have been to the fame of Milton, it obtained so little credit as not to find admission into his page. Can the testimony then of Aubrey be received in this instance as possessing any weight? On the

[b] Warton's Life of Dean Bathurst.

value of that confirmation of this tale which Mr. Warton, with dry positiveness, and Dr. Johnson, with the insult of affected concern, have pretended to discover in that expression of the last cited verses, "Cæteraque," &c. "and other things," I shall leave to the reader to determine; suggesting only that Dr. Johnson, for the purpose of concealing the weakness of his inference, has intimated a false translation of the passage, or rather has drawn a conclusion not warranted by his premises. He says that Milton declares himself weary of enduring "the threats of a rigorous master, and *something else*, which a temper like his cannot undergo." Here indeed he translates with sufficient correctness; but in the following sentence this something *else* is changed into something *more*, and we are told that what was *more* than threat was evidently punishment!!! The story then of the corporal correction, which has been raised into so much false importance, seems to rest on too airy a foundation to be worthy of our regard.

Of its admission however, as true, we cannot perceive that any injury to the reputation of our author would be the necessary result. While the rod continued to be an

instrument of punishment at our Universities for the boys who then frequented them, its infliction would be followed by no more disgrace than it is at present in our schools; and, in either place, it must be the offence and not the chastisement which can properly be considered as the occasion of dishonour. With respect to Milton,[c] we may be confident that no immorality could be the cause of his punishment. Religion, as we know, took early possession of his bosom; and he, who with weak eyes and an aching head could consecrate one half of the night to study, cannot be suspected of stealing the other half from repose for the purpose of confounding it with excess or of polluting it with debauch. A mind indeed, like his, exulting in the exercise of its higher powers and intent on the pursuit of knowledge, could not, without a violation of its nature, submit to licentious indulgencies. The cultivation of intellect not only diverts the attention from sensual pleasure, but inspires[d] a pride

[c] Even Mr. Warton, averse as he is from any favourable mention of Milton as a man, is forced to say on the subject of the punishment, that he will not suppose that it was for any immoral irregularity. See note on Eleg. i. v. 12. in the ed. of Milton's Juvenile Poems.

[d] Milton talks in the same strain: he from feeling and I from observation. "These reasonings, together with a certain nice-

which subdues its fascination; and while the spectacle of the world exhibits innumerable instances of men of genius hurrying into excessive gratification, it scarcely presents us with one, under the influence of the same unfortunate error, among the assiduous votaries of knowledge.

But if Milton, the religious and the studious Milton were not censurable for his immoral irregularities, by what means, it may be asked, could he become obnoxious to the governours of his college? We may answer without difficulty, that he might offend their prejudices by the bold avowal of his puritan opinions: or he might wound their pride by his exposure of their negligent or injudicious discharge of duty: or, lastly, he might excite their displeasure by his haughty inattention to their rules, and by his refusing perhaps to quit the banquet of his intellect or his imagination, on the page of Plato or of Homer, for the barren fatigue of translating a sermon or of throwing on his memory some

" ness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem either of " what I was or what I might be, (which let envy call pride), " and lastly, a becoming modesty, all uniting the supply of their " natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents " of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself " that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions."

Apol. for Smect. P. W. 1. 224.

cumbrous pages of scholastic divinity. He had already, as we may fairly infer, imbibed from his presbyterian tutor, Young, a dislike to the discipline of our church; and we are assured, by more than one passage in his own works, that he looked with no friendly eye either on the plan of education [e] observed in the University, or on the learning [f] and the conduct [g] of its members. We may conceive therefore that he might be excluded from the favour of his superiors in the college, and even be exposed to their censures without incurring the slightest loss of character, or sustaining the most trifling diminution of our esteem.

In his "Second Defence," published twelve years after the "Apology for Smectymnuus," he again asserts the purity of his college life; and affirms, in opposition to his adversary's calumnies, that he passed seven years at the University, pure from every blemish and in possession of the esteem of the good, till he took with applause his degree of master of arts; that he then retired to his father's house, and left behind him a memory which was cherished with affection and respect by the greater part of the fellows

[e] Treatise on Ed. to Hartlib. [f] Epist. Alex. Gillio, Jul. 2, 1628.
[g] Apology for Smectymnuus.

of his college, who had always been assiduous in cultivating his regard.[h]

Here therefore we must finally rest; and, throwing from our fancies every idea which can suggest our author as the object of positive punishment, (of any thing more, we mean, than of those impositions, perhaps, which are injoined for trivial omissions and trespasses against the college forms,) we must decide that his morals at the University conciliated the general esteem, while his learning and his talents excited the general applause. Of his learning and his talents indeed he had exhibited, during this period, such decisive and brilliant proofs as to place above question his uncommon acquisitions and powers, and undoubtedly to draw on him the gaze and admiration of all who knew and were capable of appreciating his possessions.

In the seven years of his academical life, however he might complain of "the rushy marshes and the naked banks of the Cam" as unfriendly to the Muses, he discovered that

[h] "Illic (Cantabrigiâ) disciplinis atq; artibus tradi solitis septennium studui; procul omni flagitio, bonis omnibus probatus usquedum magistri, quem vocant, gradum cum laude etiam adeptus, non Italiam, quod impurus ille comminiscitur, profugi, sed sponte meâ domum me contuli, meiq; etiam desiderium apud collegii plerosq; socios, a quibus eram haud mediocriter cultus, reliqui." Defen. secun. P. W. v. 230.

neither "soft shades," nor a retirement from "the murmur of the hoarse schools" were essentially necessary to his inspiration. In this space of time his vigorous and ardent genius broke out in frequent flashes, and evidently disclosed the future author of Comus and of Paradise Lost. We have already noticed, on the testimony of Aubrey which may be received as to the fact in question, that Milton was a poet when he was only ten years old; and his translation of the 136th psalm, which we still possess, sufficiently evinces his progress in poetic expression at the early age of fifteen. When we read in this small work of "the golden-tressed sun," of the moon shining among "her spangled sisters of the night;" of the Almighty smiting the first-born of Egypt with "his thunder-clasping hand," we are forced to acknowledge the buddings of the rising poet, the first shootings of the infant oak which in later times was to overshadow the forest.

At the age to which we have now followed him, or from the commencement of his academic career, his genius rushed rapidly to its maturity; and, like the Neptune of his favourite Homer, he may be considered as having made only three majestic

strides to the summit on which he stands and beholds no superior. If we plant his first step at the beautiful little poem on the death of his sister's child, his second may be regarded as fixed on his sublime though unequal ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," and his third as reaching to his Comus. These compositions seem to be separated by nearly equal intervals as well with respect to the time as with reference to the power of their production. The last of these poems, with its bright companions, the Lycidas, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, does not belong to the period under our notice, and shall be attended to in its place: but it will be proper not to pass the two former without remark, as they tend to exhibit to us the march of a mighty genius, in progress to supreme triumph.

In the first of them, "On the death of a fair Infant,"[1] written when our author was only seventeen, we find the boy-poet moving with grace and harmony under the shackles of rhyme, and managing a stanza of seven lines with facility and effect. If he occasionally indulges in those conceits which blemished all the poetry of that age, his thoughts are more frequently just, and he is sometimes

[1] Our author's niece, a daughter of his sister, Mrs. Philips.

tender and sometimes sublime. The personification of Winter, in his "ice-y pearled car," is conceived and expressed in the spirit of genuine poetry; and the 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, and 10th stanzas entertain us with a crowd of beauties, unneighboured by a thought, a line, or almost an expression, which we can be desirous of changing.—I shall cite the fifth stanza for its peculiar merit; and the sixth, as it seems to have suggested to Dryden one of those sublime ideas with which he opens his noble ode on the death of Mrs. Anne Killegrew.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead;
Or that thy corse corrupts in Earth's dark womb;
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb.
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality that show'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, O soul most surely blest!
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were)?
Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight?
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight?[k]

[k] I subjoin the passage in Dryden's Ode to which I have referred.

Whether adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wand'ring race:
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,

The seventh stanza is the most objectionable of the poem: in the first and the second, the thought which, at the first glance, might seem to require defence, is certainly correct: in the first indeed it is beautifully poetic. When the poet asks whether the object of his lamentation were

> ..... that JUST MAID, who once before
> Forsook the hated earth, &c.

and when he says,

> And thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
> HER false imagined loss cease to lament, &c.

it is rather strange that both Tickell and Fenton should call this fair infant the NEPHEW of our author.

In the ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," written after an interval of four years, we trace the flight of a more powerful fancy, and distinguish beauties of a superior order mingled with defects perhaps of a greater magnitude. It discloses indeed in most of its parts the vicious taste of the age; but even where it is most erroneous it discloses also the power of the poet. The fourth

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> Moved with the heavens' majestic pace:
> Or call'd to more superior bliss,
> Thou tread'st with Seraphim the dread abyss, &c.

stanza of the hymn is the offspring, at once, of correct judgment and of strong imagination; and its merit is not lessened by the intrusion of a thought or a word which the nicest critic would wish to be expelled.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high uphung.
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstain'd with hostile blood:
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sate still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovrain Lord was nigh.

The following stanza is not quite so unexceptionable and pure; but its errors are venial, and it closes beautifully—

[k] Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The thirteen succeeding stanzas are disfigured by numerous conceits: but from the nineteenth,

The oracles are dumb, &c.

to the conclusion of the ode, we are struck with the most forcible exhibition of the highest poetry. In the course of these nine stanzas we may perhaps be inclined to object to a few accidendal words; but we cannot withhold our wonder from that vigour of concep-

[k] Ocean.

tion which has breathed a soul into the painting, and placed it in warm and strenuous animation before our eyes. On the topic of this superior composition, we may further remark the deep knowledge which it discovers; and may point admiration to the masterly hand with which the poet has thrown the rich mantle of his fancy over the curious erudition of the scholar.

Besides these two little poems, which have been selected only as instances of the progress of our author's English Muse, he produced some other small pieces of poetry in his native language, which are all distinguished by beauties and faults and discover strong power with an unformed taste. When, in the verses written "At a solemn Music," we read the following lines, where, speaking of the *wedded* sounds of the harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse, the young poet says that they are

> Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,
> And to our high-raised phantasy present
> That undisturbed song of pure concent,
> Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne,
> To Him that sits thereon,
> With saintly shout and solemn jubilee:
> Where the bright Seraphim in burning row,
> And the cherubic host in thousand quires
> Touch their immortal harps of golden wires, &c.

we acknowledge some touches prelusive to the Paradise Lost; and the following passage of the "Vacation Exercise," in which he personifies and addresses his native language, may be regarded as intimating a faint and doubtful promise of that divine poem:

> Yet I would rather, if I were to choose,
> Thy service in some graver subject use;
> Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
> Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
> Such where the deep transported mind may soar
> Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
> Look in and see each blissful Deity,
> How he before the thunderous throne doth lie, &c.

But whatever emanations of genius may throw a light over his English poems, composed at this early stage of his life, there is much in all these pieces to be regretted and pardoned by the correct and classical reader. To his Latin poems however, of the same date, no such observation is in any degree applicable. Immediately conversant with the great masters of composition, he adopts their taste with their language; and, with the privilege as with the ease of a native, assumes his station in their ranks. For fluency and sweetness of numbers, for command and purity of expression, for variety and correctness of imagery, we shall look in vain for his equal among the Latin poets of his age

and his country. May, the continuator and imitator of Lucan; and Cowley,[1] whose taste and thought are English and metaphysical while his verse walks upon Roman feet, will never, as I am confident, be placed in competition with our author by any adequate and unprejudiced judge. I speak with more direct reference to his elegies, which were all written in that interval of his life immediately under our review, and which, evidently composed with the most entire affection, are executed on the whole with the most complete success. He was particularly fond in his youth, as he tells us himself, of "the smooth elegiac poets, whom, both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing, which in imitation he found most easy and most agreeable to nature's part in him; and for their matter, which what it is there be few who know not, he was so allured to read, that no recreation came to him better welcome."[m]

But of the elegiac writers Ovid seems to have been his favourite and his model. We may sometimes discover Tibullus in his

[1] That Cowley was capable of writing Latin poetry with classical purity would be attested by his beautiful epitaph on himself, if even this short composition were not injured by the intrusion of one line of Cowleian quaintness and conceit.

"Nam *vita* gaudet *mortua* floribus."

[m] Apol. for Smect. P. W. 1. 223.

pages, but Ovid is diffused over them. He will not however suffer his respect for the Roman models, as Mr. Warton has justly remarked, to oppress his powers or to deprive him of his own distinct and original character. He wields their language with the most perfect mastery, and, without wishing, like Cowley, to compel it to any unclassical service, employs it as an obedient instrument.

Of these poems, which are of great though various merit, the fifth, written in the author's twentieth year on the return of spring, and the sixth, addressed in his twenty-first year to his friend Deodati, seem to be entitled to the praise of superior excellence. In these elegies there appears to be a more masterly arrangement and a greater variety of poetic imagery and allusion than in their fellows: though the fourth, written in his eighteenth year to his former preceptor Young; and the seventh, in which the poet, at the age of nineteen, describes with tenderness and sensibility the transient effects of love upon his bosom, must be admitted to very high and distinguished praise. The object, as it may be proper to mention, of the love, which he has thus commemorated, was a lady whom he accidentally saw in one of the public walks near the metropolis

and of whom, on her sudden disappearance among the crowd, he could never obtain any further intelligence.

A critical eye may sometimes detect in these compositions an expression which an Augustan writer would not perhaps acknowledge as authentic; and a reader of taste may sometimes wish for more compression in the style, and may be sorry that the youthful poet did not occasionally follow some model of more nerve than the diffuse and languid Ovid. On the whole however these productions must be regarded as possessing rare and pre-eminent merit. To England indeed they are peculiarly interesting, as they were the first pieces which extended her fame for Latin poetry to the continent; and as they evince the various power of her illustrious bard by showing that he, who subsequently approved himself to be her Æschylus and her Homer, could once flow in the soft numbers and breathe the tender sentiments of Ovid and Tibullus.

The only prose compositions of this date, which we possess of our author's, are some of his college and University exercises, under the title of "Prolusiones oratoriæ," and five of his familiar letters; four of them in Latin to his old preceptors, Young and Gill,

and one in English, forming his answer to a friend who had censured him for wasting his life in literary pursuits, and had urged him to forsake his study for some of the active occupations of the world. This letter, of which Dr. Birch has published the rough and the corrected draught from the author's MSS. in the library of Trinity college, Cambridge, concludes with a very impressive sonnet; and is particularly interesting for the view which it gives to us of the writer's delicacy of principle and of the high motives which actuated his bosom. The reader, as I persuade myself, will thank me for communicating it.

" SIR,

" Besides that in sundry other respects I must acknowledge me to profit by you whenever we meet, you are often to me, and were yesterday especially, as a good watchman to admonish that the hours of the night pass on, (for so I call my life as yet obscure and unserviceable to mankind,) and that the day with me is at hand, wherein Christ commands all to labour while there is light. Which because I am persuaded you do to no other purpose than out of a true desire that God should be honoured in

every one, I therefore think myself bound, though unasked, to give you account, as oft as occasion is, of this my tardy moving, according to the precept of my conscience which, I firmly trust, is not without God. Yet now I will not strain for any set apology, but only refer myself to what my mind shall have at any time to declare herself at her best ease. But if you think, as you said, that too much love of learning is in fault, and that I have given up myself to dream away my years in the arms of studious retirement, like Endymion with the moon, as the tale of Latmus goes; yet consider, that if it were no more but the mere love of learning, whether it proceeds from a principle bad, good, or natural, it could not have held out thus long against so strong opposition on the other side of every kind. For if it be bad, why should not all the fond hopes that forward youth and vanity are fledge with, together with gain, pride and ambition, call me forward more powerfully than a poor regardless and unprofitable sin of curiosity should be able to withhold me, whereby a man cuts himself off from all action, and becomes the most helpless, pusillanimous, and unweaponed creature in the world, the most unfit and unable to do that

which all mortals most aspire to, either to be useful to his friends or to offend his enemies. Or if it be to be thought a natural proneness, there is against that a much more potent inclination inbred, which about this time of a man's life sollicits most, the desire of house and family of his own, to which nothing is esteemed more helpful than the early entering into credible employment, and nothing hindering than this affected solitariness. And though this were enough, yet there is to this another act, if not of pure yet of refined nature, no less available to dissuade prolonged obscurity, a desire of honour and repute and immortal fame seated in the breast of every true scholar, which all make haste to by the readiest ways of publishing and divulging conceived merits, as well those that shall as those that never shall obtain it. Nature therefore would presently work the more prevalent way, if there were nothing but this inferior bent of herself to restrain her. Lastly, the love of learning, as it is the pursuit of something good, it would sooner follow the more excellent and supreme good known and presented, and so be quickly diverted from the empty and fantastic chace of shadows and notions to the solid good flowing from due and timely

obedience to that command in the gospel set out by the terrible seizing of him that hid the talent. It is more probable therefore, that not the endless delight of speculation, but this very consideration of that great commandment does not press forward, as soon as many do, to undergo, but keeps off with a sacred reverence and religious advisement how best to undergo; not taking thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit; for those that were latest lost nothing, when the master of the vineyard came to give each one his hire. And here I am come to a stream-head, copious enough to disburden itself like Nilus at seven mouths into an ocean. But then I should also run into a reciprocal contradiction of ebbing and flowing at once, and do that, which I excuse myself for not doing, 'preach and not preach.' Yet that you may see that I am something suspicious of myself and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some while since, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of.

"How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career;

But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Towards which time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-master's eye."

"By this I believe you may well repent of having made mention at all of this matter; for if I have not all this while won you to this, I have certainly wearied you of it. This therefore alone may be a sufficient reason for me to keep me as I am, lest, having thus tired you singly, I should deal worse with a whole congregation and spoil all the patience of a parish: for I myself do not only see my own tediousness, but now grow offended with it that has hindered me thus long from coming to the last and best period of my letter, and that which must now chiefly work my pardon, that I am your true and unfeigned friend."

On his taking the degree of master of arts in 1632,[n] having taken that of bachelor, as we

[n] In a little poem "De Idea Platonica," written by our author while he was at the University, there is a most striking personification of Eternity—

have already observed, in 1628-9, he left Cambridge to reside at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where his father lived on a competent fortune which he had acquired by his business.

That Milton quitted the University without obtaining a fellowship has been suggested as a proof of the disapprobation of

—— Quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas
Monumenta servans et ratas leges Jovis, &c.

And thou Eternity, who dost diffuse
O'er all the enormous cave thy giant limbs
In grand repose, and guard'st the laws of Jove,
And the high structures of his glorious hand.

In our author's poem to his father there is also a very noble line in which he speaks with equal sublimity of Eternity:

Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi.

The eternal pause of age for ever fix'd.

The poem which he wrote about this time, (1628,) for one of the Fellows of his college, on the subject of the unimpaired vigour of nature, "Naturam non pati senium," possesses the merit, in a most uncommon degree, of poetic fancy and of poetic diction. See his letter to Alexander Gill, July 2, 1628.

He incepted, (to speak the academic language of Cambridge,) A.M. at the end of the Lent term in 1632; and he took his former degree, as we have before stated in Jan. 1628-9.

In the ordo senioritatis Baccalaureis reservatæ, among twenty-four, he occupies the fourth place. Of his own college, he was one of thirty who became B. A. at the same time; and one of twenty-seven who were made M. A. Among the M. A's his name in the subscription-book stands the first.

his college. But let it be recollected that in his time there was only one fellowship [o] in his college tenable by a layman, and that, as he had now determined against entering into the church for reasons [p] which, hallowed by conscience, are entitled to our respect, the attainment of a common fellowship, to be held only for a very limited term, could not be among the objects of his life. The competence also, of which he was assured from his father, would place him above the wish of any thing to be obtained by solicitation; and it is not impossible that, associating the idea of a fellow of a college, as the governor of a community, with that of some duty to be discharged by residence, he would decline a situation which must preclude him from the range of the world.

The five years, which he passed under his father's roof, [q] may justly be regarded as the

[o] Founded by Edward VI. Two other lay-fellowships have since been founded by sir John Finch, and sir Thomas Baines.

[p] —"perceiving, that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withall, which unless he took with a conscience that could retch, he must either strain perforce or split his faith; I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing." Reasons of Church Gov. P. W. i. 123.

[q] This house, as Mr. Todd says on the authority of the rector of Horton, was pulled down about fourteen years ago.

happiest of his life.[r] In literary leisure and the company of an intelligent and beloved father; with a select correspondence and an occasional intercourse with the society, the sciences and the arts of the metropolis, the temperance of his enjoyment must have been completely satisfied; and the fruition of the tranquil present was not disturbed by any alarming prescience of the dark and stormy future. In a passage of his spirited poem to his father, written, as it is probable, about this time, he seems conscious of his high destiny, and magnanimously exults over those evils which he knew, by the experience of all ages, to be inseparably attached to it.

> Este procul vigiles curæ! procul este querelæ,
> Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo:
> Sæva nec[r] anguiferos extende calumnia rictus:

[r] Paterno rure, quo is transigendæ senectutis causâ concesserat, evolvendis Græcis Latinisque scriptoribus summum per otium totus vacavi; ità tamen ut nonnunquam rus urbe mutarem, aut cöemendorum gratiâ librorum, aut novum quidpiam in Mathematicis vel in Musîcîs, quibus tum oblectabar, addiscendi.

Defen. secund. P. W. v. 230.

[r] "Anguiferos rictûs," is certainly an inaccurate expression. Vipereos rictus, if the verse had permitted it, would have been unexceptionable. "Calumnia" is, I fear, the property of prose rather than of poetry. It occurs frequently in Cicero, and sometimes as a forensic word; but never in Virgil, nor, as I believe, in any of the Augustan poets. Many of Milton's expressions in his Latin poems are not supported by high classical authority.

In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

Hence wakeful Cares and pining Sorrows fly!
Hence leering Envy with your sidelong eye!
Slander in vain thy viper jaws expand!
No harm can touch me from your hateful band:
Alien from you, my breast, in virtue strong,
Derides the menace of your reptile throng.

But he could only calculate the contingencies, not fasten his sight, (if the expression may be allowed to me,) on the realities of futurity. If some minister of the divine wrath, commissioned to disclose the vision of our poet's advancing life, had at this instant exhibited to him the Milton of later days, sacrificing his prime of manhood to the sullen and fiery demon of religious and civil discord; exposed to rancorous and savage calumny; making a cheerful surrender of his sight to the cause, as he deemed it, of his country and his species, yet afterwards abandoned and persecuted; with his public objects lost, his private fortune ruined, his society avoided, his name pronounced with execration, his life itself saved only by a kind of miracle from an ignominious and a torturing execution, and his old age, more deeply clouded also by the unkindness of children, finally closing amid dangers and

alarms, in solitude and darkness—if this scene, I say, in its full deformity had been exposed to our poet's eye in his happy retreat at Horton, the cup of joy would have fallen from his hand; his fortitude, strong as we know it to have been, would probably have yielded to the shock; and, prostrate before the Father of mercies, he would have poured his soul in solicitous supplication for the refuge of an early grave.

But of the world of destiny, as it was passing, one spot alone was discovered to him; and all that was unknown was peopled by hope with her own gay and beautiful progeny. While he passed his hours in converse with the mighty dead, or with the wise and virtuous living; while, unmolested by any agitating or painful passions, he penetrated science with his intellect or traversed fairy regions with his fancy, he enjoyed an interval of happiness on which, amid the asperities of his later years, he must frequently have looked back with emotions nearly similar to those of the traveller, who, wandering over the moors of Lapland and beaten by an arctic storm, reflects on the blue skies, the purple clusters and the fragrant orange groves of Italy.

To this favoured period of our author's

life are we indebted for some of the most exquisite productions of his genius. The Comus, in 1634, and the Lycidas, in 1637, were unquestionably written at Horton; and there is the strongest internal evidence to prove that the Arcades, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso were also composed in this rural scene and this season of delightful leisure. It is probable, indeed, that the composition of the "Arcades" preceded that of the "Comus," as the countess dowager of Derby,[s] for whom it was written, seems, from her residence at Harefield in the vicinity of Horton and from her double alliance with the family of Egerton, to have been the connecting link between the author and the earl of Bridgewater,[t] the immediate patron of Comus.

These pieces have been so frequently made the subjects of critical remark, that a long suspension of our narrative would not

[s] Alice, countess dowager of Derby, was the sixth daughter of sir John Spencer of Althorpe in Northamptonshire, and married lord Strange, who by the death of his father in 1594 became earl of Derby, and died in the following year. She afterwards married the lord chancellor Egerton, who died in 1617: her daughter, Frances, married the chancellor's son, John earl of Bridgewater lord president of Wales. She was of the same family with Spenser the poet; and had been his patroness and his theme of praise before she was celebrated by the Muse of Milton.

[t] The earl of Bridgewater was the proprietor also of Horton.

be compensated by any novelty in the observations which could be offered on them. The Arcades[u] is evidently nothing more than the poetic part of an entertainment the bulk of which was formed of prose dialogue and machinery. But, whatever portion it constituted of the piece, it was of sufficient consequence to impart a value to the whole; and it discovers a kindred though inferior lustre to that richest produce of the mines of fancy, the dramatic poem of Comus.

[u] I am rather surprised that Mr. Warton, who with his brother commentators frequently detects imitation in a single and, sometimes not uncommon word, should omit to notice, in the speech of the Genius, an open trespass on the property of Shakspeare. The Genius says,

I see bright honour sparkle in your eyes:

and Helena, in "All's well that ends well," addressing one of the young lords, from whom she was to select her husband, uses nearly the same expression—

The honour, sir, which flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak too threateningly replies."[z]

[x] The readers of Milton's juvenile poetry are under considerable obligations to Mr. Warton: but this gentleman, like other commentators, sometimes employs much perverse ingenuity in making what is plain obscure, what is good bad. Accumulating passages, in a note on verse 81 of this piece—

And so attend ye on her glittering state,

to prove that the word "state" was used by our old poets to express that particular part of the royal apparatus, a canopy, (in

The Mask of Comus was acted before the earl of Bridgewater, the president of Wales, in 1634, at Ludlow Castle; and the characters of the Lady and the two Brothers were represented by the lady Alice Egerton, then about thirteen years of age, and her two brothers, lord Brackley and the Hon. Thomas Egerton, who were still younger. The story of this piece is said to have been suggested by the circumstance of the lady Alice having been separated from her company in the night and having wandered for some time by herself in the forest of Haywood,[y] as she was

not one of which passages, by the bye, may "state" be considered as possessing any meaning different from what would be assigned to it by a modern poet,) he tells us that in this sense, (of *canopy,)* is *state,*" to be understood in the description of the swan in the 7th book of Paradise Lost:

> The swan with arched neck
> Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
> Her *state* with oary feet.—

i. e. the swan with arched neck, between the mantling of her white wings, proudly rows her *canopy,* (her head and bent neck) with her feet for oars. Having established this sense of the passage, he very properly accuses the great poet of an affected and unnatural conceit!!! If this be not ingenuity become mad, mischievous, and dull—I will appeal, from the black letter critics, to all the readers of taste,

> "From old Bellerium to the northern main."

[y] See Warton's note on Comus, said to be mentioned in a MS. by Oldys, l. 34.

returning from a distant visit to meet her father on his taking possession of his newly intrusted sceptre. On this small base of fact a most sumptuous and beautiful edifice of fancy has been constructed.

Comus, ΚΩΜΟΣ, or revelry,[z] had been personified, as Mr. Warton has remarked before me, in a dreadfully sublime passage of the Agamemnon of Æschylus; and the jolly God had been already introduced upon our stage in a mask by Ben Jonson: but it remained for Milton to develope his form and character, to give him a lineage and an empire, and to make him the hero of the most exquisite dramatic poem, which, perhaps, the genius of man has ever produced. Among the com-

[z] Τὴν γαρ στέγην τήνδ' ὕποτ' ἐκλέιπει χορὸς
Σύμφθογγος, οὐκ εὐφωνος· ὐ γαρ εὖ λέγει.
Καὶ μὴν πεπωκώς γ', ὡς θρασύνεσθαι πλέον,
Βρότειον αἷμα κῶμος ἐν δόμοις μενει,
Δύσπεμπτος ἔξω συγγόνων ἐριννύων.
Τμνῶσι δ' ὕμνον δώμασι προσήμεναι
Πρώταρχον ἄτην·

The band of Furies, with their voices tuned
In dreadful harmony, shall never quit
These fatal walls: and now with human blood
Drunk and made savage, COMUS riots here,
Sent by his kindred Furies to destroy:
While they, the baleful inmates of this house,
With notes of horror and Tartarean din,
Sing the first crime of this devoted race.

positions of our own country it certainly stands unrivalled for its affluence in poetic imagery and diction; and, as an effort of the creative power, it can be parallelled only by the Muse of Shakspeare, by whom in this respect it is possibly exceeded.

With Shakspeare the whole, excepting some rude outlines or suggestions of the story, is the immediate emanation of his own mind: but Milton's erudition precluded him from this extreme originality, and was perpetually supplying him with thoughts, which would sometimes obtain the preference from his judgment and would sometimes be mistaken for her own property by his invention. Original however he is; and of all the sons of song inferior in this requisite of genius to Shakspeare alone. Neither of these wonderful men was so far privileged above his species as to possess other means of acquiring knowledge than through the inlets of the senses, and by the subsequent operations of the mind on this first mass of ideas. The most exalted of human intelligences cannot form one mental phantasm uncompounded of this visible world. Neither Shakspeare nor Milton could conceive a sixth corporeal sense, or a creature absolutely distinct from

the inhabitants of our earth. A Caliban or an Ariel, a demon or an angel are only several compositions and modifications of our animal creation; and heaven and hell can be built with nothing more than our terrestrial elements newly arranged and variously combined. The distinction therefore between one human intelligence and another must be occasioned solely by the different degrees of clearness force and quickness with which it perceives, retains, and combines. On the superiority in these mental faculties it would be difficult to decide between those extraordinary men who are the immediate subjects of our remark: for if we are astonished at that power which, from a single spot as it were, could collect sufficient materials for the construction of a world of its own, we cannot gaze without wonder at that proud magnificence of intellect which, rushing like some mighty river through extended lakes and receiving into its bosom the contributory waters of a thousand regions, preserves its course its name and its character entire. With Milton, from whatever mine the ore may originally be derived, the coin issues from his mint with his own image and superscription; and passes into

currency with a value peculiar to itself. To speak accurately, the mind of Shakspeare could not create; and that of Milton invented with equal or with nearly equal power and effect. If we admit in the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer's Night's Dream," a higher flight of the inventive faculty, we must allow a less interrupted stretch of it in the Comus. In this poem there may be something which might have been corrected by the revising judgment of its author: but its errors, in thought or in language, are so few and trivial that they must be regarded as the inequality of the plumage, and not as the depression or the unsteadiness of the wing. The most splendid results of Shakspeare's poetry are still pressed and separated by some interposing defect: but the poetry of the Comus may be contemplated as a series of gems strung on golden wire, where the sparkle shoots along the line with scarcely the intervention of a single opake spot.

This exquisite piece has been pronounced to be undramatic: the mode, in which its story is opened, has been censured as absurd; and its speeches have been condemned as too long, too nicely balanced, and too "*tediously*" moral for the production of stage-interest. With reference to our theatre,

though even on our stage Comus[a] has been more than tolerated, these censures may be admitted as just. But Milton when he wrote his Mask had no view to the modern scene; and, writing for one specific object and in a peculiar walk of composition, he might feel himself to be liberated from many of those rules which adapt the regular drama to the attainment of its ends. He knew that a Mask was an entertainment addressed immediately and solely to the imagination; that it was the appropriate organ of fancy, and, while it presented pleasing and striking images to the mind, that it affected no controll over the passions nor any rigid observance of poetic truth. With him it was made the vehicle of pure poetry carrying the most sublime morality in her embrace, and solicitous, not to agitate, but to amuse, exalt, and refine. He has observed however, with considerable fidelity, the practice of the Grecian dramatists; and, when he unfolds the story of his scene in a speech delivered in the solitude of a wild wood, (and this certainly is the most reprehensible circumstance in the conduct of his fable,) he is only guilty of the same trespass against common sense which his

[a] Comus was acted at Drury Lane, in March, 1738, with much applause for several successive nights.

favourite Euripides has frequently committed. The length and even poise of the speeches in Comus are also formed on the same model; and, when we recollect how often the dialogue on the Athenian stage is conducted through an entire scene in replies and retorts consisting each of a single line, we shall not be surprised at the same short and equally measured conversation when it occurs between Comus and the Lady.

It seems impossible for poetry to go beyond her excursions in "this wilderness of sweets." She treads sometimes on the very fearful and giddy edge of a precipice, and, while we admire her boldness, we are doubtful of her safety. In that exquisite passage—

> How sweetly did they float upon the wings
> Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
> At every fall smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiled,

if our rapture would suffer us to be sufficiently composed to consult our reason, we might perhaps justly question the propriety of the length to which the poet's fancy has carried him. Darkness may aptly be represented by the blackness of the raven; and the stillness of that darkness may be parallelled by an image borrowed from the object of another sense—by the softness of

down; but it is surely a trangression which stands in need of pardon when, proceeding a step further and accumulating personifications, we invest this raven-down with life and make it to smile.[b] Another passage, which represents the effect of the Lady's singing with a different allusion, is not liable to any objection, and is altogether admirable:

> At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
> Rose, like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
> And stole upon the air.

Henry Lawes the musician, who composed the music for this poem and who was himself no indifferent poet, acted the part of the

[b] One of the least able and least specious of my public critics, in a periodical publication* which, after struggling for a short time in weak and doubtful existence, is now extinct, has dogmatically pronounced me to be guilty in this observation of a gross mistake, asserting that it is Darkness itself and not its raven-down which is here personified by the poet. I am willing to receive correction from any hand, however generally feeble and insufficient: but in the present instance I must be pardoned by the critic if I reject his correction, and adhere to my original remark. The thing which is smoothed, in this passage, is evidently the thing which is made to smile. If we alter the sentence, and, instead of using the auxiliary preposition, employ the inflected possessive of Darkness, which is of course grammatically the same, every doubt will be removed from the question. To smooth Darkness's raven down till it smiled, must surely be to make the raven down smile. The critic was led to this unlucky opportunity of exhibiting his sagacity by the place which the word darkness occupies in the sentence.

* The Literary Journal, published by Baldwins.

attendant Spirit, and was designed in that piece under the character of Thyrsis—

> Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
> The huddling brook to hear his madrigal.

He was retained as a domestic in the earl of Bridgewater's family, where he was the musical instructor of the lady Alice. He was the friend of Waller, and the theme of his Muse: but this composer's most distinguishing honours are derived from his connexion with the Comus, and its author. Of the former of these he was the first publisher,[c] and by the latter he was made an object of particular regard, of high and specific panegyric.[d] In his dedication of this first edition of Comus, to the lord Brackley who had represented the elder brother, Lawes speaks of the work as not openly acknowledged by its author; and the motto, undoubtedly prefixed to it by Milton himself,

> Eheu! quid volui misero mihi! floribus Austrum
> Perditus,
>
> Ah! what could I intend? undone, I find
> My flowers submitted to the withering wind:

elegantly and happily intimates the sensibility of a young writer trembling on the edge

[c] In 1637. [d] See Milton's xiiith Sonnet.

of the press, and fearful lest the tenderness of his blossoms should be blighted by the breath of the public.[e]

The Lycidas was written, as there is reason to believe, at the solicitation of the author's College, to commemorate the death of Mr. Edward King, one of its fellows, and a son of sir John King, Knt. secretary for Ireland in the reigns of Elizabeth James and Charles. This young man, whose vessel[f] foundered, as she was sailing from Chester to Ireland,

[e] From a letter of our author's to his friend, Alex. Gill, dated Dec. 4, 1634, we find that in the same year, in which the poet finished Comus, he made that version of the 114th Psalm into Greek hexameters, which he afterwards published with his other poems. It was thrown off, as he tells his correspondent, without any thought or intention of mind, and as it were with some sudden and strange impulse, before day-light in his bed. "Nullo certè animi proposito, sed subito nescio quo impetu, ante lucis exortum, ad Græci carminis heroici legem, in lectulo ferè concinnabam." Epis. fam. 5.

[f] I shall here rectify an inaccuracy in Mr. Warton's relation of the Shipwreck of Mr. King. Mr. W. says, "When in calm weather, not far from the English coast, the ship, a very crazy vessel, *a fatal and perfidious lark*, struck on a rock, and suddenly sunk to the bottom with *all* that were on board, not *one* escaping." [See Milton's Juven. Poems, 2d ed. p. 38.] A more correct account of this disaster, given by Hogg who in 1694 published a Latin translation or rather paraphrase of the Lycidas, informs us that several escaped in the boat from the sinking vessel; but that Mr. King and some others, fatally unmoved by the importunities of their associates, continued on board and perished. This melancholy event happened on the 10th of August 1637.

in a calm sea and not far from land, was so highly esteemed by the whole University, for his learning, piety, and talents, that his death was deplored as a public loss, and Cambridge invited her Muses to celebrate and lament him. In the collection of poems, which was published on this occasion in 1638, Milton's Lycidas occupies the last and, as it was no doubt intended to be, the most honourable place. Every honour which could be paid to its poetic excellence was inferior to its just demand: but we may reasonably wonder that a poem, breathing such hostility to the clergy of the church of England and menacing their leader with the axe, should be permitted to issue from the University press. The speech indeed, assigned to St. Peter—

> The pilot of the Galilean lake.

may properly be regarded as the most objectionable part of the composition. The poetry in these nineteen lines is not equal to what precedes and what follows them; and to make an Apostle speak with exultation of the approaching punishment of a bishop by the hand of the executioner must certainly be censured as improper and indecorous.

But, whatever sentence may be passed on this small portion of the Lycidas, the entire

monody must be felt by every reader of taste as an effusion of the purest and most exalted poetry. We may wish perhaps that it had been constructed on some other plan of stanza, or with a different arrangement of its rhymes; we may sometimes be tempted to think its transitions too violent, and its allusions not sufficiently obvious: but, as a whole, it seizes upon our fancy with irresistible force, and will scarcely suffer our judgment to discover its defects. In one place, and in one only, it exhibits a magnificent, though obscure image in a state rather of injury from its association with what is little and improper:

> Where the great vision of the guarded mount
> Looks towards Namancos[g] and Bayona's hold—
> Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
> And O ye dolphins waft the hapless youth!

After invoking the great vision, or the Arch Angel seated on his lofty rock and throwing his angel-ken over the sea

> Towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.

[g] This Namancos has puzzled all the commentators. The conjecture that it is a name, found in some old romance, for Numantia, strikes me as improbable; and I am unable to suggest any other. From its situation, not indeed near the coast but in that line of country towards which St. Michael's Mount looks, Numantia would sufficiently answer the purpose of the poet.

to turn his countenance homeward and to weep for the calamity of that country which was under his own immediate guardianship, it surely is a most notable anti-climax to call upon the dolphins to waft the hapless youth, when their services could be of no use to him, and when he was so far from hapless, that he was "laving his locks with nectar in the blest kingdoms of joy and love."

To enumerate the beauties of this poem would extend our digression beyond its just length, and would not be consistent with our plan. We have observed that the Comus came into the world unacknowledged by its author, and it is remarkable that the writer of the Lycidas was intimated only by the initials J. M. This great man seems to have felt an awe of the public by which the herd of small writers are seldom repressed—

> For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

But, if he published with diffidence, he wrote with boldness and with the persuasion, resulting from the consciousness of power, of literary immortality. "After I had (he tells us[h]) from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence of my father, (whom God recompense!)

[h] Reasons of C. Govern. B. 2d. P. W. i. 118.

been exercised in the tongues, and some sciences as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether ought was imposed on me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style by certain vital symptoms it had, was likely to live." In a letter, which from its date was written about two months before his Lycidas, he lays open to his friend Deodati the lofty hopes and the daring projects of his heart.

"But you are now anxious, as I know," (the writer says) "to have your curiosity gratified. You solicitously enquire even about my thoughts. Attend then, Deodati, but let me spare myself a blush by speaking in your ear; and for a moment let me talk proudly to you. Do you ask me what is in my thought? So may God prosper me, as it is nothing less than immortality. But how shall I accomplish it? My wings are sprouting, and I meditate to fly: but while my Pegasus yet lifts himself on very tender pinions, let me be prudent and humble."[1]

[1] For the amusement of my readers I will insert the whole letter from which I have made this extract, with a translation of it by my friend Mr. Wrangham. We find by this document that Milton

We shall again have occasion to remark

had just accomplished a very ruggèd journey through some of the most barren and unsightly tracts of history. Of all the productions of the pen, familiar letters give us the most insight into the sanctuary of the writer's bosom.

CAROLO DEODATO.

" Quod cæteri in literis suis plerunque faciunt amici, ut unicam tantum salutem dicere sat habeant, tu illud jam video quid sit quod toties impertias; ad ea enim quæ tute prius, et alii adhuc sola afferre possunt vota, jam nunc artem insuper tuam, vimque omnem medicam quasi cumulum accedere vis me scilicet intelligere. Jubes enim salvere sexcenties, quantum volo, quantum possum, vel etiam amplius. Næ ipsum te nuper salutis condum promum esse factum oportet, ita totum salubritatis penum dilapidas, aut ipsa proculdubio sanitas jam tua parasita esse debet, sic pro rege te geris atque imperas ut dicto sit audiens; itaque gratulor tibi, et duplici proinde nomine gratias tibi agam necesse est, cum amicitiæ tum artis eximiæ. Literas quidem tuas, quoniam ita convenerat, diu expectabam; verum acceptis neque dum ullis, si quid mihi credis, non idcirco veterem meam erga te benevolentiam tantillum refrigescere sum passus; immo vero qua tarditatis excusatione usus literarum initio es, ipsam illam te allaturum esse jam animo præsenseram, idque recte nostræque necessitudini convenienter. Non enim in epistolarum ac salutationum momentis veram verti amicitiam volo, quæ omnia ficta esse possunt, sed altis animi radicibus niti utrinque et sustinere se; cœptamque sinceris et sanctis rationibus, etiamsi mutua cessarent officia, per omnem tamen vitam suspicione et culpa vacare: ad quam fovendam non tam scripto sit opus, quam viva invicem virtutum recordatione. Nec continuò, ut tu non scripseris, non erit quo illud suppleri officium possit, scribit vicem tuam apud me tua probitas, verasque literas intimis sensibus meis exarat, scribit morum simplicitas, et recti amor; scribit ingenium etiam tuum, haudquaquam quotidianum, et majorem in modum te mihi commendat. Quare noli mihi, arcem illam medicinæ tyrannicam nactus,

these aspirings of his mind to the high pro-

terrores istos ostentare, ac si salutes tuas sexcentas velles, subducta minutim ratiuncula, ad unum omnes a me reposcere, si forte ego, (quod ne siverit unquam Deus,) amicitiæ desertor fierem; atque amove terribile illud ἐπιτειχισμα quod cervicibus nostris videris imposuisse, ut sine tua bona venia ne liceat ægrotare. Ego enim, ne nimis minitere, tui similes impossibile est quin amem; nam de cætero quidem quid de me statuerit Deus nescio, illud certe, δεινόν μοι ἐρωτα, εἰπέρ τω αλλω, τῆ καλῆ ἐνές ταξε. Nec tanto Ceres labore, ut in fabulis est, Liberam fertur quæsivisse filiam, quanto ego hanc τὴ καλῆ ἰδεαν, veluti pulcherrimam quandam imaginem, per omnes rerum formas et facies: (πολλαί γὰρ μορφαὶ τών Δαιμονίων) dies noctesque indagare soleo, et quasi certis quibusdam vestigiis ducentem sector. Unde fit, ut qui, spretis quæ vulgus prava rerum æstimatione opinatur, id sentire et loqui et esse audet; quod summa per omne ævum sapientia optimum esse docuit, illi me protinus, sicubi reperiam, necessitate quadam adjungam. Quod si ego, sive natura sive meo fato, ita sum comparatus, ut nulla contentione et laboribus meis ad tale decus et fastigium laudis ipse valeam emergere; tamen quo minus qui eam gloriam assecuti sunt, aut eo feliciter aspirant, illos semper colam et suspiciam nec dii puto nec homines prohibuerint. "Cæterum jam curiositati tuæ vis esse satisfactum scio. Multa solicite quæris etiam quid cogitem. Audi, Theodote, verum in aurem ne rubeam, et sinito paulisper apud te grandia loquar: quid cogitem quæris? ita me bonus Deus, immortalitatem. Quid agam vero? πτεροφυῶ, et volare meditor: sed tenellis admodum adhuc pennis evehit se noster Pegasus; humile sapiamus." Dicam jam nunc serio quid cogitem, in hospitium juridicorum aliquod immigrare, sicubi amœna et umbrosa ambulatio est, quod et inter aliquot sodales, commodior illic habitatio, si domi manere, et ὁρμητήριον ευπρεπέστερον quocunque libitum erit excurrere; ubi nunc sum, ut nosti, obscure et anguste sum. De studiis etiam nostris fies certior. Græcorum res continuata lectione deduximus usquequo illi Græci esse sunt desiti: Italorum in obscura re diu versati sumus, sub Longobar-

spect of poetic immortality, till the baleful

dis et Francis et Germanis, ad illud tempus quo illis ab Rodolpho Germaniæ rege concessa libertas est: exinde quid quæque civitas suo marte gesserit, separatim legere præstabit. Tu vero quid? quousque rebus domesticis filius familias imminebis urbanarum sodalitatum oblitus? quod, nisi bellum hoc novercale vel Dacico vel Sarmatico infestius sit, debebis profecto maturare, ut ad nos saltem in hyberna concedas. Interim, quod sine tua molestia fiat, Justinianum mihi Venetorum historicum rogo mittas, ego mea fide aut in adventum tuum probe asservatum curabo; aut, si mavis, haud ita multo post ad te remissum. Vale."

Londini, Sep. 23, 1637.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

"Other friends in their letters generally reckon it sufficient to wish only a single health to their correspondents; I can assign a reason, however, why you so often repeat the salutation. For in addition to your old wishes, which are all that others are still able to offer, you would have me now consider your whole art and energy of medicine as engaged: since you bid me hail indefinitely, to the height of my desires, of my powers,—nay, beyond. You must surely have become of late the very house-steward of Health, you so lavishly dispense her whole stores; or Health herself is without doubt your obsequious attendant, you so imperiously like a king enjoin her obedience. Accept therefore my congratulations, and allow me to return you my double thanks, on account both of your friendship and your profound skill. I had long indeed, in consequence of your arrangement, been expecting a letter from you; but, trust me, so far was I from feeling the slightest diminution of kindness towards you on account of its non-arrival, that I had even anticipated the very excuse for its delay which you yourself allege in the beginning of it: and this too justly, and without any derogation from our intimacy. For true friendship should not depend upon the balancings of letters and salutations, which may be all hypocritical; but should cling and sustain itself by the deep roots of the soul, and, originating in pure and hallowed principles, should through the whole of life, even without the intervention of

fury of politics diverted his fancy from where she

Roll'd o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream,

into a channel polluted with weeds and horrid with precipices.

reciprocal civilities, avoid both suspicion and offence, cherished not so much by letters as by the lively remembrance of mutual virtues. Nor, should you happen to omit writing, would you be without a substitute in that office. Your integrity writes to me in your stead and inscribes its deep characters upon my inmost senses. Your simplicity, your honour, and your genius (genius of no common stamp) are my correspondents, and give me a still stronger impression in your favour. Do not then from your lordly eminence of medicine, hold out to me the threat of reclaiming, with rigid minuteness of calculation, your indefinitely-multiplied salutations, in the event (which God avert!) of my proving treacherous to friendship; but take off that dread injunction, which you seem to have laid upon me, of not daring to be sick without your leave. For, without your denunciations, I cannot help loving such as resemble you; since, whatever God may have determined concerning me in other respects, he has certainly implanted in me, if in any one, a vehement love of the το καλον: nor is Ceres herself represented in fable to have sought her daughter Proserpine with so much zeal, as I daily and nightly pursue and trace the steps of this fair idea, this enchanting image through every form and face of things—"for various are the shapes which people heaven." Hence he who, in contempt of the depraved estimates of popular opinion, dares to think and speak and be what genuine wisdom has universally pronounced best, by a kind of necessity becomes instantly, wherever I find him, an object of my ardent attachment. I myself may from nature or through destiny be so circumstanced as to be incapable, by any struggles or exertions of my own, of attaining such an honourable elevation: but neither gods, I trust, nor men, will forbid my looking up to such as have attained, or are successfully labouring to attain it, with reverence and veneration.

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso made their first public appearance in the edition of our author's poems which was published by himself in 1645; and we have no positive testimony to determine the precise time of their

"Your curiosity will now, I know, expect some satisfaction. Among other subjects of anxious inquiry, you ask me, upon what I am thinking. Hear me, my heaven-bestowed friend, but in a whisper to spare my blushes; and permit me for a moment to utter great things. Do you ask me, "Upon what I am thinking?" So help me heaven, upon immortality. But what am I doing? I am fledging myself, and meditate a flight. My Pegasus however as yet soars only on slender pinions: let me moderate my thoughts. I will now tell you what is my serious project:—to remove into some inn of court, where I may find pleasant and shady walks; because it is both more convenient to reside among a few companions, if I choose to stay at home; and I shall have a better point of setting off whenever I wish to go abroad. My present abode, you know, is both gloomy and confined. You shall also be informed of my studies. I have read straightforward the history of the Greeks, till they lost their title to the name; and have lingered in the dark ages of Italy, among the Lombards the Franks and the Germans, down to the period in which they obtained liberty from the Emperor Rodolph. From that epoch it will be better to read separately the exertions of each distinct state.

"And what are you doing? How long will you allow your domestic engagements, as a son, to interfere with your city-friendships? Surely, if this stepmother's warfare be not more severe than that of Dacia or Sarmatia, you will despatch it speedily, and join us in winter-quarters. In the mean while I shall be obliged to you, if you can without inconvenience lend me Giustiniani's History of Venice; and I will engage either to take the utmost care of it till your arrival, or (if you chuse) in a very short time to return it to you. Farewell."

London, Sept. 23, 1637.

production. There is reason however to suppose that they were written in the interval between the composition of Comus and that of Lycidas. The opening lines of the latter poem seem to refer to some work of a more recent date than the Mask, since the representation of which three years had now elapsed; and we cannot, with the least pretence of probability, assign their origin to any other portion of their author's life than to that which was passed at Horton. The evidence of their ripened excellence would not allow us to ascribe them to his more youthful years, even if the accurate and circumstantial account, which has been transmitted to us, of the produce of those years had left us any doubt upon the subject. With his compositions during his residence in Italy we are so particularly acquainted as not to be permitted to hesitate when we exclude from their number the objects of our reference; and the character also of these pieces establishes them[k] to be properly and strictly English. Their lineaments and their tints are so specific, and so peculiarly genuine as to prove them to be drawn from the vivid nature before the poet's eye, and not from the

[k] See a note in the Appendix on a letter of Sir William Jones's referring to the time and the place when and where these poems were composed.

dimmer reflection of his mind. The landscape indeed, with all its shades, is of his own country, and when he speaks of "towers and battlements"

> Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
> Where perhaps some beauty lies
> The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes,

we may suppose that his sight was directed immediately to the woods and the mansion of Harefield.

These poems, then, must be received as the indisputable natives of our island; and they cannot be considered as born after their parent's return from the continent, when his talents were withdrawn from the Muses; and when, immersed in the capital and in polemics, his thought could not easily escape to play and to cull flowers among the scenery of the country. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso therefore were certainly written at Horton, and probably at no long period before the Lycidas, which was the last of our author's works while he resided with his father. They were unquestionably composed in the happiest humour of the poet's mind, when his fancy was all sunshine and

> ..... no cloud, or, to obstruct her view,
> Star interposed. .

We may contemplate them not as the effects or qualities, (if the allusion may be par-

doned,) but as the very substance of poetry, as its " hidden soul untied," and brought forward to our sight.

It is not easy to adjust the precedency between these victorious efforts of the descriptive Muse. No passage in Il Penseroso is perhaps equally happy with the following in L'Allegro:

> And ever against eating cares
> Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
> Married to immortal verse,
> Such as the meeting soul may pierce
> In notes with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony.

But if my judgment were to decide, I should award the palm, though with some hesitation, to Il Penseroso. The portrait of contemplation; the address to Philomel; the image of the moon, wandering through heaven's pathless way; the slow swinging of the curfeu over some wide-water'd shore; the flaming of the night-lamp in some lonely tower; the unsphering of the spirit of Plato to disclose the residence of the unbodied soul; the arched walks of twilight groves; the mysterious dream by the murmuring waters; the sweet music of the friendly spirit

of the wood; the [1] pale and studious cloister; the religious light thrown through the storied windows; the pealing organ, and finally the peaceful hermitage—form together such a mass of poetic imagery as was never before crowded into an equal space: the impression made by it on the imagination is to be felt, and not explained.

Although these poems obtained some early notice, the number of their admirers was for a long time small. Even from the wits of our Augustan age, as the age of Addison and Pope has sometimes been called, their share of notice was inconsiderable; and it is in only what may be regarded as the present generation, that they have acquired any large proportion of their just praise. Their reputation seems to be still increasing;

[1] "Perhaps," says Mr. Warton on this line, "To walk the studious cloisters pale,"

The studious cloister's pale."——

If this unlucky "perhaps" were to be regarded, the beauty of the line would be injured, and its propriety annihilated. Pale, as an epithet to cloister, is most happily poetic, and holds a large and animated picture to the imagination. It shows to us the ghostly light of the place, and it shows to us also the sickly cheek of timorous superstition, the wan and faded countenance of studious and contemplative melancholy. The cloister's pale, or fence, is tautological and weak; and to walk a pale, which, if it mean any thing, must mean to walk upon a pale, is a feat of rather difficult accomplishment.

and we may venture to predict that it will yet increase, till some of those great vicissitudes, to which all that is human is perpetually exposed and which all that is human must eventually experience, shall blot out our name and our language, and bury us in barbarism. But even amid the ruins of Britain, Milton will survive: Europe will preserve one portion of him; and his native strains will be cherished in the expanding bosom of the great queen of the Atlantic, when his own London may present the spectacle of Thebes, and his Thames roll a silent and solitary stream through heaps of blended desolation.[m]

[m] I am reminded on this occasion of a beautiful passage in the "Essay on the dramatic character of Sir John Falstaff," written by the late Maurice Morgann, Esq. "Yet whatever may be the neglect of some, or the censure of others, there are those who firmly believe that this wild and uncultivated * *Barbarian* has not obtained one half of his fame."——When the hand of time shall have brushed off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the Apalachian mountains the banks of the Ohio and the plains of Sciola shall resound with the accents of this *barbarian.* In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature: nor shall the griefs of Lear be alleviated, or the charms and wit of Rosalind be abated by time," p. 64.

This Essay forms a more honourable monument to the memory of Shakspeare than any which has been reared to him by the united labours of his commentators. The portrait, of

* Shakspeare, so called by Voltaire.

A few months before the composition of

which I have exhibited only a part, is drawn with so just so discriminating and so vivid a pencil as to be unequalled, unless it be by the celebrated delineation of the same great dramatist by the hand of Dryden.

With the name of Maurice Morgann, who has fondled my infancy in his arms, who was the friend of my youth, who expanded the liberality of my opening heart, and first taught me to think and to judge,—with this interesting name so many sadly-pleasing recollections are associated that I cannot dismiss it without reluctance. He was my friend: but he was the friend also of his species. The embrace of his mind was ample; that of his benevolence was unbounded. With great rectitude of understanding, he possessed a fancy that was always creative and playful. On every subject, for on every subject he thought acutely and deeply, his ideas were original and striking. Even when he was in error he continued to be specious and to please: and he never failed of your applause, though he might sometimes of your assent. When your judgment coyly held back, your imagination yielded to his seductive addresses; and you wished him to be right when you were forced to pronounce that he was wrong. This is spoken only of those webs which his fancy perpetually spun and dipped in the rain-bow: his heart was always in the right. With a mind of too fine a texture for business, too theoretical and abstract to be executive, he discharged with honour the office of under secretary of state when the late marquis * of Lansdown was for the first time in power; and he was subsequently sent by that nobleman across the Atlantic as the intended legislator of Canada. His public and his private life were impelled by the same principles to the same object;—by the love of liberty and virtue to the

* This able and, to decide from the consistency of his public conduct, this upright statesman died on the 7th of May 1805, and bequeathed his whig principles and virtues to his second son, Lord Henry Petty, who lately filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

his Lycidas, our author's domestic happiness

happiness of man. If his solicitous and enlightened representations had experienced attention, the temporary and the abiding evils of the American contest would not have existed; and the mother and her offspring would still have been supported and supporting with their mutual embrace. From a long intercourse with the world he acquired no suspicion, no narrowness, no hardness, no moroseness. With the simplicity and candour, he retained to the last the cheerfulness and the sensibility of childhood. The tale of distress, which he never staid to investigate, passed immediately through his open ear into his responsive heart; and his fortune, small as his disinterestedness had suffered it to remain, was instantly communicated to relieve. His humanity comprehended the whole animated creation; and nothing could break the tenor of his temper but the spectacle of oppression or of cruelty. His failings (and the most favoured of our poor species are not without failings) were few, and untinctured with malignity. High as he was placed by nature, he was not above the littleness of vanity; and kindlily as were the elements blended in him, his manner would sometimes betray that contempt of others, which the wisest are perhaps the least prone to entertain, and which the best are the most studious to conceal. Though he courted praise, and was not nice respecting the hand which tendered it or the form in which it came, yet has he refused it in the most honourable shape, and when offered to him by the public. He has been importuned in vain to give a second edition of his Essay on Falstaff; and his repeated injunctions have impelled his executrix to an indiscriminate destruction of his papers, some of which, in the walks of politics, metaphysics and criticism, would have planted a permanent laurel on his grave.

Such were his frailties and inconsistencies, the objects only of a doubtful smile:—but his virtues and his talents made him the delight of the social, the instruction or the comfort of the solitary hour.

Though he had been accustomed to contemplate the awful crisis of death with more terror than belonged to his innocent

had received a shock by the death[n] of his mother; and, with the concurrence of his father, he resolved at this time on an excursion to the continent, with a view more particularly to the classic region of Italy. He was now in his thirtieth year: his large mind was amply stored with the spoils of universal knowledge; and, from a wider conversation with the living world, his character now demanded its last accomplishment and polish—that fine softening, as it were, into life which makes the sculpture breathe, and places it among the wonders of the world. On the intimation of his design, he received a letter from the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton,[o] who

life or to his generally intrepid breast, he met the consummation without alarm, and expired with as much serenity as he had lived. This event happened at his house in Knightsbridge, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, on the 28th of March, 1802.

Χαιρε! Vale!

I shall never cease to think with a sigh of the grave in which I saw your body composed, till my own shall require the same pious covering of dust, and shall solicit, with far inferior claims yet haply not altogether in vain, for the same fond charity of a tear. C. S.

[n] On the 3d of April, 1637, as is recorded on her monument in Horton church.

[o] Abeuntem vir clarissimus, Henricus Woottonus, qui ad Venetos orator Jacobi regis diu fuerat, et votis et præceptis, eunti peregrè sanè utilissimis eleganti epistolâ præscriptis, me amicissimè prosequutus est. Def. Sec. P. W. v. 231.——Wotton was a scholar and a poet, as well as a friend of poets. He wrote

had resided at Venice as ambassador from James the first and was now provost of Eton. This letter shall be inserted as evincing the reputation and consequence of Milton, while it impresses us with a favourable idea of the taste and the friendliness of its writer.

" SIR, The College, April 18th, 1638.

" It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know, that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly. And in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterward by Mr. H. I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught, for you left me with an extreme thirst; and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have bandied together some good authors of

a tragedy called Tancredo, of which I know nothing but the name; and a few odes, which, as Mr. Warton informs me, have the merit of some elegance. He was the friend of Donne and of Cowley.—" Our common friend, Mr. R." in this letter, is probably Rousé the Bod. Librarian, to whom Milton has addressed a Latin ode: and " the late Mr. R's poems," Mr. Warton determines to be the poems of Thomas Randolph, M. A. Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, who died March 17, 1634.

the ancient time, among which I observed you to have been familiar.

" Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith; wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, wherein I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language, *ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me, how modestly soever, the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

" Now, sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you, I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way. Therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to

Mr. M. B.[p] whom you shall easily find attending the young lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the king, after mine own recess from Venice.

" I should think, that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Sienna, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

" At Sienna I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family was strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With

[p] I suspect that these initials should be, W. B. and that they refer to Mr. William Bedell, who was chaplain to Sir H. Wotton during his embassy to Venice. Bedell was one of the most able and learned divines of the seventeenth century. He resided eight years at Venice, where he was honoured with the friendship of Father Paul, (or Peter Sarpi,) the celebrated historian of the Council of Trent. On his return to England, Bedell was raised in succession to the provostship of Trin. Coll. Dublin, and the bishopric of Kilmore. As he was a man of a liberal mind, and an independent spirit, we may justly wonder that his merits could elevate him to this eminence in the church.

him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure towards Rome, which had been the centre of his experience, I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others or of mine own conscience. 'Signor Amico mio,' says he, 'i pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto;' that is, 'your thoughts close and your countenance loose,' will go safely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

"Your friend, as much at command
as any of longer date,

"H. Wotton."

"P. S. Sir, I have expressly sent this by my foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you

with home-novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

Not long after the receipt of this letter he began his journey; and, accompanied only by a servant who attended him through the whole of his travels, proceeded immediately to Paris; where he was received with distinction by Lord Scudamore,[p] the ambassador from England. By this nobleman he was introduced, with much honourable attention, to the famous Grotius, whom he had expressed a particular desire to see, and who then resided in the capital of France as the minister of Christina, the eccentric queen of Sweden. Were we able to ascertain with precision all the circumstances of this interview between two extraordinary men, eminently raised above the level of their species by their talents and their attainments, we should probably acquire nothing from our knowledge to excite our wonder, or, if our expectations were high, to save us from disappointment. In the formality and coldness

[p] Nobilissimus vir, Thomas Scudamorus, Parisiis humanissime accepit; meq; Hugoni Grotio viro eruditissimo, quem invisere cupiebam, suo nomine et suorum uno atq; altero deducente, commendavit. Def. Sec. P. W. v. 231.

of a first meeting, and especially where one party would be restrained by the consciousness of having much to lose and the other by the felt impropriety of pressing upon established rank and reputation, no great display of erudition or brilliant exchanges of fancy were likely to take place. Compliments requited with civilities; some inquiries respecting the traveller's plans, and some advice on the subject of their execution constituted perhaps the whole of the conference between these two memorable men.

After the delay only of a few days at Paris, our traveller renewed his progress and,

"fired with ideas of fair Italy,"

pursued the direct road to Nice; where a vessel, readily procured by the letters which he brought from Lord Scudamore to the merchants, received and landed him at Genoa. From this city he passed immediately through Leghorn and Pisa to Florence, and on the banks of the Arno, rendered famous by the purity of the Tuscan language which was spoken on them and by the learning and talents that frequented them, he made what may be considered as his first pause.

Here he resided for two months; and his conversation and manners soon introduced

him into the high and literary circle, where he speedily made himself the object of very general admiration. He obtained admission into those private academies, which had been instituted under the genial patronage of the Medici for the advancement of literature and for the cementing of friendships among its votaries. In these assemblies, in which "it was the custom,"[q] as he tells us, "that every one should give some proof of his wit and reading," many of his productions, either those of his younger years or "those,[r] which he had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniencies to patch up among them," were received with much applause, "and with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps."

It was at this time that Carlo Dati, a nobleman of Florence, and Antonio Francini, of a rank only one step lower, both men of talents and literary renown, presented our traveller with an offering of their respect, one in an Italian ode of considerable merit, predicting his future greatness, and the other in a Latin address, in which admiration is expressed in terms of extreme and almost extravagant panegyric.

[q] The Reason of Church Gov. P. W. i. 119. [r] Ibid.

Beside the two whom we have now mentioned, the English bard could number on the list of his friends, conciliated by his learning, talents, and manners, the respectable literary names of Gaddi, Frescobaldi, Coltellino, Buonmattei, Clementillo, and Malatesti.[s] The applause and respect which he obtained seems to have been unlimited; and the transalpine scholars appear to have been lost in surprise at the spectacle, presented to them, of a native of Britain, a country just emerging, as they imagined, from barbarism, who to an acquaintance, not superficial, with all the sciences united a profound knowledge of classic and Italian letters; whose mind was at once sublime and deep, accurate and comprehensive, powerful and acute; patient to follow judgment in the gradual investigation of philosophical truth, yet delighted to fly with the more aerial offspring of the brain on the high and expatiating wing of imagination. Of all his rare accomplishments and talents however, none perhaps would more forcibly strike the attention and win the regard of the Italians than his absolute com-

[s] A work called "La Tina," or the "Wine-Press," by Antonio Malatesti, and dedicated to Milton while at Florence, was found on a bookstall and purchased by Mr. Brand. He gave it to Mr. Hollis, and Mr. Hollis sent it, with Milton's works and his life by Toland, in 1758 to the Academy della Crusca.

mand of their language and the affection which he discovered for it. So perfect was his knowledge of it that he was frequently consulted respecting its niceties by the Academy della Crusca, instituted expressly for its preservation and improvement. So strong was his attachment to Italian literature that, in a letter to Buonmattei, in which he offers some advice to that author then on the point of publishing an Italian grammar, he declares that "[t] neither Athens herself with her lucid Ilissus, nor ancient Rome with the banks of her Tiber could so entirely detain him, as to prevent him from visiting with fondness the vale of the Arno and the hills of Fesolé."

During this visit to Florence, he saw and conversed with the great Galileo, that memorable victim of priestly ignorance and superstition. For his philosophical opinions, which were supposed to contradict the assertions of the Holy Scriptures on the subject of the earth's figure and motion, this illustrious man had been imprisoned for five months by the Inquisition; and was now resident near Florence in a state of aggravated infirmity

[t] Nec me tam ipsæ Athenæ Atticæ, cum illo suo pellucido Ilisso, nec illa vetus Roma, suâ Tiberis ripâ, retinere valuerunt, quin sæpe Arnum vestrum, et Fæsulanos illos colles invisere amem. Epis. Fam. P. W. vi. 118.

from age, sickness, and mental [u] distress. Rolli, the Italian biographer of Milton, supposes that from his intercourse with the Tuscan astronomer the English poet gained those ideas, approaching to the Newtonian, respecting our planetary system which he has discovered in the Paradise Lost. If this supposition be just, it must be the subject of our surprise as it is of our regret that a system which, with its obvious simplicity, would enforce the conviction of any philosophic and acute mind even without the demonstration of Newton's mathematics, should not have obtained our poet's entire assent; and thus have saved him from that awkward halting between two opinions which incidentally disfigures a few pages of his immortal epic.

On his leaving Florence, where he staid, as we have observed, two months, our traveller proceeded through Sienna to Rome. In this city of old and of modern renown, the mistress of the world at one time by her arms and laws, and of Europe at another by her policy and the engine of perverted religion, he passed two months in the con-

[u] "There it was (in Italy) that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." A Speech for Unlicensed Printing. P. W. 1. 313.

templation of the wonders of her ancient and modern art, and in the society made more interesting by the friendship of her scholars and her great men. The kindness of Holstenius, the learned keeper of the Vatican library, not only opened to him the curiosities of that grand repository of literature, but introduced him to the attentions of the Cardinal Barberini;[x] who at that time possessed the whole delegated sovereignty of Rome under his uncle, Urban VIII. At a great musical entertainment, which this opulent Cardinal gave with a magnificence truly Roman, he looked for our traveller among the crowd at the door, and brought him, almost by the hand, into the assembly.[y] These benefits and favours were not forgotten by him; and the letter, which he addressed to Holstenius from Florence, constitutes their acknowledgment and requital.

[x] Tum nec aliter crediderim, quam quæ tu * de me verba feceris ad præstantissimum Cardin. Franc. Barberinum, iis factum esse, ut cum ille paucis post diebus ἄκρόαμα illud Musicum magnificentiâ verè Romanâ publice exhiberet, ipse me tantâ in turbâ quæsitum ad fores expectans, et penè manu prehensum persanè honorificè intro admiserit. Epist. Fam. P. W. vi. 120.

[y] Mr. Todd, the industrious editor of Milton, has mentioned, on the authority of a MS. of Dr. Bargrave, that at this time every foreign nation had a particular guardian assigned to it at Rome in the person of one of the Cardinals; and that Barberini was the appointed guardian of the English. Todd's Life of Mil. p. xxviii,

* Holstenius.

If he was honoured with lavish panegyric by Francini and Dati at Florence, he was celebrated in a strain of equal though more compressed praise by Salsilli and Selvaggi at Rome; by the former in a Latin tetrastic, and by the latter in a distich in the same language. At his next removal we shall see our traveller distinguished by still more lofty compliment, in the vehicle indeed of still inferior verse: and for that opportunity we shall reserve any observations which may be suggested to us by the subject. At present we will transcribe and, according to our usual practice, translate the two Roman productions for the amusement of our readers.

Cede Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ,
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui.
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas;
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.
SALSILLI.

Meles, and Mincius! now more humbly glide:
Tasso's [z] Sebetus! now resign thy pride.
Supreme of rivers Thames henceforth shall be:
His Milton makes him equal to the three.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem;
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
SELVAGGI.

Greece! vaunt your Homer's; Rome! your Maro's fame:
England in Milton boasts an equal name.

[z] The Sebeto, a small brook near Naples. The Sebethos, as it was anciently called, was in former times a stream of more consequence; and its present diminutive size may be ascribed to the operations of the contiguous volcano.

It was not long before the English bard was supplied with an opportunity of repaying to one of his Roman panegyrists the debt of praise which had been thus contracted. On the occasion of Salsilli's illness, Milton sent to him those scazons, which are rich in poetic imagery though inaccurate in their metrical construction.[z] The concluding part of this short poem is highly beautiful and deserving of insertion.

O dulce divûm munus! O Salus Hebes
Germana! Tuq; Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosq; rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille, charis redditus rursum Musis,
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusq; et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusq; curvi salsa regna Portumni.

[z] In their scazons, the Greeks use a spondee in the fifth place, but the Latins always an iambic. In the poem before us, Milton has violated this rule of Roman prosody in no less than twenty-one instances, by inserting either a spondee or an anapæst in the place in question. This is to be guilty not of false quantity, but of an erroneous fabric of verse.

O Health,[a] sweet blessing from the empyreal sphere!
Sister of Hebe, deign thy presence here!
Thou Phœbus too, or, if it please thee more,
By Pæan's name thy godhead we implore:
(Since Python fell, the pale diseases fly,
Pierced with thy shafts and shrinking from thine eye:)
Chase sickness hence:—it is thy priest who pines.
Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills, whose vines
Weep balmy dews, where mild Evander sway'd,
If in your bloomy lawn or fragrant shade
One plant of healing energy be bred,
Haste! bring it to your drooping poet's bed:
That the sweet Muses, on his warbling tongue,
Once more may court your echoes with their song:
That pensive Numa in his twilight grove,
Where, tranced in endless rest and holy love,
He dwells on his Ægeria's spotless form,
May feel new raptures from the tuneful charm:
That Tiber's self, enamour'd of the lay,
May check his fury in its devious way:
Nor, prone to raze the works of buried pride,
Urge his left bank,[b] but waft a patient tide;
And, faithful to the labours of the swain,
Wed his innoxious waters to the main.

It was probably at the Cardinal Barberini's concert, which we have mentioned, that Milton was first struck with the charms and the

[a] The classical reader need not be informed that the simplicity and expressive conciseness of the original is unattainable i any, or at least is unattained in this translation. The "reclinis spectans" forms a beautiful image, which is omitted, or inadequately expressed in the English.

[b] The left bank of the Tiber at Rome is the lowest, and consequently the most liable to be overflowed. The works of buried pride are the "monumenta regis" of Horace, the tomb of Numa.

inimitable voice of Leonora Baroni, which had been made the general theme of their praise by the contemporary poets of Italy. Of the three excellent Latin epigrams, in which he has celebrated this fascinating woman, the second is so admirable that our readers would have cause to complain of us if we were to refer them from our own page to any other for the gratification of perusing it.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.
EP. VII.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora poëtam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser! ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
Perditus et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem,
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ;
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners;
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensûs
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

TO LEONORA, SINGING AT ROME.

Another[c] Leonora's charms inspired
The love that Tasso's phrensied senses fired.

[c] Leonora of Este, with whom Tasso was deeply enamoured. The melancholy malady of this great poet is too generally known to make any comment on it necessary. His madness and the name of his mistress have been of admirable service to Milton in this epigram.

More blest had been his fate were this his age;
And you the inspirer of his amorous rage.
Oh! had he heard the wonders of your song,
As leads your voice its liquid maze along:
Or seen you, in your mother's[d] right, command
The lyre, while rapture wakes beneath your hand;
By Pentheus' wildness though his brain were tost,
Or his worn sense in sullen slumber lost,
His soul had check'd her wand'rings at the strain:
The soothing charm had lull'd his stormy brain:
Or, breathing with creative power, had driven
Death from his heart, and open'd it to heaven.

This lady is supposed to have been celebrated by Milton in her own language, and to have been the object of his love in his Italian sonnets. Of these effusions of our poet's gallantry I will not hazard an opinion. The purity of their language has been commended by Italian critics; and for any affected and forced thoughts, which may be distinguishable in them, the character of the Italian taste at that time may be admitted as an apology. One of these short pieces, as exhibiting a picture of some of the principal features of the poet's own mind, may deserve to be transcribed. We shall soon see this boasted fortitude demanded for severe trials, and we shall find that it did not shrink.

[d] Adriana of Mantua, equally celebrated with her daughter for her voice and her lyre.

VI.

Giovane piano e simplicette amante,
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggïadro, accorto e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se e d'intero diamante:
Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,
Quanto d' ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

Lady, to you a youth unknown to art,
(Who fondly from himself in thought would fly,)
Devotes the faith, truth, spirit, constancy,
And firm yet feeling temper of his heart;
Proved strong by trials for life's arduous part:
When shakes the world and thunders roll on high,
All adamant, it dares the storm defy,
Erect, unconscious of the guilty start:
Not more above fear, envy, low desire,
And all the tyrants of the vulgar breast,
Than prone to hail the heaven-resounding lyre,
High worth, and Genius of the Muse possest:
Unshaken and entire,—and only found
Not proof against the shaft when Love directs the wound.

An eye, like Milton's, created for the most exquisite perception of beauty in all her shapes, and an imagination ever solicitously vagrant for gratification, even in the regions of Arabian fiction and of Gothic

romance, could not be insensible to those opportunities of luxurious indulgence which the capital of Italy afforded. Milton, as we cannot reasonably doubt, studied the forms of ideal nature, not only as they existed in the marbles of ancient Greece, but also as they breathed and glowed in the tints of modern Italy. We may be certain that he contemplated with delight the animated walls of the Vatican, and that his genius kindled and expanded from the sublime frescoes of Michael Angelo and the milder and more characteristic canvass of Raffaelle. Imagination will converse with imagination through the medium of diversified art; and, whether words [e] or forms be the exciters or conductors, the idea will flash from mind to mind, and

[e] To speak with philosophical precision, forms are the sole means by which the ideas of one mind can be imparted to another; for words merely stimulate the mind, to which they are addressed, to form ideas or phantasms of its own. When we see the Hercules or the Transfiguration, we behold the very identical mental representation, in its immediate transcript, from which Glycon fashioned his marble or Raffaelle traced his lines: but when we read the description of Paradise or the vale of Tempè, our minds are only urged, within certain limits and under some particular modifications, to form a creation of their own. If fifty artists, without any intercourse with each other, were to draw these scenes, not one of the draughts would be precisely like another, though they might all be justified by the words of the poet or the historian.

will increase the mass of etherial fire wherever it is received. The mind of Milton unquestionably maintained an intercourse with the minds of the great masters of the pencil, and probably derived from them what was afterwards matured into the conceptions of his Satan and his Raphael, his Adam and his Eve. But if he became indebted on this occasion to the genius of painting, his Muse has most amply discharged the obligation to her "dumb sister," by giving to Fuseli much more than she borrowed from his lineal progenitor in the pedigree of genius, Michael Angelo; and inducing the ideas of that creation, displayed in the Milton Gallery, which, constituting the pride of the present times, will command the admiration of posterity.

From Rome our traveller continued his route to Naples; and, falling into company on the road with a certain pilgrim or hermit, as he tells us, was by him, from whom such a service could be the least expected, introduced to the celebrated Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa. This accomplished nobleman, who had formerly distinguished himself in the armies of Spain, was now at an advanced age established in his native city; and, though possessed of great wealth high rank and eminent character, de-

riving his principal renown from the friendship of the illustrious Tasso; of whom when living he had been the cherisher, and the biographer when dead. He now opened his arms to Milton, and received with kindness a poet still greater than his immortal friend. The attentions which he paid to the English traveller were of the most flattering nature, not only conducting him through the viceroy's palace and to a sight of all that was worthy to be shown in the city, but honouring him also with some familiar and friendly visits. The imprudent freedom, with which our zealous protestant, unmindful of his friend Wotton's counsel, had discovered his sentiments on the subject of religion, was the only circumstance which deprived him of a still more unreserved communication with this elegant Mæcenas of modern Italy. This was intimated to Milton, on his departure from Naples, by Manso himself, who with all his kindnesses on this occasion had not satisfied the liberality of his own mind, and who was desirous of explaining the cause of the imaginary deficiency. He had indeed pointed to this offence of religion in a Latin distich with which he had presented his new guest, and which is certainly more remarkable for the height of its

praise than for the goodness of its verse or the justness and the originality[f] of its thought. Generally known as it is, it shall be given to our readers, with an apology for the attempted translation of a pun.

> Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
> Non Anglus verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.
>
> With mind, form, manners, face did faith agree,
> No Angle but an Angel wouldst thou be.

It has been remarked, and not without malignity, that the complimentary offerings of the Italian wits to our illustrious traveller are not distinguishable for their merit as compositions. We will not dispute the truth of this observation; or affect to discover much beauty in the Latin prose of Dati, or, though this be rather of a higher order, in the Italian verse of Francini. We will even allow that as the praise grows the poetry dwindles; and that in this last distich, in which the climax of compliment is complete, the Manso

[f] The conceit, such as it is, is borrowed from Gregory the Archdeacon, who was afterwards raised to the Papal throne, in the sixth century.

With the advantage of five syllables more than the English verse, and of the double meaning of the word, mos, alluding both to morals and to manners, the Latin hexameter cannot be adequately represented by one line of five iambic feet in our language. The, " decor," of the original is wholly omitted, and the, " mos," only half inserted in my translation: but " brevity," in this instance, " is the soul of wit."

of Naples is inferior to the Salsilli and the Selvaggi of Rome. But the intrinsic or the relative merit of these short, and perhaps almost extemporaneous effusions is not an object of our consideration. They must be viewed by us with reference not to their authors but to their object; and they cannot fail to excite our surprise when we consider them as the homage of acute men, accustomed to contemplate and appreciate the highest efforts of the human mind, to a young traveller, on a short visit from a distant country, who was not made illustrious by wealth or by connexions, but who extorted these bursts of admiration solely by the display of talents and erudition.

It has been observed also that, in the intercourse of praise with our author, the Italians gained more valuable commodities than they gave. If this remark be just, as it indisputably is, with respect to the compliment of Salsilli, it is still more prominently true when referred to that of Manso. The Latin poem, in which Milton addresses this venerable friend and patron of the Muses, is a high and admirable composition, which to the praised [g] friend of Marino and of Tasso,

[g] Manso is named by Tasso, in the 20th book of his great poem, among the princes of Italy. Tasso has also addressed to

offers incense, kindled with a more celestial flame than any with which he had hitherto been propitiated.

The production is so beautiful that we may perhaps be pardoned by our readers if we present it to them entire.

MANSUS.

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi;
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore
Post Galli cineres et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis:
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores; [h]
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici:
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam. [i]

---

him five sonnets and his dialogue on Friendship. Manso was one of the founders and was also president of the academy of the Otiosi at Naples.

[h] Milton alludes to the principal poem of Marino, Il Adone.

[i] A monument was erected to Marino at Naples by Manso. Marino belonged to the academy of the Otiosi, of which Manso, as we have mentioned, was the founder. Hence the propriety of the epithet 'alumnus,' applied to Marino in his relation to Manso.

Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges.
Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ:[k]
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam[l]

[k] Manso became the biographer of his two friends Tasso and Marino.

[l] Mr. Warton's note on this passage is certainly unfortunate, and must be inserted as a specimen of his critical and literary ability. "Mycalen qui natus ad altam," &c.—"Plutarch who wrote the Life of Homer. He was a native of Bœotia, where Mycale is a mountain. It is among those famous hills that blazed at Phaeton's conflagration, Ovid. Metam. ii. 223.—The allusion is happy; as it draws with it an implicit comparison between Tasso and Homer. In the epithet, "facundus," there is much elegance and propriety. Plutarch is the great master of ancient biography." [Milton's Juvenile Poems, p. 529. 2d ed]

From the two concluding sentences of this curious note, the unlearned reader might be led to conclude that "facundus" was the Latin representative of ancient biography; or, (if his dictionary should acquaint him with the meaning of this epithet,) that ancient biography was a species of composition altogether distinct from modern; which his common sense and the experience of his English reading would assure him to be in no way inseparably and vitally connected with eloquence, or the beauties of composition. But the whole note is peculiarly unlucky. Not a word in the two lines of Milton is applicable to Plutarch, and every word is applicable to Herodotus. The epithet, "facundus," which is admirably appropriate to the latter, cannot without some compulsion of its meaning be assigned to the former. Of the two lives of Homer, which are extant, it is more probable that the *Ionic* was written by Herodotus than that the *Attic* was by Plutarch. Mycale is a mountain not in Bœotia, as Mr. W. affirms, but in Ionia near the borders of Caria, the native country of Herodotus. Ovid, whom Mr. Warton quotes on this occasion, is no evidence respecting the situation of Mycale. In the cited passage his mountains are thrown together without any other re-

Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ, nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
Quin et in has quondam pervenit [m] Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,

---

ference than to that of metre; and Mycale succeeds to the Phrygian Dindymus:

Dindymaque et Mycale, natusque ad sacra Cithæron.

Mycalessus is noticed by * Pliny as a mountain of Bœotia; and this circumstance may possibly have induced Mr. Warton's mistake.

For whatever convincing reasons the Life of Homer imputed to Herodotus may now be rejected as spurious, Milton either entertained no doubts of its authenticity or did not allow them to prevent him from alluding to the suspected work, in the passage on which Mr. Warton has here commented. When I say that the Ionic Life was *more probably* written by Herodotus than the Attic was by Plutarch, I am far from intending to assert the genuineness of the former production: for if I could not from my own small fund of classical knowledge adduce reasons to lead me to an opposite conclusion, I should be withheld from so erroneous an opinion by the judgment of more than one of the great scholars of the present day, whom I am proud to rank either among my friends or my near connexions.

[m] Chaucer, who travelled into Italy, is distinguished in Spenser's pastorals by the name of Tityrus.

* L. 4. c. 7.

Flaventes spicas et lutea mala canistris
Halantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant.
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
Delo in herbosâ, Graiæ de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,[n]
Fatidicamque Upin cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo, quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas.
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo;[o]
Ille licèt magnum Alciden susceperat hospes.
Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,

---

[n] Upis, Loxo, and Hecaërge are the names of the daughters of Boreas, who offer presents to Apollo in Callimachus's hymn to Delos.

..... ἀπ' ξανθων ἀριμασπῶν
Ουπις τε λοξώ τε και ευαιων εκαεργη
Θυγατέρες βορέαο,
Τμν· εις Δηλον.

[o] The fable of Apollo, driven by Jupiter from heaven and compelled to tend the flocks of Admetus king of Thessaly, is too well known to require a repetition of it. Mr. Warton has observed, before me, that Milton in this passage has imitated a beautiful chorus in the Alcestis. I wish however that Milton on this occasion, preserving the moderation of Euripides, had restricted to the animal creation the effects of Apollo's melodies: but perhaps it was not necessary that any limitation of power should be prescribed to the lyre of a god.

Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta
Pencium propè rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,
Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos;
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbœos decorâsse viros qui tam benè nôrit,
Siquandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem:[p]
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ[q]
Magnanimos heroas; et, (O modo spiritus adsit!)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis;
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ.
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi mollitèr urnâ:
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,

---

[p] Arthur in the old fables of Britain is supposed to be still living in the kingdom of the faeries: whence he is to return at the appointed season for the purposes of conquest and dominion.

[q] The knights of the round-table.

Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cœlicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt; et, totâ mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultûs,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

MANSO.

Once more the Muses to your praise aspire,
O Manso! dear to the Phœbean quire;
Graced by the God, and made his chosen pride
Since his own Gallus and Mæcenas died.
My Muse would throne you, were her power so great,
With bays and ivy clustring round your state.
Friendship once mingled your's and Tasso's fame;
And stamp'd his deathless pages with your name.
Marino next, the tender and refined,
Her child to you the conscious Muse assign'd:
He own'd you for a father, when his tongue
The Assyrian Goddess and her lover sung:
While on the languid tale the Ausonian maidens hung.
And your's were too the latest vows he breathed;
To you alone his ashes he bequeathed.
Nor you the manes of your friend deceived:
The docile brass his pleasing form received.
Struck we behold him smiling from the grave;
And feel your pious potency to save.
Nor thus confined, your hallow'd cares contend
To snatch entire from death each tuneful friend.
Proudly with fate successful war to wage,
You bid them live, immortal in your page:
Their fortunes, virtues, talents you define,
Till all the man comes out in your design;

Like him whose hand Æolian Homer drew,
To buried genius sensitively true.
Hail then! from Clio and your Phœbus hail!
Crown'd be your locks with wreaths that never fail!
Hail, honour'd sire! in homage to your worth
A youth salutes you from the distant north.
Nor you this offering of a Muse despise,
Who, scarcely nursed beneath her arctic skies,
With hasty step has traced the Hesperian shore,
Your towns, your arts, your manners to explore.
We too can boast our swans, whose liquid throats
Cheer the dull darkness with their dulcet notes;
Where silver Thames, in proud diffusion spread,
Pours his full flood on ocean's azure head.
We too can boast that Tityrus of yore,
To your gay clime the Muse of Britain bore.
Phœbus avows us, and not rude our strain,
Though our night pause beneath the stormy wain.
We too have bow'd to Phœbus, and of old,
Our blushing orchards and our fields of gold,
If ancient lore be true, have heap'd his shrine,
Brought by the fathers of the Druid line.
(The hoary Druid, in harmonious praise,
Hymn'd the blest Gods, and sung heroic days.)
Hence, round the festal altar, hand in hand,
The Grecian maids, on Delos' flowery strand,
To Loxo, Upis the prophetic fair,
And Hecaërge with the golden hair,
Whose painted breasts their British birth betray,
Swell the glad chorus and exalt the lay.
Blest Sire! where'er Torquato's victor Muse
Her glorious track to fame o'er earth pursues;
Where'er extends Marino's mild renown,
Your name and worth and honours shall be known.
In the same car of triumph as you ride,
Still shall you share the plaudit and the pride:
Deck'd with their crowns, in all their pomp of state,
Shall pass with them through fame's eternal gate.

Succeeding times shall say, the God of song
Dwell'd, with his minstrel maids, your train among,
A willing inmate; not as once, from heaven
By Jove's stern wrath to serve Admetus driven,
He press'd with haughty step the regal floor,
Though great Alcides there had trod before.
Indignant still he watch'd the bleating plains:
But oft, to shun the rudeness of the swains,
Tired would he seek mild Chiron's learned cave,
(Which vines o'erhang, and lucid fountains lave,
By Peneus' bank,) and there diffusely laid,
Fann'd by soft breezes in the whispering shade,
Would sing, indulgent to his friend's desire,
And cheat his tedious exile with the lyre.
Then rocks would move, the stream forget to flow;
Great Pelion's summits with their forests bow;
Trees, quick with ear, confess the sweet controll;
And fawning pards submit their savage soul.
Heaven-loved Old Man! to gild your natal day
Jove, sure, and Phœbus shot their purest ray,
With Maia's son; for no less honour'd birth
Could suit the soul that grasp'd Torquato's worth.
Hence years to you the youth of Æson bring:
Your age is winter, but it buds like spring.
With its full pride of hair your head is fraught,
And keen and forceful strikes your manly thought.
Oh! might a friend, endow'd like you by heaven,
To adorn the bard and judge the strain be given,
Whene'er my Muse shall sound the British strings,
And wake again to song her native kings;
Hail her great Arthur who, from mortals far,
Now pants for his return and burns for war;
Record the hero-knights who sheathed the sword,
Link'd in strong union round the mighty board;
And break, (if daring genius fail not here,)
The Saxon phalanx with the British spear.
Then when, not abjectly discharged, my trust
Of life was closed, and dust required its dust,

Oh might that friend, with dewy eyelids near,
Catch my last sigh, and tell me I was dear.
Then my pale limbs, resolved in death's embrace,
Beneath an humble tomb devoutly place;
And haply too arrest my fleeting form
In marble, from the sculptor's chisel warm
And full of soul; while round my temples play
The Paphian myrtle and Parnassian bay.
Meantime, composed in consecrated rest,
I share the eternal sabbath of the blest.
If faith deceive not,—if the mighty prize
Be fix'd for ardent virtue in the skies;
There, where the wing of holy toil aspires,
Where the just mingle with celestial quires,
There, as my fates indulge, I may behold
These pious labours from my world of gold:
There, while a purple glory veils my face,
Feel my mind swell to fit her heavenly place:
And, smiling at my life's successful fight,
Exult and brighten in etherial light.[r]

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[r] Mr. W. Gifford, the author of the Baviad, whose probity of heart and benevolence of manners conciliate as powerfully in private life as his poetic and critical talents strike in public, was so kind as to read the manuscripts of this translation, and of that of the Damon. The alterations which he suggested were few, and, excepting in one place in the Damon which shall be noticed, only of single words. The reader perhaps may wish that these suggestions had been more numerous, and of greater comprehension.

At a period long subsequent to the publication of this work, I succeeded in procuring a copy of Mr. J. Sterling's poems, among which I was induced, by Mr. Todd and Mr. Hayley, to expect an excellent translation of the Mansus.—Mr. Sterling seems to be a man of learning and taste; and his little volume contains some pieces which may be perused with pleasure by the poetic reader: but his translation of the Mansus has disappointed me, and is unquestion-

From a passage in this poem, we may discover that the project of some great poetic

ably a very unsuccessful attempt. As it omits, or only suggests a hint of some of the finest passages of the original, it must be pronounced to be imperfect; and while the whole of it is deficient in force, many of its lines are peculiarly weak and distinguished from prose only by the rhyme with which they are closed. Some of the verses however are good; and it may perhaps be placed, with respect to merit, by the side of Dr. Langhorne's translation of the Damon,—another composition which is so luckless as to experience Mr. Hayley's praise.

If I had a right to make so free with my readers time, I would submit to them the whole of Mr. Sterling's version, that they might determine for themselves on its value: but as this must not be done, I will content myself with transcribing one of its passages, premising that the following eight verses are to supply the place of no less than twenty-one beautiful lines of the original, from "Fortunate senex," to "Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces."

"O happy sage, thy name shall ever live:
Remotest climes the meed of praise shall give;
Wheree'er Torquato shall be hail'd divine;
Wheree'er Marino's growing fame shall shine.
Cinthius himself thy festive board has graced:
The laurell'd Muses round their God were placed:
And wit refined, and manly sense were there;
With bright-eyed fancy, fairest of the fair.

In a note annexed to his translation, Mr. S. has anticipated me in the censure of Mr. Warton's comment on "Mycalen qui natus ad altam;" the erroneousness of which is so palpable as to be obvious to any reader who has passed the threshold of classical literature. Why should Mr. S. falsify the quantity of the penult in Mycale, in the following very poor lines?

"Born near sublime Mycale, history's sire,
Thus paints with eloquence the Homeric lyre."

work, which Milton had formerly intimated to his friend, Deodati, as existing then only in distant and indistinct prospect, was now brought closer and in a more specific form to the poet's sight. The expanding consciousness of his own powers, the commendations of the Italian literati, and, above all perhaps, the conversation and encouraging judgment of the friend of Tasso seem now to have rendered him more resolute in his pursuit of the epic palm and more confident of his success. "I began thus far" (he tells us) "to assent to them," (his Italian intimates,) "and divers of my friends at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die." [8]

Although, from the example of the Italian poets and from the difficulty of asserting a place even in the second class among those of Rome, he was now determined to employ his native language as the tongue of his poetry, he was not yet decided with respect

[8] Reasons of C. Govern. P. W. i. 120.

to its subject or even to its form. "Time serves not," (he says,) "and perhaps I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting: whether that epic form, whereof the two pieces of Homer and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art and use judgment is no transgression but an enriching of art; and lastly, what king or knight before the conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the infidels or Belisarius against the Goths or Charlemain against the Lombards, if to the instinct of nature and the imboldning of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our clime[t] or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal dili-

[t] In this and in other passages of his various works, Milton seems to attribute to climate an influence over the human intellect, which experience has demonstrated not to exist: and on this

gence and inclination, to present the like offer to our own ancient stories."

The length of time during which his mind had entertained this object, with the difficulty and the reasons which urged him to be sanguine though not assured of its accomplishment, is subsequently stated. "The thing which I had to say, and those intentions, which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself any thing worth to my country, I return to crave excuse that urgent reason hath pluckt from me by an abortive and foredated discovery; and the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise: but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured; and with more unwearied spirit that none shall—that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend," &c. &c. "Neither do I think it shame

erroneous opinion Montesquieu, as is generally known, has rested a great part of his system. Climate, otherwise than as in its extremes it may affect the physical and organic nature of man, evidently possesses no ascendency over his mental powers. The differences of the human intellect, regarded with reference to nations, may uniformly be traced to political and moral causes. Wherever man is free and happy,—not oppressed by the iniquity of government or solicitously struggling for the means of subsistence, he will always be found to exult in the full energies of his mind.

to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases,"[u] &c.

We must surely be struck with that noble and sublime spirit which pervades these passages, and admire that conscious force with that devout diffidence which they exhibit. It may entertain us also to discover from them the very different sensations with which Milton and some of our more modern poets seem to have contemplated the arduous labour of constructing an epic poem. But all the parties on this occasion may be right with reference to their own particular object. After intimating the toils by sea and land,

[u] Reas. of C. Govern. P. W. i. 123.

by opposition from earth and heaven which his hero was to sustain and finally, by the assistance of the fates and of Jupiter, to overcome, the poet closes the awful recital with this majestic line—

> Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.
> So great a toil it was to found imperial Rome.

This was spoken of a mighty empire which was to extend over the world and to endure for a succession of ages: but an Arab camp may be planted in one day, and its vestiges may be effaced by the wind of the desert in another.

Having completed his intended residence at Naples, he addressed himself to the execution of the remaining part of his plan of travel which extended to Sicily and Greece; those regions on which the classic imagination loves to dwell, which it invests with unfading green and brightens with perpetual sunshine. The fancy of Milton was, no doubt, strongly excited by the approach of that time when he was to tread the vales of Enna and of Tempe, the plains on which Gelon and Miltiades had triumphed for the liberty of Greece over Carthage and Persia, the favoured spot where Theocritus had charmed the ear with his Doric melodies,

or Euripides had drawn tears with his pathetic scene. But the dream of fancy was soon to be interrupted, and duty required a privation to which our traveller did not hesitate to submit. As he was preparing for his passage to Sicily, he received letters from England, acquainting him with the distracted state of his country and with the near prospect, which affrighted it, of a civil war. His own account on this occasion is concise and impressive.

"As I was desirous," he says, "to pass into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence from England of the civil war recalled me: for I esteemed it dishonourable for me to be lingering abroad, even for the improvement of my mind, when my fellow citizens were contending for their liberty at home."[x]

[x] "In Siciliam quoque et Græciam trajicere volentem, me tristis ex Angliâ belli civilis nuntius revocavit: turpe enim existimabam, dum mei cives de libertate dimicarent, ne animi causâ, otiosè peregrinari."

Def. Sec. P. W. v. 231.

When Milton speaks of the civil war as already begun, and I mention it as existing only in prospect at the same period, we do not give incompatible accounts: he considers the civil war as begun by the resistance of the Scots, and I as commencing, somewhat later, at the declaration of the English parliament for the raising of an army, or at the immediately subsequent event of the siege of Hull. The Scots rebellion began in 1637, the civil war of England in 1642.

He resolved however to revisit Rome, and, though he was cautioned by some friendly merchants to avoid that city where the English Jesuits were meditating plans against his safety, he persevered in his resolution and returned to the papal capital. Here, according to his previous determination, neither timidly concealing nor ostentatiously flaunting his religious opinions, he continued in fearless openness for nearly two months; and whenever his religion was attacked, he scrupled not to defend it with spirit, even within the precincts of the sacerdotal palace. Whatever dangers might threaten him in this strong hold of priestly domination, (and I can see no reason for supposing that there were none,) they were averted by a good Providence, and he was allowed to repair again in safety to Florence.

His second visit to this city, which the kindness of his friends made a species of home to him, was of equal duration with his first. He stole indeed a few days from it to pass them at Lucca, the former residence of the Deodati, the family of his respected and beloved schoolfellow. When he departed from Florence, he crossed the Apennines and travelled, through Bologna and Ferrara,

to Venice.[y] He spent a month in viewing the curiosities of this celebrated city, which had once grasped the sceptre of Constantine, and where national prosperity and individual happiness had flourished for some centuries under the controll of a rigid but a regulated and self-balanced aristocracy. Having provided for the safety of the books which he had collected in Italy by procuring a place for them in a vessel bound for England, he pursued his returning course through Verona and Milan, over the Pennine Alps and by the lake Lemanus, to Geneva.

The name of this city, associated in his mind at a later period with the calumnies of his profligate adversary, Morus, induces

[y] At the name of Venice every thoughtful and generous bosom must heave a sigh of pain and indignation, when the spectacle recurs of her present situation and of its detestable cause. When we see a city, after ages of independence and renown, consigned by unfeeling policy to the dead oppression of a foreign and rigid yoke, can we do otherwise than curse the cruelty of ambition?—than execrate all the parties who were involved in the guilt of the transaction, the power that permitted, the robber who seized, and the thief who accepted the plunder—France, Buonaparte, and the Emperor? The fate of Switzerland is equally to be lamented in its effect and execrated in its cause: but in this age, more than in any former one, the happiness of man seems to be made the sport and victim of individual ambition.

Since this note was written, Venice has passed again into the hands of her first foreign tyrant: and she may be yet reserved to be the subject of many melancholy and mortifying revolutions.

him, in his own relation of his travels, solemnly to invoke God as the witness of his truth when he declares that, residing in a country where much license was admitted, he had preserved himself pure from stain and reproach; perpetually assured that, if offences could escape the observation of man, they must yet lie exposed under the eye of God.[z] His visit indeed to Italy was induced by such motives and occupied with such business as to be nearly insusceptible of any tainting suspicion. It was undertaken after a studious and irreproachable youth, when the first effervescence of the blood was evaporated, and for the purpose of continuing rather than of interrupting his literary pursuits. During his residence in this polished country, his time seems to have been fully engaged with viewing its curiosities and with the conversation of its learned men. His principal delay was in those cities which were the most celebrated for their learning, their arts, or their antiquities; and, while he gave eight months to Rome and Florence,

[z] Quæ urbs, cum in mentem mihi hinc veniat Mori calumniatoris, facit ut Deum hic rursus testem invocem, me his omnibus in locis, ubi tam multa licent, ab omni flagitio ac probro integrum atq; intactum vixisse, illud perpetuò cogitantem, si hominum latere oculos possem, Dei certe non posse.

Def. Secun. P. W. v. 282.

he allotted only one to the great patroness of pleasure, the queen of the Adriatic.

The charge of profligacy against our Italian traveller has long since been dropped: but he has been accused, with more speciousness, of pursuing his route with so much rapidity as to allow himself only to contemplate the spectacle of the country without obtaining an acquaintance with the laws or the customs, the characters or the manners of its inhabitants. The moral view of a country cannot certainly be scanned by any eye with so much facility as the natural; and none but the most prominent lineaments of the former can be caught at a glance, even perhaps by the most inquisitive and intelligent traveller. Let it be recollected however, in the defence of Milton upon this occasion, that his previous intimacy in his closet with Italy left him little, if any thing, to know of that interesting region more than what a visit of a few months would readily give to him. Familiar with the language, the authors, and the history of the country, he wanted only that acquaintance with it which his eye alone could obtain, or the personal communication of its men of talents and learning supply. To these his access was immediate and perfect; and the short time which he passed beyond the Alps was

sufficient for him to measure his own strength on the most renowned arena of literature in Europe, and to receive and to give knowledge in a generous traffic with the first men of the age. If his course was rapid and brilliant, it was not useless to others or to himself.[a] He was a meteor which, gathering all the luminous particles within the sphere of its attraction, absorbed and blended them with its own radiant body for the sole purpose of diffusing a stronger emanation of light.

The time for which he suspended his journey at Geneva, the Rome of Calvinism, is not related; and we only know that it was sufficiently long for him to contract an intimacy and friendship with two of its most eminent theologians, Frederic Spanheim and Giovanni Deodati, the uncle of his friend Charles. From Geneva he retraced his former road through France, and arrived in England, after an absence of a year and three months, about the time of the King's

[a] The advantage, which he is supposed to have gained from Galileo's conversation, has already been mentioned; and we, with some of his other biographers, have inferred the growth and direction which his imagination acquired from the works of the great painters of Italy. His intercourse with Manso may perhaps be classed with the prime benefits resulting from his transalpine visit.

return from his second expedition against Scotland, when his disaffected forces[b] had been obliged by Leslie to retreat. The crisis was striking, and the mind of Milton, checked as he had been by his patriotism in his pursuit of an interesting object, was undoubtedly very powerfully affected by it.

His public sensations however were for a time overpowered by those which resulted from the calamity of a private loss. Affliction met his first step on British ground, and wrung his heart for the death of his beloved friend, Charles Deodati. He had indeed, while abroad, been touched by a rumour of this melancholy event: but he was now wounded with the fatal certainty; and what was formerly softened by distance and the engagements of a new scene was at this moment made painfully present to him by its association with almost every object which occurred to his eye. Young Deodati, who seems to have merited the place which he possessed in Milton's regard, was a native of England though of an Italian family, ori-

[b] The soldiers, with a just feeling of the cause in which they were engaged, refused to fight. The King was heard to say "that his army, he thought, feared not to encounter men or devils, and yet he could not make them strike a stroke against the Scots."

ginally from Lucca but in its last generation established at Geneva. His father, Theodore, came early in life to England and, marrying a lady of good family and fortune, settled himself in this country, and practised as a physician. The son was bred to the profession of his father; and, having attained to very eminent proficiency in literature, he was now commencing the exercise of his professional duties in Cheshire, when his premature death disappointed the friendship of Milton and the hopes of the world. The immediate cause or the precise time of this event, which happened when our author was at Florence,[c] is no where, as I can find, mentioned. That it excited all his sensibilities cannot be doubted, since the Latin pastoral, in which, as he expresses it, he laments his solitude,[d] bears, deeply stampt upon the gold of poetry, the genuine impression of sorrow, and is as honourable to his heart as it is to his talents.

This effusion of strong grief, lowered into melancholy and powerful to incline without oppressing the fancy, is entitled to very high regard from every reader of taste. It has

[c] Nec dum aderat Thyrsis, pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
Ep. Dam. l. 12.

[d] Se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Arg. E. D.

been censured and has been defended: but the deed in either case will perhaps be viewed with indifference by the unprejudiced and able critic. "It is written," as it has been superciliously observed, "with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life;"[e] and this has been excused "as the fault of the poet's age;" and as compensated by some passages in the poem, "wandering far beyond the bounds of bucolic song."[f] "Childish imitation" is every where the proper object of censure, or, to speak more accurately, of contempt: but how the imitation of any mode of social life can with justice be thus, generally and without reference to the execution, condemned and stigmatised as childish; or how a writer can be honestly made the subject of contemptuous remark for employing any allowed and established species of composition as the vehicle of his thoughts, is more than I can possibly comprehend. The defence of pastoral poetry in the abstract would be a very easy task: but the digression, which it would induce, would lead us too far and detain us too long from our principal topic. For our immediate purpose it will be sufficient

[e] See Johnson's Life of Milton.

[f] See Warton's note at the end of the poem, in his edition of Milton's Juvenile poetry.

for us to assert, without the fear of contradiction, that there have been ages of simplicity in which the higher members of the social combination were husbandmen or shepherds, and in which the manners of rural life have supplied the imitation of poetry with some of its most pleasing subjects. From that exquisite composition, the "Song of Solomon," to the Idyllia of Theocritus, or even perhaps to those of our contemporary, Gesner, the offspring of the pastoral Muse have obtained and gratified readers of the most cultivated taste. This will form in the present instance a complete vindication of Milton; who when he chose to embody his sorrow in the form of a pastoral, to invoke the powers of song that once warbled in the fields of Sicily, and to trace the steps of Theocritus and of Virgil, could not be aware that he was exposing himself to the sneer of the critic, and to the charge of childish imitation.

The climate and the manners, if not the language of Britain, oppose its being the scene of pastoral poetry; and no person can object more strongly than myself to the writer of English bucolics, who must either violate probability by the introduction of classic names and manners, or outrage taste by the exhibition of common and coarse nature,

unallied to the pleasing and the picturesque. But a writer, who can speak the language of the ancients, may certainly invest himself in all their rights; and, lawfully taking possession of their scenery, their manners, and their poetic truth, may urge with them an indisputable appeal to the imagination. An eclogue or idyllium, added to those of the Sicilian or the Mantuan bard, would surely not be condemned merely because it was the production of a modern. Alphesibœus and Daphnis, on their native plains, with their native accents and manners, would be readily acknowledged by every poetic fancy, let their poetic creator be born within the arctic circle or under the line; and, retaining in its full extent their power of pleasing, they would thus be able to accomplish the prime end of poetry, and consequently to satisfy the just demand of criticism. To brand therefore all pastoral poetry since the days of the ancients, because the pastoral Muse cannot, for some local reasons, be naturalized in England, argues either great rashness or a very imperfect view of the subject. Milton stands on the ground of Virgil and must be absolved or condemned as an ancient writer of bucolics. He certainly requires no pardon on this occasion for any

error, induced by the faulty taste of his age. In the age of Augustus or of George, he might stand at the bar of criticism with the Damon in his hand, and not dread any heavier censure, to counterpoise substantial approbation, than what might be incurred by a few very venial trespasses against the prudery of classical expression. The structure of his hexameters in this poem is, for the most part, of that appropriate kind which is called the bucolic as distinguished from the epic:[g] his images and sentiments, with exception to those in a very few lines, are through the whole of the composition strictly pastoral; and he never wanders *so far beyond the bounds of bucolic song*, or rises so high as Virgil in his Silenus, his Pollio, or perhaps his Gallus. His scene is determined by the names of some places to Britain: but it offends us with no incongruous or unpleasant images,[h] and is made, in fact,

[g] When I speak of this distinction, I speak on the authority of Terentianus Maurus, who says that the proper structure of the bucolic verse, observed more by Theocritus than by Virgil, is where the first four feet are not linked by a syllable to the fifth, as "Non;—verum Ægonis; nuper mihi | tradidit Ægon;" and not as "Silvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avenâ."

[h] One slight incongruity occurs in the 41st verse of the poem; and it is remarked in the note on the translation of that passage, p. 187.

of no consequence to the piece. A shepherd may utter his complaints for the loss of his friend in any country, if he be not stationed under an orange grove where orange groves do not exist, or be made to pass the night in a field where the rigour of the skies would make us feel more for his bodily than for his mental distress. The picture, in short, in this pastoral is consistent, and neither extravagant nor horrid: it will justify therefore the art and the taste of its author, and be secure of acquittal before any just and intelligent tribunal.

I have said so much on the subject of this poem, that it may probably gratify my readers to have the whole of it laid before them. Its beauties indeed will be only indistinctly seen in my translation: but to those who are not conversant with the original, the inadequate copy may not perhaps be unacceptable.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

Himerides nymphæ, (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,[i]
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis,)

[i] I am afraid that our poet has been guilty in this place of a false quantity. The first syllable of Hylas is unquestionably short.

His adjungit Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
Clamassent; ut littus Hyla, Hyla omne sonaret.

VIRG. Ecl. vi.

Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen;
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Cui non dictus Hylas puer? Id Geor. iii.

Αὐτὰρ Ὕλαν φιλότητι Θεὰ ποιήσατο νύμφη
Ον πόσιν. Apoll. Arg. lib. 1.

Τῷ χαρίεντος Ὕλα, τῷ τὰν πλοκαμίδα φορξύντος.
Theo. Idyl. xiii.

This, however, was only a slip of Milton's pen: in his seventh elegy the quantity of Hylas is right—

Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.

But I have an objection, on the ground of taste, to the opening passage of this poem. It presents us with an unwarrantable mixture of fable with truth; and brings the fictitious or fabulous personages of Daphnis and Hylas into union with Bion, the pastoral poet of Smyrna, whose death was lamented in the elegiac strains of Moschus of Syracuse.

Two rivers of Sicily bore the name of Himera, one of them flowing with a northern course into the Tuscan sea, and the other, which is the largest, with a southern into the Lybian. On the banks of the former of these rivers, near its influx into the sea, stood the city of Himera, in the vicinity of which Gelon, the king of Syracuse, gained a memorable victory over the Carthaginians at the time of the invasion of Greece by Xerxes. I am at a loss to discover why Mr. Warton should call the Himera "the famous bucolic river of Theocritus." Not one of this sweet poet's scenes are placed upon this river: it is mentioned only twice (if my recollection be at all accurate) in the thirty idyllia, which have been ascribed to him; and he was a native, as Suidas informs us, according to some accounts, of Coös, or, according to others, of Syracuse, a city no otherwise connected with the Himera than as it is in Sicily. The

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus;
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras;
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis: pastorem scilicèt illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis? tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentùm.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupus ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro;
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigebit,
Inter pastores: illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon.

---

two passages in which this river is named by Theocritus are the following:

Ἰμέρα ἀνθ' ὕδατος ῥείτω γάλα. Idyll. v. 124.

. . . . . καὶ ὡς δρύες αὐτὸν ἐθρήνευν
Ἰμέρα αἴτε φύοντι παρ' ὄχθησιν ποταμοῖο. Idyl. vii. 74.

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas,
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas? quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cùm Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risûs,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro;
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
Hìc serum expecto; suprà caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.[1]

---

[1] The idea in this line is beautifully conceived and expressed. The broken and agitated shadows of the shaking wood are placed in strong representation before our eyes; and we are reminded not only of our author's "chequered shade," but of a fine expansion of the same image in the Task. The reader will thank me perhaps for giving him the entire passage.

How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems; while, beneath,
The chequer'd earth seems restless, as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light,
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo;
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas;
" Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina musco,
" Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas."
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
(Et callebat avium [m] linguas, et sidera Mopsus,)
" Thyrsi, quid hoc?" dixit, " quæ te coquit improba bilis?
" Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum:
" Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
" Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et " quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
" Quid tibi vis?" aiunt; " non hæc solet esse juventæ
" Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultûsque severi;
" Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
" Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,
Docta modos citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu;
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti: [n]

Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick;
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot.

TASK, Book I.

[m] Avium, cannot with any authorised license be contracted into a dissyllable.

[n] The river Chelmer in Essex is called Idumanium fluentum near its influx into Black-water bay. WARTON.

Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla uturi.[o]
Ite domum impasti, domino jam not vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quàm similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege: sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes;
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri.
Lex eadem pelagi: deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat; vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens;
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinùs ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors;
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum:
Aut si sors dederit, tandèm non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ,
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras,
Ire per aëreas rupes Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,[p]
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit,)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!

---

[o] Doctor Parr has suggested to me, (and his suggestions on subjects of philological disquisition are always of moment) that "futurum," without an adjunct, never means future time, but a future event; and that Milton in this place is consequently wrong in his latinity.

[p] The allusion is to the first eclogue of Virgil, in which the poet describes himself, under the name of Tityrus, as allured from his farm and native Mantua by the beauty and grandeur of Rome.

Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et benè compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse, " Vale, nostrî memor ibis ad astra."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestrî nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus;
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cùm stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec, puto, multùm
Displicui; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ.
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo[q]
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi:
" Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,
" Imus? et argutâ paulùm recumbamus in umbrâ,
" Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?[r]

[q] Of Carlo Dati and Antonio Francini, two of our author's warm friends and panegyrists at Florence, we have spoken in the preceding part of our narrative. The Lydian origin of the Tuscans is known to every reader of Horace, without any reference to more recondite authorities.

[r] The Colne is a river of Buckinghamshire which flows near Horton, the residence of Milton's father. The town of Coln-

" Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
" Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
" Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm."
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentûm,
Gramina; postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis;
Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam; vos cedite, silvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes[s]
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos:
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iögernen,[t]
Mendaces vultûs, assumptaque Gorlöis arma,

brook derives its name from this river, or rather rivulet. By Cassibelauni jugera we are to understand, as Mr. Warton informs me, Verulam, or St. Albans.

[s] In the fabulous history of Britain, Brutus, the grandson of Æneas, leads a colony of Trojans to this island, which he conquers and civilizes. He had previously married Inogen, the daughter of some Grecian king, called Pandrasus. Rutupium is Richborough on the coast of Kent. Armorica (or Bretagne) in France was conquered and occupied by the Britons, at the time, as it is generally supposed, when they were pressed by the Saxons. But we have no accounts of this emigration and conquest: and many ascribe the first British settlements in Armorica to the soldiers who followed Maximus from our Island; and who, after the defeat of their leader by Theodosius, in the 388th year of the Christian æra, established themselves in this maritime province of Gaul; where their numbers were increased by successive emigrations of their countrymen at different periods and under the impulse of various motives.

[t] Uther Pendragon, being changed by the magic of Merlin into the likeness of Gorlois, prince of Cornwall, got possession of his wife, Iögerne's bed; and Arthur was the offspring of the trespass.

Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu,
Multùm oblita mihi; aut, patriis mutata Camœnis,
Brittonicum strides: quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mî satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus, (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licèt, externo penitùsque inglorius orbi,)
Si me flava comas legat Usa,[u] et potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura simul: tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
(Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,[x])
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio, rubri maris unda et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum et sudantes balsama silvæ:
Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,

---

[u] Usa, according to Camden, is the Ouse in Buckinghamshire. Alaunus is probably the Alan in Cornwall. Abra is a name which has been given to the Tweed, the Severn, and the Humber. With Milton, in this place, it designates perhaps the last of these rivers, though the proper name, as it is found in Ptolemy, for the estuary, which is now called the Humber, is Abus. The Tamar, a Cornish river, is discoloured by running through metallic strata. Thule, a name which receded with the extension of the Roman geography farther to the north and was latterly given to Iceland, is here assigned to the Orkneys, the northern extremity of the limits proposed by the poet to his fame, as the Tamar forms the southern.

[x] Our readers can require no additional information, in this place, respecting Manso, the amiable and literary Marquis of Villa. A colony of Greeks, partly from Cumæ in Æolia and partly from Chalcis in Eubœa, settled on the Coasts of Campania, where they built Cumæ and Neapolis. From this circumstance the country of Naples called Chalcidian and, by Virgil, Eubœan.

Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte aliâ, polus omnipatens et magnus Olympus:
Quis putet? hîc quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, et spicula tinctą pyropo:
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,
Hinc ferit; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictûs:
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon;
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco:
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà;
Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
[y] Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cunctí
Cœlicolæ nôrint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus[z]
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores:
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,

---

[y] For the accommodation of his verse, the poet has in this place happily translated the name of his friend Deodati into Greek. But Milton was fond of these versions of a name, which was so susceptible of translation. In each of the two familiar letters to his friend, which are extant, he calls him Theodotus.

[z] Deodati died unmarried, and, in this respect, resembled Mr. King, the Lycidas of Milton's Muse. Some of the thoughts in the conclusion of this poem are easily discoverable in the Lycidas.

Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrso.

DAMON.

AN EPITAPHIAL ELEGY.[a]

Ye Nymphs of Himera, (whose stream along
The notes have floated of your mournful song,

---

[a] Dr. Langhorne, whose elegant and polished, though not very powerful Muse has obtained perhaps less regard than she might rightfully claim, has translated a part of this pastoral: but I was unacquainted with his version till I had completed my own.*

The fate of Dr. Langhorne, as a poet, has been peculiarly and curiously unhappy; for he has been neglected by the public, and has experienced attention from Mr. Hayley. The imperfect translation in question is one of the least fortunate of its author's poetic efforts: but when it is to be prostrated before Mr. Cowper's version of the same poem, it is raised into fictitious consequence by Mr. Hayley, and selected for the object of his warm praise.† By this praise however, from the admirer and panegyrist of poor Percival Stockdale, Dr. Langhorne, if he could be sensible of it, would not probably be much gratified, or feel his vanity immoderately inflamed.

It was remarked by one of the public critics, (in the Monthly Review for March 1809,) that my version * of the, Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni, which may be called the burden of the pastoral, was unsuccessful, and injurious to the poetry with which it was associated. As I believe the critic's judgment in this instance to be right; and as I am certain that the frequent recurrence of the same couplet, however happily formed, must produce with its monotonous interruption an effect which

* Return unfed, my lambs, by fortune crost,
Your hapless master, now to you is lost.

† See Cowper's "Translations of Milton's Latin and Italian poetry."

As Daphnis or as Hylas you deplored,
Or Bion, once the shepherd's tuneful lord;)
Lend your Sicilian softness to proclaim
The woes of Thyrsis on the banks of Thame:
What plaints he murmur'd to the springs and floods,
How waked the sorrowing echoes of the woods,
As frantic for his Damon lost, alone
He roam'd, and taught the sleepless night to groan.
Twice the green blade had bristled on the plain,
And twice the golden ear enrich'd the swain,
Since Damon, by a doom too strict, expired,
And his pale eye his absent friend required:
For Thyrsis still his wish'd return delay'd;
The Muses held him in the Tuscan shade.
But when, with satiate taste and careful thought,
His long forgotten home and flock he sought,
Ah! then, beneath the accustom'd elm reclined,
All—all his loss came rushing on his mind.
Undone and desolate, for transient ease
He pour'd his swelling heart in strains like these.
Back to your fold, my lambs, unfed repair:
My care of you is lost in deeper care.

---

is far from good, and which will not in fact allow the lines to be recited more than once or twice in the whole poem, I have varied my translation of the repeated line, and have thus, by always offering the same thought with a change of diction, not only made what before fatigued with its cuckoo note subservient to the variety of the piece, but have adhered, in my own opinion at least, more faithfully to Nature; who, when she suggested at intervals to the mourning shepherd the same melancholy sentiment, would not be apt to suggest it, with too much artifice and accurate recollection for the disorder of grief, in precisely the same formal expression. Whether by following on this occasion the dictate of my own feeling I have deviated from that of true taste, or whether, by taking such a liberty with my author, I have been guilty of any actual offence, must be submitted to the decision of my readers.

What powers shall I of earth or heaven invoke,
Since Damon fell by their relentless stroke?
And shalt thou leave us thus? and shall thy worth
Sleep in a nameless grave with common earth?
But he,[b] whose wand the realms of death controlls,
Forbids thy shade to blend with common souls.
While these, o'erawed, disperse at his command,
He leads thee to thy own distinguish'd band.
To your sad fold, my lambs, return unfed:
Your shepherd now to all but grief is dead.
And sure, unless beneath some evil eye,
That blights me with its glance, my powers should die,
Thou shalt not slumber on thy timeless bier
"Without the meed of one melodious tear."
Long shall thy name, thy virtues long remain
In fond memorial with the shepherd train:
Their festive honours, and their votive lay
To thee, as to their Daphnis, they shall pay:
Their Daphnis thou, as long as Pales loves
The springing meads, or Faunus haunts the groves,
If aught of power on faith and truth attend,
Palladian science, and a Muse thy friend.
Return unfed, my lambs! nor longer stand
In fond expectance of my tending hand.
Yes, Damon, thee such recompenses wait.—
But, ah! what ills hang gloomy o'er my fate!
Who now, still faithful to my side, will bear
Keen frosts, or suns that parch the sick'ning air?
When[c] boldly, to protect the distant fold,
We seek the growling savage in his hold,

---

[b] Mercury.

[c] In my translation of this passage, I have shown myself desirous of keeping the *lions* of the original rather in the back ground. In a British scene, they certainly appear to be out of their proper place; though their names may be here introduced only to express some dangerous and difficult exploit. My first translation of these lines differed from the present; and for what I had then written, Mr. Gifford offered to me some verses,

Who now, as we retrace the long rough way,
With tale or song will soothe the weary day?
Return unfed, my lambs! you once were dear:
But now I slight you for a care more near.
To whom my bosom shall I now confide?
At whose soft voice will now my cares subside?
Who now will cheat the night with harmless mirth,
As the nut crackles on the glowing hearth,
Or the pear hisses; while without—the storm
Roars through the wood, and ruffles nature's form?
Home to your fold, my lambs! unfed depart!
You cannot touch when sorrow wrings the heart!
In summer too, at noontide's sultry hour,
When Pan lies sleeping in his beechen bower;
When, diving from the day's oppressive heat,
The panting naiad seeks her crystal seat;
When every shepherd leaves the silent plain,
And the green hedge protects the snoring swain;
Whose playful fancy then shall light the smile?
Whose attic tongue relieve my languid toil?
Go, lambs, unfed! no more my care confest:
Grief will not bear a partner in my breast.
Ah! now through meads and vales alone I stray,
Or linger sad where woods embrown the day;
As drives the storm, and Eurus o'er my head
Breaks the loose twilight of the billowy shade.
Return unfed, my lambs! a shepherd's care
You ask in vain from him who feels despair.

---

which are too good for me to appropriate to myself or to withhold from my readers. The first of these lines is my own; the others are Mr. Gifford's.

"Who now with me, tried partner of my toil,"
Will brave the chilling sky, and frost-bound soil?
Or when the sun with fiercer glory reigns,
And nature faints along the thirsty plains;
Dauntless, like thee, the prowling lion face;
And from the fold the gaunt hyæna chase?

My late trim fields their labour'd culture scorn;
And idle weeds insult my drooping corn.
My widow'd vine, in prone dishonour, sees
Her clusters wither;—not a shrub can please.—
E'en my sheep tire me:—they with upward eyes
Gaze at my grief; and seem to feel my sighs.
Hence home, my lambs, unfed! the day is done:
Once you had all my care, and now have none.
My shepherd-friends, by various tastes inclined,
Direct my steps the sweetest spot to find.
This likes the hazel,—that the beechen grove:
One bids me here,—one there for pleasure rove.
Ægon the willow's pensile shade delights;
And gay Amyntas to the streams invites:
" Here are cool fountains: here is mossy grass:
" Here zephyrs softly whisper as they pass:
" From this bright spring yon arbute draws her green,
" The pride and beauty of the sylvan scene."
Deaf is my woe;—and, while they speak in vain,
I plunge into the copse, and hide my pain.
Go, lambs, unfed! no more I mind your weal:
My own sad doom is all I now can feel.
Mopsus surprised me in my sullen mood,
(Mopsus who knew the language of the wood;
Knew all the stars, could all their junctions spell,)
And thus,—" What passions in your bosom swell?
" Speak! flows the poison from disastrous love?
" Or falls the mischief star-sent from above?
" For leaden Saturn, with his chill controll,
" Oft has shot blights into the shepherd's soul."
Return, my lambs! nor hope your wonted food
From me, now wrapt in sorrow's gloomy mood.
The wond'ring nymphs exclaim,—" What, Thyrsis, now?
" Those heavy eyelids, and that cloudy brow
" Become not youth:—to youth the jocund song,
" Frolic, and dance, and wanton wiles belong:
" With these he courts the joys which suit his state:
" Ah! twice unhappy he, who loves too late!"

Return, my lambs, unfed! nor here implore
Your shepherd's care that lives for you no more.
With Dryope and Hyas, Ægle came,
A lovely lyrist, but a scornful dame.
From Chelmer's banks fair Chloris join'd the train.
But vain their blandishments,—their solace vain.—
Dead is my hope, and pointless beauty's dart
To waken torpid pleasure in my heart.
Return, my lambs, unfed! you hope in vain
To find attention in the breast of pain.
How blest, where, none repulsed and none preferr'd,
One common friendship blends the lowing herd!
Touch'd by no subtle magnet in the mind,
Each meets a comrade when he meets his kind.
Conspiring wolves enjoy this equal love,
And this the zebra's party-coloured drove:
This too the tribes of ocean, and the flock
Which Proteus feeds beneath his vaulted rock.
The sparrow, fearless of a lonely state,
Has ever for his social wing a mate:
Whom should the falcon or the marksman strike,
He soon repairs his loss, and finds a like.
But we, by fate's severer frown oppress'd,
With war and sharp repulsion in the breast,
Can scarcely meet, amid the human throng,
One kindred soul, or, met, preserve him long.
When fortune, now determined to be kind,
Yields the rich gift, and mind is link'd to mind,
Death mocks the fond possession, bursts the chain,
And plants the bosom with perennial pain.
Unheeded and unfed, my lambs, return:
Your hapless master now can only mourn.
Alas, what madness tempted me to stray
Where other suns on distant regions play?
To tread aërial paths and Alpine snows,
Scared by stern nature's terrible repose?
Ah! could the sepulchre of buried Rome
Thus urge my frantic foot to spurn my home?

Though Rome were now, as once in pomp array'd
She drew the Mantuan from his flock and shade;
Ah! could she lure me from thy faithful side;
Lead me where rocks would part us, floods divide;
Forests and lofty mountains intervene;
Whole realms extend, and oceans roar between?
Ah, wretch! denied to press thy fainting hand,
Close thy dim eyes, and catch thy last command;
To say, "My friend, O think of all our love,
"And bear it glowing to the realms above."
Go! go, my lambs! unfed I bid you go:
Unjust to you as faithful to my woe.
Yet must I not deplore the hours that flew,
Ye Tuscan swains, with science and with you:—
Each Grace and Muse is yours,—and yours my Damon too.
From ancient Lucca's Tuscan walls he came,
With you in country, talents, arts the same.
How happy, lull'd by Arno's warbling stream,
Hid by his poplars from day's flaring beam,
When stretch'd along the fragrant moss I lay,
And cull'd the violet or pluck'd the bay;
Or heard, contending for the rural prize,
Famed Lycid's and Menalcas' melodies.
I too essay'd to sing:—nor vainly sung:
This flute, these baskets speak my victor tongue:
And Datis and Francinus, swains who trace
Their Tuscan lineage to the Lydian race,
Dear to the Muses both, with friendly care
Taught their carved trees my favour'd name to bear.
Return, my lambs, without your daily due:
Lost to myself, I now am lost to you.
Then, as the moonbeam slumber'd on the plain,
I penn'd my fold, and sung in cheerful strain:
And oft exclaim'd, unconscious of my doom,
As your pale ashes moulder'd in the tomb,
"Now Damon chants his lay:—he now prepares
"His twisted osiers, or his wiry snares."
Then would rash fancy on the future seize,
And hail you present in such words as these:—

" What loitering here? unless some cause dissuade,
" Haste and enjoy with me the whispering shade;
" Or where his course the lucid Colnus bends;
" Or where Cassibelan's domain extends.
" There show what herbs in vale or upland grow;
" The harebell's ringlet, and the saffron's glow:
" There teach me all the physic of the plains,
" What healing virtues swell the floret's veins."
Ah! perish all the healing plants, confest
Too weak to save the swain who knew them best!
As late a new-compacted pipe I found,
It gave beneath my lips a loftier sound:
Too high indeed the notes, for as it spoke,
The waxen junctures in the labour broke.
Smile as you may,—I will not hide from you
The ambitious strain:—ye woods, awhile adieu!
Hence! home my lambs, unfed! more powerful cares
Usurp my thought, and make it wholly theirs.
High on Rutupium's cliffs, my Muse shall hail
The first white gleamings of the Dardan sail:
Shall sing the realms by Inogen controll'd,
And Brennus, Arvirage, and Belin old:
Shall sing Armorica, at length subdued
By British steel in Gallic blood imbrued:
And Uther in the form of Gorlois led,
By Merlin's fraud, to Iögerne's bed;
Whence Arthur sprang. If length of days be mine,
My shepherd's pipe shall hang on yon old pine
In long neglect; or, tuned to British strains,
With British airs shall please my native swains.
But wherefore so? alas! no human mind
Can hope for audience all the human kind.
Enough for me,[d]—I ask no more renown,
(Lost to the world, to Britain only known.)

[d] He expresses the same generous and patriotic sentiment in one of his prose tracts. " For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution, which

If yellow-tressed Usa read my lays;
Alan and gulfy Humber sound my praise;
Trent's sylvan echoes answer to my song;
My own dear Thames my warbled notes prolong;
Ore-tinctured Tamar own me for her bard;
And Thule, 'mid her utmost flood, regard.
Hence! lambs! nor wait for care I cannot give:
Ah! now for grief, and grief alone I live.
These lays, and more like these for thee design'd,
I wrote and folded in a laurel's rind.
For thee I also kept, of antique mould,
Two spacious goblets, rough with labour'd gold.
(Rare was the gift, but yet the giver more,—
Mansus, the pride of the Chalcidian shore.)
In bold existence from the workman's hand,
Two subjects on their fretted surface stand.
Here by the red-sea coast in length display'd,
Arabia pants beneath her odorous shade:
And here the Phœnix from his spicy throne,
In heavenly plumage radiant and alone,

Ariosto followed, against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art, I could unite, to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity,) but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I in my proportion, with this over and above of being a christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics." P. W. i. 119.

Himself a kind, beholds with flamy sight
The wave first kindle with the morning light.
There, on another side, the heavens unfold,
And great Olympus shines in brighter gold.
Strange though it seem, conspicuous in the scene,
The God of love displays his infant mien:
Dazzling his arms, his quiver, torch, and bow;
His brilliant shafts with points of topaz glow.
With these he meditates no common wound:
But proudly throws a fiery glance around;
And, scorning vulgar aims, directs on high
His war against the people of the sky:
Thence, struck with sacred flame, the etherial race
Rush to new joys, and heavenly minds embrace.
With these is Damon now—my hope is sure—
Yes! with the just, the holy, and the pure
My Damon dwells:—'twere impious to surmise
Virtues like his could rest below the skies.
Then cease our tears:—from his superior seat,
He sees the showery arch beneath his feet;
And, mix'd with heroes and with gods above,
Quaffs endless draughts of life, and joy, and love.
But thou, when fix'd on thy empyreal throne,
When heaven's eternal rights are all thy own,
O! still attend us from thy starry sphere;
Still—as we call thee by thy name most dear!
Diodotus above—but yet our Damon here.
As thine was roseate purity that fled,
In youth abstemious, from the nuptial bed,
Thy virgin triumph heavenly spousals wait:—
Lo! where it leads along its festal state!—
A crown of living lustre binds thy brow;
Thy hand sustains the palm's immortal bough:
While the full song, the dance, the frantic lyre,
And Sion's thyrsus, wildly waved, conspire
To solemnize the rites, and boundless joys inspire.

One passage in this poem is of peculiar importance, as it shows its author to be resolute in his intentions respecting epic composition, and determined to consecrate his Muse to the entertainment and the fame of his country. Arthur and the heroes of British fable were still the favourites of his poetic contemplation. But Arthur, having been vainly promised the lofty song of Dryden, was reserved for the mortal Muse of Blackmore; and a subject was to be chosen by Milton which was better adapted to the sublime enthusiasm of his soul, and of a far more elevated, if not of a more interesting nature. The idea, as we have observed, of some great epic work was early conceived by him, and he cherished it amid the hoarse confusion of his subsequent occupations. In the turbulent scenes in which he is now immediately to be engaged we find him lamenting that he was violently drawn from the bias of his genius to "a manner of writing, wherein he knew himself to be inferior to himself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, and wherein he had the use, as he might account, only of his left [e] hand;" and we hear him complaining that he was

[e] Reasons of C. Govern. P. W. i. 118.

forced " to interrupt the pursuit of his hopes; and to leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark on a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."[f] We see him however, under the oppression of all this cheerless and foreign matter, indulging in the dear " hope of having them" (his poetic studies, and his poetic audience) " again in a still time when there shall be no chiding."[g]

Milton was a student and a poet by the strong and almost irresistible impulse of his nature: he was a polemic only on the rigid requisition of duty, and in violation of all his more benign and refined propensities. " Surely," he says, " to every good and peaceable man it must in nature be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands: much better would it like him, doubtless, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business, to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own true happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet

[f] Reas. of Church Gov. P. W. i. 123.
[g] Apol. for Smect. P. W. i. 225.

and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal."[h]

Milton plunged into controversy with the desperate resolution of a man who is "settled and has bent up

"Each corporal agent to the terrible feat:"

but he returns to his own proper inclination with the elasticity of a bow on the rupture of its string. His descent, if descent it may be called, was "with compulsion and laborious flight;" but we behold him, after a long immersion in the pool of discord, "springing upward like a pyramid of fire;" and showing us "that in his proper motion he ascends."

But have we, after all, any just reason to lament this temporary defection of our great poet from his more pleasing and congenial studies? I hesitate in my answer; and, were I to obey the rigour of my judgment rather than to attend to the suggestions of my taste, I should be disposed to determine that we have not. By the appropriation of his powers to controversy, during the high noon of his manhood, we have lost, as we

[h] R. of Church G. P. W. i. 115.

may be certain, many a rich effusion of fancy on which we might have dwelt with exquisite delight: but we have gained by it the spectacle of a magnificent mind in a new course of action, throwing its roaring fulness over a strange country, and surprising us with the force and the flexibility of the human intellect. We are presented by it also with the affecting exhibition of very extraordinary magnanimity and self-devotion; and we may perhaps number the political writings of Milton, how erroneous soever and incompatible with the present system and happiness of Britain may be their principles, among that mass of incongruous materials and events, from the collision and conflict of which have arisen the beauty, the harmony, the vigour and the self-balanced integrity of the English constitution.

On his arrival in England, preferring the busy scene of the capital as better suited to his present views than the retirement of his father's country seat, he hired lodgings in St. Bride's church-yard, and consented to receive as his pupils his two nephews, Edward and John Philips. By this measure, and by his subsequent assent to the importunity of some of his most intimate friends to allow their sons also the benefit of his

instruction, he has exposed himself to the title of schoolmaster, which his enemies, who employed it as a reproach, conceived to be of a nature to degrade him. Whether he received money from his pupils cannot now be certainly known; but, while the universality of the practice and the acknowledged narrowness of his income might induce the belief that he did, that singular disinterestedness, stamped on every action of his life, and that enthusiastic desire of communicating knowledge, which could induce him when covered with literary glory to publish an accidence for the instruction of children, would urge us to entertain the contrary opinion, and to conclude that he made a gratuitous communication of the treasures of his mind. This was the report [1] in the time of Richardson; and a mere feather thrown into this scale must infallibly, as I think, give it the preponderance. Let us hear what he says on the subject of converting his learning and talents into the means of pecuniary profit, and then let us reject a report, so perfectly in harmony with his sentiments, if we can. "Do they think that all these meaner and superfluous things come from God, and

[1] Rich. Remarks on Milton, &c. p. lxxi.

the divine gift of learning from the den of Plutus or the cave of Mammon? Certainly never any clear spirit, nursed up in brighter influences, with a soul enlarged to the dimensions of spacious art and high knowledge, ever entered there but with scorn, and thought it ever foul disdain to make pelf or ambition the reward of his studies; it being the greatest honour, the greatest fruit and proficiency of learned studies to despise these things."[k]

Let this point however be determined at the reader's pleasure. Milton in his little circle of scholars was usefully, if not splendidly engaged; and he could not perhaps conceive, while he was essentially promoting the highest interests of some of his species, that he was degrading himself in the estimation of the rest. In his conduct to his pupils, as we are informed by Aubrey, severity was happily blended with kindness: he was familiar and free where he could be; distant, and rigid where he was compelled to be. His plan of instruction was formed on a peculiar, and, in my judgment, an erroneous principle. It respected things more than words, and attempted to communicate knowledge when

[k] Animad. upon the Remons. Def. P. W. i. 194.

the understanding was perhaps incapable of receiving more than the key which opened the important gate.

Many able men, offended at the number of years devoted by our public schools to the attainment of language, have indulged in some similar speculations, and have endeavoured to crowd the immature and growing mind with a variety of intellectual food, adapted to oppress rather than to nourish it. But the success of these philanthropic projectors has been very partial, and calculated on the whole to attest the wisdom of our established system; which, instilling into the boy the first principles of religion and, with them, the sanctions and the objects of moral duty, contents itself with cultivating the attention and the taste of its pupil, and with giving him the means of access to the knowledge of his riper years.

But Milton's benevolence was always restless in the pursuit of innovation as it tended to improvement; and, like Cæsar in the field, he never thought any thing done while any thing more in his opinion remained to be done. Not content with the common school authors, he placed in the hands of boys from ten to fifteen years of age such writers as, not remarkable for the

beauty or the purity of their diction, were capable of giving information in some of the departments of science. The books selected for this purpose from the Roman authors were, according to Philips, the agricultural works of Cato, Columella, Varro, and Palladius; the medical treatise of Cornelius Celsus, Pliny's natural history, Vitruvius's architecture, Frontinus's stratagems, and the philosophical poems of Lucretius and Manilius: from the Greek, Hesiod, Aratus, Dionysius's Periegesis, Oppian's Cynegetics and Halieutics, Apollonius Rhodius, Quintus Calaber, some of Plutarch's philosophical works, Geminus's astronomy, the Cyropædia and Anabasis of Xenophon, Polyænus's stratagems, and Ælian's tactics.

Admitting for a moment the propriety of Milton's system of instruction and the solidity of its foundation, we may reasonably doubt whether many of these authors were calculated to promote it. Vitruvius may be read with instruction on the subject of architecture: but, while the Roman agricultural writers impart no useful information to the natives of Britain, the Roman philosophical poets, (if Manilius—the perplexed, the prosaic, the astrological Manilius can be called either a philosopher or a poet,) com-

municate nothing but what is bad. If Lucretius's philosophy were not redeemed with the wealth of his poetry, it would not now attract a vagrant eye; and would probably have been whelmed under the worst rubbish of antiquity. The selection from the Greek is preferable to that from the Latin writers. The Muses of Ascra and of Rhodes are certainly respectable; and they present to us the stamp of the most simple and the most refined age of Grecian poetry. But they are to be regarded only as poets; for Apollonius assumes nothing more than to be the framer of a poetic fable, and the œconomy of the husbandry of Hesiod will not entitle him to the honourable rank of an instructor in our country or in the present age. Plutarch offers to us information and strong sense in an unstudied dress; and the two works of Xenophon are admirable productions, well known in the higher classes of our public schools, intelligible and instructive to the boy and delightful to the man. Oppian, Quintus Calaber, Geminus, Polyænus and Ælian may be dismissed, with Celsus Pliny and Frontinus, as possessing various degrees of merit and as objects of literary curiosity, but

as qualified neither to give the young scholar any useful information nor to form his taste.

Proceeding with this ambitious, if not novel design of infusing extraordinary knowledge into the youthful mind, Milton has been expected to produce more than human abilities have the power to command; and has been insulted for not sending from his little academy orators and poets, philosophers and divines.[k] No master can make scholars against the inhibition of nature; and solitary learning cannot snatch the palm of literary renown or compel the gaze of the world. "Virûm volitare per ora"—to soar to the heights of fame is the privilege of the highly favoured few; and if we compare the small proportion of these to the multitude of the undistinguished even among the most cultivated of the human race, if we reflect on the hundreds and the thousands

[k] "If his pupils," says the candid Philips, "had received his documents with the same acuteness of wit and apprehension, the same industry, alacrity, and thirst after knowledge as the instructor was indued with, what prodigies of wit and learning might they have proved." Life of Milton, xix.

Johnson talks with the true feeling, and in the proper style of a schoolmaster. "Every man, that has ever undertaken to instruct others, can tell what slow advances he has been able to make; and how much patience it requires to recall vagrant attention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension." Life of Milton.

who in a short revolution of time pass through our public schools to obscurity, we shall cease to be surprised that not one of Milton's small knot of pupils has asserted any very eminent place among the scholars or the writers of his country. We shall rather indeed wonder that two of them, (the Philips's,) were authors and of no despicable rank; the youngest having published a Latin answer to an anonymous attack[1] on his uncle and his cause, and the eldest, besides that life to which all the biographers of Milton are so greatly indebted, a respectable English work with the Latin title of Theatrum Poëtarum, containing a list and character of the ancient and the modern poets. In honour of Milton's earnest and intelligent discharge of his duties as a teacher, it is recorded that these two young men, who came under his care at the early ages of ten and nine, were so rapidly forwarded in their studies as in the course of one year to be "able to understand a Latin author at sight." Aubrey, who relates the circumstance, ought to have been more specific in his account. If he means by "a Latin

[1] Ascribed, but beyond question unjustly, to the pen of Dr. Bramhall, bishop of Derry, and afterwards archbishop of Armagh.

author," any Latin author, the fact is certainly extraordinary, and reputable in nearly an equal degree to the master and the scholars.

But Milton's scheme extended beyond the Roman and the Greek, to the Hebrew with its dialects of Chaldee and Syriac, and to some of the modern languages. It comprehended also a certain acquaintance with the mathematics, and with their sublime application to the purposes of astronomy. While this various reading fully occupied six days of the week, the seventh had its appropriate and characteristic employment. On this day the pupils, after reading to their master a chapter in the Greek testament and hearing his explanation of it, wrote, as he dictated, on some subject of theology.

As his plan of education could not be properly executed in his confined lodgings in St. Bride's church-yard, he soon removed to a house in Aldersgate-street, of which the size admitted his scholars into his family, and the situation, secluded by a court from the street and opening into a garden,[m] supplied the retirement and quiet

[m] It was one of those houses, which were called Garden-houses, of which in that day there were many; and particularly

favourable to literary attention. Here he gave the example to his young students of close application with abstinent diet; and the only peculiar indulgence, which he allowed himself, was that of a day of temperate festivity once in three weeks or a month. This day, which his nephew, adopting his uncle's college expression, calls "a gaudy day,"[n] was allotted to the society of some young and gay friends. Of these, Philips names Mr. Alphry and Mr. Millar, and remarks that "they were the beaux of those times; but that they were nothing near so bad as those now a days." The gay men of the puritan age were indeed mere babies in excess to the revellers of the succeeding one; when the profligacy of a shameless court, propagated rapidly and strongly through the country, had nearly driven modesty and temperance from Britain.

Abstinence in diet was one of Milton's favourite virtues; which he practised invariably through life, and availed himself of every opportunity to recommend in his writings. In his second beautiful elegy to his

in the northern suburbs. Our author's house in Petty France was a garden-house.

[n] Philips's Life of Milton, xxi.—A *gaudy day* at Cambridge is a day on which the commons are increased.

friend, Deodati, he admits of the use of wine and good cheer to the lyric and the elegiac poet; but to the lofty and ambitious epic, who requires the higher and more continued exertion of the more comprehensive intellect, he will allow only the diet of Pythagoras. I will give the whole passage to which I refer; and I persuade myself that the reader will not regard it as too long in consequence not only of its own beauty, but of that of the translation with which the kindness of my friend, the Rev. Francis Wrangham, has enabled me to accompany it; a translation, which unites the rare qualities of fidelity and elegance, of concise yet ornamented diction.

Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusq; poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
Atq; hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aöniis clamavit collibus, Euœ!
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasq; racemiferumq; Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Teïa Musa modis?
Pindaricosq; inflat numeros Teumesius Euan;
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæq; merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus;
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoq; madens lyricen Romanus Iaccho,
Dulce canit Glyceram, flavicomamq; Chloen.
Jam quoq; lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumq; fovet.

Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu:
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est;
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos.
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque Ceresque Venusque
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poëtis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces;
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum;
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane;
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos:
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ et lustralibus undis,
Surgis, ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon;

Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon,° edomitis sola per antra feris.
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum;
Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam;
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis;
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos;
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.

Then why of wine's enfeebling cup complain?
Beloved of verse, young Bacchus loves the strain.
Placed in fond preference o'er his laurel bough,
Oft has the ivy clasp'd Apollo's brow;
And oft Aönia's hills have heard the Nine
With frantic shouts the madd'ning orgies join.
Weak was the lay from Tomi's vineless coast,
When Naso wept his feasts and friendships lost.
The flowing bowl with many a rose o'erhung,
In fancy's sprightliest lay Anacreon sung.
The Theban god inspires his Pindar's line;
And each bright hymn is redolent of wine:

° Milton and Virgil disagree on the subject of Orpheus's age.

. . . . . Spreto Ciconum quo munere matres
Inter sacra Deûm, nocturnique orgia Bacchi
Decerptum latos *juvenem* sparsere per agros.
Georg. lib. iv. 522.

But each poet had a view perhaps in this instance, to his own particular purpose. Milton wished to insinuate that his diet had a tendency to promote longevity; and Virgil was aware that he could not with any probability make the women of Thrace so outrageous with *an old man* for his neglect of them as to tear him to pieces.

Whether o'erwhelm'd the groaning axle lie,
Or dark with Eliac dust the impetuous courser fly.
"Hot with the Tuscan grape," his bright-hair'd maid
The Roman lyrist sang beneath the shade.
Nay thou, whose thankless strain the boon disowns,
Owest to the vine that strain's harmonious tones:
Bright as from casks where Massic juices glow,
And strong and pure thy sparkling stanzas flow.
Thine are the arts, in thee with Delphi's God
Bacchus and Ceres fix their loved abode:
Hence triply fed, thy dulcet accents roll,
Which melt and swell by turns the ravish'd soul.
And now, light sweeping o'er the golden wire,
The thrilling touch awakes the Orphëan lyre;
Now round the dome the tabret's echoes play,
That teach the virgin's foot its mazy way.
These gorgeous shows the Muse may well detain,
When wine's strong fumes would chase her from the brain.
Trust me, when Music strikes her festive string,
And Dance, accordant, weaves the frolic ring;
Stealthy and soft, as warmth's pervading glow,
Through all thy veins the inspiring God will flow;
And from the finger snapt and beaming eye,
Thalia's self infuse the tuneful sigh.
For many a God o'er elegy presides,
Its spirit kindles, and its numbers guides.
There Bacchus, Ceres, Erato are seen,
And, with her beauteous boy, the Idalian queen:
And thence the chiefs of elegiac song
Drain the full bowl, and join the jocund throng.
But he, whose verse records the battle's roar,
And heroes feats, and demigods of yore;
The Olympic senate with their bearded king;
Or howls, that loud through Pluto's dungeons ring;
With simpler stores must spread his Samian board,
And browse well-pleased the vegetable hoard:
Close at his side the beechen cup be placed;
His thirst by Nature's limpid beverage chased;

And [p] still to vice unknown, unchanged by art,
His be the guiltless hand, the guileless heart;
Pure as, with lustral stream and snowy vest,
The priests of Jove his lifted bolt arrest.
'Twas thus the sightless seer Tiresias fared;
And Linus thus his frugal meal prepared:
Such the repasts prophetic Calchas knew;
And he, whose lyre the list'ning tigers drew.
On food like this immortal Homer fed,
Whose Muse from Troy the ten years' wanderer led;
Safely through Circe's wizard halls convey'd,
Safely through seas where wily Sirens play'd,
Safely through death's dark waste, and dreariest hell,
Where thronging phantoms linger'd at his spell.
For shielding Gods the bard, their priest, surround,
Jove swells his breast, his accents Jove resound.[q]

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[p] "I was confirmed in the opinion that he, who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things, not presuming to sing the high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he has in himself the experience and the practice of all that is praise-worthy." Apol. for Smect.—P. W. i. 224.

[q] As the reader may be desirous of seeing the whole of this pleasing elegy, I subjoin in this place the first and the last twelve lines, which, not being immediately to my purpose, I omitted in the body of the work. The translation is by Mr. Wrangham.

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM RURI COMMORANTEM.

Mitto tibi sanam, non pleno ventre, salutem;
Quâ tu distento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque, colamque?

While Milton's occupation, as a teacher,

Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque decembrem,
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum:
Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos?

Light and unfever'd with excess, I send
Health, haply wanted, to my feasting friend.
But why with song provoke my lingering lay,
And drag the unwilling scribbler into day?
Would'st thou from verse my ardent friendship know?
'Tis not in verse a flame so pure to show.
Ah! not to scanted strains, and halting song,
The powers to grasp my perfect love belong.
The Christmas glee, December's mirthful board;
And fabled Saturn's revelry restored:
The circling glass, the winter's joyous blaze,
How passing well thy jovial muse displays!
Then why of wine's, &c.

At tu siquid agam scitabere, (si modo saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam,)
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris;
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

But thou, should interest, kind or curious, bend,
Anxious to ask what toils employ thy friend;

preserved his familiarity with many of the Roman and Greek authors, and was consequently not without its use to him, it was not permitted to interfere with what he conceived to be his duties as a citizen, and with that patriotic object which had recalled him from the shores of Sicily and Greece. Determined, from his first acquaintance with the struggles of his country, to devote himself to her service, he did not hesitate with respect

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Know that *the Son of heaven's eternal King,*
By holy sages sung, he dares to sing;
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger laid,
The *infant-Godhead,* and his mother-maid:
Harping in solemn quire, the *cherubs helm'd,*
And new born stars, and fanes with *their dumb idols whelm'd.*
A solemn tribute on his natal day,
Or ere the point of dawn I framed the lay.
And thee, my friend, awaits the English strain:
Thy critic ear shall judge, nor I recite in vain.

The reader need not be informed that, in these lines, Milton alludes to his ode on Christ's nativity. The expressions, in italics, are borrowed from this ode.

This excellent translation Mr. Hayley has prudently omitted to notice when he published Mr. Cowper's version of the same elegy. Mr. H. was aware, no doubt, that any comparison of the two productions would not be in favour of his friend's, and therefore, with more judgment than candour he suppressed all reference to the superior composition.

Of Mr. Cowper's translations, which have lately been published, that of Francini's Italian Ode is unquestionably the best. With respect to the rest, it cannot with truth be said that any of them rise above mediocrity.

to the part in which he was to act. Conscious of his own proper strength, and sensible that genius armed with knowledge was a power of far greater and more extensive efficiency than the bodily force of any individual, he decided in favour of the pen against the sword; and stationed himself in the closet, where he was himself an host, rather than in the field, where every muscular private man would be his superior. This is substantially the account which we have from himself; and the motives of his conduct must obtain our approbation as honourable and wise.[r]

The Long Parliament was now assembled as the representative of a nation, irritated and alarmed by very flagrant abuses of power

[r] "Atque illi quidem, Deo perinde confisi, servitutem honestissimis armis pepulere: cujus laudis etsi nullam partem mihi vindico, à reprehensione tamen vel timiditatis vel ignaviæ, siqua infertur, facilè me tueor. Neque enim militiæ labores et pericula sic defugi, ut non alia ratione et operam multò utiliorem nec minore cum periculo meis civibus navarim, et animum dubiis in rebus neque demissum unquam, neque ullius invidiæ vel etiam mortis plus æquo metuentem præstiterim. Nam cùm ab adolescentulo humanioribus essem studiis ut qui maximè deditus, et ingenio semper quàm corpore validior, posthabitâ castrensi operâ, qua me gregarius quilibet robustior facilè superasset, ad ea me contuli quibus plus potui; ut parte mei meliore ac potiore, si saperem, non deteriore, ad rationes patriæ, causamque hanc præstantissimam quantum maximè possem momentum accederem."

in the civil and in the ecclesiastical department. The king's violent conduct to his four former parliaments, with his unrelenting imprisonment of their members, one of [s] whom had died under the length and rigours of the confinement; his violent attempts to govern by prerogative alone; his arbitrary exactions in violation of all law, and the severe sentences, with which his council and his courts abetted and enforced his injudicious despotism, had alienated all the orders of the com-

" Relying on the assistance of God, they indeed repelled servitude with the most justifiable war; and though I claim no share of their peculiar praise, I can easily defend myself against the charge, (if any charge of that nature should be brought against me,) of timidity or of indolence. For I did not for any other reason decline the toils and the dangers of war than that I might in another way, with much more efficacy and with not less danger to myself, render assistance to my countrymen, and discover a mind neither shrinking from adverse fortune, nor actuated by any improper fear of calumny or of death. Since from my childhood I had been devoted to the more liberal studies and was always more powerful in my intellect than in my body, avoiding the labours of the camp, in which any robust common soldier might easily have surpassed me, I betook myself to those weapons which I could wield with the most effect; and I conceived that I was acting wisely when I thus brought my better and more valuable faculties, those which constituted my principal strength and consequence, to the assistance of my country and her most honourable cause." Def. Sec. P. W. v. 199.

[s] A very accurate and circumstantial history of England, by various authors, (a second edition of which was published in two

munity, and had made them ripe for resistance and innovation. The despotism of the leaders of the church party had walked side

vols. folio in 1719) says on this subject, "They" (the arrested members, when brought for trial into the court of King's Bench) "refused to submit to any thing but the necessity of a long imprisonment, where *some of them* died in custody; and others treasured up a reputation of confessors for the privileges of parliament; and in 1640 had an ample reward of thanks and money." [iii. 53.]

As the reign of Charles the First in this variorum history is written by a zealous royalist, who is as minute and correct in his statement of facts as he is weak and prejudiced in his remarks on them, I might in this instance safely follow him, and assert on his authority that more than one of the leading parliamentary oppositionists at the time in question, on the dissolution of the third parliament of this reign, had fallen victims to the revenge and despotism of the court. But as the historian forbears to specify the number or the names of the patriot members who thus died for the liberties of their country, I have contented myself with asserting only what I knew to be fact; and for the, "some," of this writer have contented myself with substituting, "one." Whitelocke records a vote of the Parliament in 1646, by which 15000l. are given, in three equal divisions, to Mr. Strode's kindred, and to the children of Sir John Elliot and those of Sir Peter Hammond, "for the sufferings of their parents, &c. for opposing the illegalities of that time." * From this it might be inferred that Mr. Strode and Sir P. Hammond had perished by the same fate with Sir J. Elliot: but as this is not expressly mentioned by Whitelocke, (who is silent also as to the particular cause of Sir John Elliot's death,) I shall not insist on it. Of Sir John Elliot's doom his family have preserved a memorial in a portrait, which was drawn of him during his imprisonment and not long before his decease.

[* White. Mem. p. 238.]

by side with that of the court; and their rigorous persecution of the Puritans, which was offensive to the feelings of the humane and to the moderation of the liberal, had excited the fears and the jealousies of the wise. The power of the episcopal courts had every where been urged into unusual animation by the superintendence and incitement of the formidable High-Commission; and almost every diocese had witnessed scenes of rigour similar to those which had disgraced and exasperated the capital.

In this trembling state of things, when Milton perceived that his country was proceeding resolutely to assert her liberty, he imagined that he was complying with a necessary duty, and was taking his proper part in the promotion of the common cause, by engaging in the behalf of ecclesiastical freedom with the bishops.

The church of England at this unfortunate crisis could boast among her prelates of a Williams, a Davenant, a Hall, and an Usher;—men illustrious for their talents, eminent by their learning, amiable for their virtues, and venerable for their piety: but unhappily at their head was placed a prelate, whose views were narrow, whose superstition was abject and intolerant, and who was

pleased to be the supporter of that despotism which supported his own.

Much as I dislike the principles and the temper of the unfortunate Laud, I would willingly believe that the conduct, which produced such ruinous consequences to his cause and to the whole community, was the offspring of good motives, and that he intended well as a christian, though he acted perniciously as a politician. For his bigoted observance of ceremonies he could plead the example of some of his most eminent predecessors; and, at any other period than that in which he lived, when it was considered and was perhaps designed as a concialitory advance to the Roman church,[t] this observance would have been an innocent if not an inoffensive display of littleness. His support of an arbitrary court is as easily to be pardoned by the liberal and comprehensive mind, which can allow for the effects of education or for the natural, and of course venial corruption of office in its influence on the understanding and the heart. But when I see him con-

[t] Archbishop Laud is certainly exempt from any suspicion of a bias towards popery: but he entertained a chimerical notion of the practicability of an union between the Churches of England and of Rome; and he weakly hoped that this great object might be accomplished by mutual and equal concessions.

founding the cause of Christ with that of the prelate; when I observe him persecuting with merciless rigour men of exemplary lives, united with him in every point of Christian faith, and whose sole crime was a conscientious opposition to the hierarchal dignity, and a regard to what they deemed to be the simplicity of the gospel; when I contemplate him on the judgment seat, [n] uncovering his head and thanking God on the passing of a cruel sentence which he had himself dictated; when I see him afterwards in his closet recording with calm rancour and cold-blooded exultation the execution of these judicial barbarities; when I behold him insulting the age of the mild and liberal Abbot and spurning him from his throne, to obtain premature possession of the metropolitan power; when I remark him ruining, with vengeance as ungrateful as it was unrelenting, the first patron of his fortunes, bishop Williams, whose hand had placed the mitre on his head—my charity must necessarily falter, and I cannot immediately decide that

[n] When an inhuman sentence was passed upon Dr. Leighton, Laud pulled off his cap in the court, and thanked God for it. The prelate noted in his diary the execution of these butchering sentences of the Star Chamber and High Commission with the cool malignity of a fiend.

he stands accountable for nothing more than erroneous judgment. He wished indeed for the prosperity of the church, but only as it was blended with the splendour of the hierarchy; and he laboured for its aggrandisement, as Philip laboured for that of Macedon or Frederic for that of Prussia, that it might form the broader and more elevated pedestal to his own individual greatness. The archbishop however and the monarchs pursued their objects with very different degrees of wisdom, and consequently of success: for while the measures of the latter were conducted to a prosperous issue by prudence and conciliation, as the means of power, those of the former were led to disappointment by rashness and irritation, in their common characters as the causes of unpopularity and weakness. By the prelate's conduct his party was covered with odium; and it was deserted by the [x] wise who foresaw its approaching ruin, and by the moderate who were disgusted with its tyranny.

[x] Bishop Williams, when pressed by the commissaries of the High Commission to proceed with rigour against the Puritans in his diocese of Lincoln, did not scruple to say that he would "not meddle against the Puritans, as he was sure that they "would carry all things at last." Rush. vol. i. p. 424. This was the immediate cause of the good bishop's ruin.

I am strongly attached to the Church of England, from whose lap I sprang and at whose bosom I have been fostered: but my attachment to her is not that of instinct, but of reason. I love her not merely because she is my mother and my nurse, but because she is deserving of my love. I regard her as she offers to God a spiritual worship, yet condescends to the imperfect nature of the worshipper; and keeps as remote from the rude and unsightly devotion of Calvin, as from the childish and idolatrous mummery of Rome: I respect her as she extends her usefulness by accommodating her ranks to those of the community in which she is established; and, while she contributes to the social harmony by her enforcement of its requisite subordination, considers man upon a level when she officiates as the minister of God: but I give to her my most ardent affection when I contemplate her as mild and liberal, as uniting order with toleration, as the patroness of learning and the encourager of inquiry, as the determined enemy of persecution for opinions, whether it be avowed by the stern republicanism of a presbytery or by the unfeeling policy of a pontifical conclave. Such is the ground on which I rest my affection to my native Church: but if I saw

her actuated by a narrow and ferocious spirit, guarding her own temporal honours with more jealousy than the vital principles of Christ's religion, doing evil with the flagitious pretence that good may be the result, mounted on a sanguinary tribunal to suppress opinion with overwhelming punishment, and hearing with delight the groan that issued from a bosom hostile to herself—if I saw her in this sad state of defection from her own character and of apostacy from the religion of her Master, I should no longer recognise her as the object of my filial reverence; I would renounce her with indignation; and, throwing her disgraceful favours at her feet, I would retire, beyond her corruption and her vengeance, to some uncivilized region where I might vindicate the name of Jesus from her impious profanation, and show him to be the author of blessings, not of misery to man.

These sentiments are not mine alone;—they are the property of every English christian who is undepraved by habit or unseduced by interest. At the period of which we are writing, their influence was almost universally acknowledged. Numbers, terrified and shocked by Laud's violences, fled over the Atlantic, and planted in the deserts

of New England the standard of civil and of religious freedom. Numbers, reserving themselves for more propitious times and not despairing of their country, sought a temporary asylum in the bosom of Europe; and still greater numbers remained in sullen and formidable inaction at home, either protected by their own situation, as laymen, or sheltered, if ministers, in the families of the nobility; and all solicitously waiting for the moment of reformation or revenge.

This was now arrived, and they exulted at its presence. Defeated by the Scots in consequence of the disaffection of the English, and in the midst of political gloom, which was hourly condensing and growing blacker, the king, averse as he might be from the measure, was at length compelled by the imperious circumstances of his situation to have recourse in earnest to a parliament: and the representative of the nation was accordingly convened.

This parliament, as Lord Clarendon witnesses, was formed wholly of members[y] who

[y] If we could wish for more evidence (for better there cannot be) of the certainty of the fact in question, we might obtain it from a writer who on this subject is as well entitled perhaps to credit as Clarendon himself, Dr. Lewis Du Moulin, who wrote the "Appeal of the Non-conformists upon their obedience

were friendly to the government and to the Church of England, and who wished not to overthrow, but who, disgusted and frightened by the spectacle which had been presented to them, were resolute to redress and ardent to reform. The power, which the present state of things threw into their hands, enabled them to cut off, with an immediate and effectual stroke, much of the existing mischief in its pernicious source. In the second month of their sitting, they impeached the unfortunate primate; they rescued his victims from their dungeons; they recalled his exiles [z] to

to God and the King," in 1681, affirms that "The Parliament," (the Long Parliament,) "both Lords and Commons, was most if not all composed of peaceable, orthodox Church of England men, all conforming to the rites and ceremonies of episcopacy; but yet greatly averse to popery and tyranny, and the corrupt party of the Church of England that inclined toward Rome," &c.

[z] The returning Puritans might have exulted over their prostrate persecutor in nearly the same strains of triumph, which Isaiah, in his two-fold character of prophet and of poet, so nobly ascribes to the exiles of Israel on the fall of the King of Babylon. "How hath the oppressor ceased!—He, who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth.—All they shall speak, and say unto thee—Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the ground, and the noise of thy viols.—They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble? that did shake kingdoms?—that opened not the house of his prisoners?" The Star Chamber and High Commission Courts were abolished by an act of the legislature on the 5th of July, 1641.

behold his fall; they released the press from its "horrid silence," and permitted it to pour its long imprisoned torrent on the heads of the oppressor and his party.

On Milton's return from the continent, he found, as he informs us, the clamour loud and general against the bishops; some complaining of their tyranny, and some protesting against the existence of the mitred hierarchy itself. It was now beginning to be safe to talk: but, the Parliament not being yet convened, the public indignation was forced still to wait, during a short interval, before it could diffuse itself from the press. When this rapid propagator of opinions and best guardian of truth was at last liberated, the prelatical party was assailed on all sides with argument and learning, with virulence and reproach. Our author, as I believe, was on this occasion the leader of the attack; the first who became the organ of his own and of the popular resentment against the rulers of the church. His beloved tutor, Young, had been one of the victims of the primate's intolerance; and the new polemic entered on his career with the blended feeling of public and of private wrong, with the zeal of a sanguine and with the emotion of an injured man.

His two books, "of Reformation touching Church-Government in England," addressed to a friend, discover earnestness and integrity; and are the produce of a forcible and acute, a comprehensive and richly-stored mind. "And here withal," he [a] says, "I invoke the Immortal Deity, revealer and judge of secrets, that wherever I have in this book, plainly and roundly, (though worthily and truly) laid open the faults and blemishes of fathers, martyrs, or christian emperors, or have inveighed against error and superstition with vehement expressions, I have done it neither out of malice, nor list to speak evil, nor any vain glory; but of mere necessity to vindicate the spotless truth from an ignominious bondage." The reformation in our Church had not proceeded, as he thought, to the proper extent; and the suspension of its progress he attributes principally to its prelates, "who, though they had renounced the Pope, yet hugged the popedom, and shared the authority among themselves." He gives a minute history of the Church of England from its birth; and, explaining the causes of what he deemed to be its imperfect separation from that of Rome and its halting at a

[a] Of Reformation, &c. P. W. i. 8.

distance behind the other reformed churches, he pays no great respect to the venerable names of our early reformers, who attested the purity of their motives with their blood. Though excellent, they were still indeed fallible men; and, admitting that their example or their doctrine could be employed as the shield of error, every true Christian would join with our author in exclaiming, "more [b] tolerable it were for the Church of God that all these names (of Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, &c.) were utterly abolished, like the brazen serpent, than that men's fond opinions should thus idolize them, and the heavenly truth be thus captivated."

His language in these tracts is every where original, figurative, and bold: but his sentences are either not sufficiently or not happily laboured. His words, attentive only to sense, appear to rush into their places as they can; and whenever their combination forms an harmonious period, the effect looks like the result of chance, unconcerted and unheeded by the writer. Force is that character of style which he principally affects, and, that he may obtrude his mind with weight and impression on the mind of his

[b] Of Reformation, &c. P. W. i. 8.

reader, he scruples not to avail himself of the coarsest images and expressions. His object is to array himself in strength; and, not satisfied with making us to understand his meaning, he must also make us to feel it. His matter and his manner are often equally erroneous: but his deficiencies are sometimes concealed from us by those flashes of imagination which cover his rough pages, and are sometimes pardoned by us in consequence of that conviction which he enforces of the thorough honesty of his heart.

His indignation, though frequently offensive and rude, is frequently, likewise, eloquent and sublime. "Amongst [c] many secondary and accessory causes," he remarks, "that support monarchy, these are not of the least reckoning, though common to all other states; the love of the subjects, the multitude and valour of the people, and store of treasure. In all these things hath the kingdom been of late sore weakened, and chiefly by the prelates. First, let any man consider that if any prince shall suffer under him a commission of authority to be exercised till all the land groan and cry out as against a whip of scorpions, whether this

[c] Of Reformation, &c. P. W. i. 37.

be not likely to lessen and keel the affections of the subject. Next, what numbers of faithful and free-born Englishmen and good Christians have been constrained to forsake their dearest home, their friends and kindred, whom nothing but the wide océan, and the savage deserts of America could hide or shelter from the fury of the bishops? O sir, if we could but see the shape of our dear mother England, as poets are wont to give a personal form to what they please, how would she appear, think you, but in a mourning weed, with ashes upon her head, and tears abundantly flowing from her eyes to behold so many of her children exposed at once, and thrust from things of dearest necessity, because their conscience could not assent to things, which [d] the bishops thought indifferent? What more binding than conscience? what more free than indifferency? Cruel then must that indifferency needs be that shall violate the strict necessity of conscience;

[d] A modern historian, whose integrity, acuteness, and manly spirit entitle him to my highest respect, speaking of the same things with Milton, the ceremonies and rituals which were enforced with so much unrelenting severity by Laud, remarks with incontrovertible truth—"They were imposed by the prelates as things in themselves indifferent, in which obedience is due to the supreme power, without recollecting that whatever is indifferent in religion should belong to the votary's discretion and choice." Laing's Hist. of Scotland, b. i. 79.

merciless and inhuman that free choice and liberty that shall break asunder the bonds of religion! Let the astrologer be dismayed at the portentous blaze of comets and impressions in the air, as foretelling troubles and changes to states; I shall believe there cannot be a more ill-boding sign to a nation (God turn the omen from us) than when the inhabitants to avoid insufferable grievances are enforced by heaps to forsake their native country."

His address, in the course of this work, to the two nations of England and Scotland, united at that time in strenuous resistance to the government, is in the same high and spirited style. "Go[e] on both hand in hand, O nations, never to be disunited. Be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity. Merit this: but seek only virtue, not to extend your limits, (for what need you win a fading, triumphant laurel out of the tears of wretched men?) but to settle the pure worship of God in his church; and justice in the state. Then shall the hardest difficulties smooth themselves before you:[f] envy shall sink to hell:

[e] Of Reformation, &c. P. W. i. 46.

[f] Invidia infelix furias amnemque severum
Cocyti metuet, tortosque Ixionis angues,
Immanemque rotam et non exsuperabile saxum.
VIR. Geor. I. 3.

craft and malice be confounded, whether it be homebred mischief or outlandish[5] cunning. Yea, other nations will then court to serve you; for lordship and victory are but the pages of justice and virtue. Commit securely to true wisdom the vanquishing and uncasing of craft and subtilty, which are but her two runagates. Join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds; and then he who seeks to break your union, —a cleaving curse be his inheritance to all generations."

To this and to other attacks from puritan pens bishop Hall thought it necessary to reply. This virtuous and able man had formerly at the request of Laud, in the season of that prelate's power when he was pur-

> Envy, unblest, shall deep with furies dwell,
> By sad Cocytus in the darkest hell:
> Shall tremble as she sees Ixion bound
> With twisted serpents to the wheel's huge round;
> Or views the stone that, urged with painful force,
> Toils to the high hill's brow, then bounds with backward course.

[5] This alludes to those popish intrigues, which certainly contributed to the calamities of our author's times. The court of Rome by its agents, the Jesuits, endeavoured in the first instance to gain the king and his party, and by their means to crush the Puritans. When the steadiness of the king to the Church of England disappointed them of this object, they turned against him, and were accomplices in his ruin.

suing his triumph over his adversaries, composed a treatise on the divine right of episcopacy. This work however was so altered by the primate before it passed through the press, that its pious author, when called upon at a later period for the purpose, found some difficulty in acknowledging the principles avowed in his own book. If the moderation of this conscientious prelate and of the admirable Usher had happily prevailed at this juncture in the ecclesiastical council, the Church probably would have stood firm in opposition to all the violence of her wild and enthusiastic assailants: but the alien spirit of intolerance and fierceness, which she had imbibed from Laud's influence, deprived her of the public affection, and without this support she soon tottered and fell.

Bishop Hall's present treatise bore the title of "An humble Remonstrance to the High Court of Parliament;" and about the same time archbishop Usher published "The Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy." In answer to these powerful and learned works, Milton wrote two pieces in the same year, the first of which he called, "Of Prelatical Episcopacy;" and the second, "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy." These, like his former controver-

sial productions, are distinguished by force, acuteness, and erudition: but their language, though bearing a greater appearance of artifice and labour, is still evidently that of a man, more conversant with the authors of Greece and Rome than with those of his own country, and seems to be formed without sufficient attention to the genius of his native tongue. This observation will apply with very diminished force to some of his succeeding compositions: but in all of them there is an occasional recurrence of foreign idioms, and of a classic inversion of phrase, not properly admissible in a language in which prepositions supply the place and office of inflexions.

The point, at issue between these polemics, was the divine or the human origin of episcopacy, as a peculiar order in the church, invested with spiritual rights and powers, distinct in kind and preeminent in degree. That an officer with the title of episcopus or overseer, (corrupted at first by our Saxon progenitors into biꝛcop, and afterwards softened into bishop,) had existed in the Church from its first construction by the Apostles, was a fact which could not be denied: but while this officer was asserted by one party to have been nothing more than

the president of the assembly of elders, he was affirmed by the other to have been elevated above these elders or presbyters by essential privileges, by a separate as well as by a superior jurisdiction. The temporal possessions and rights of the prelacy could not properly constitute any part of the controversy. As a portion of the political system of the country and tracing their pedigree no higher than to the civil establishment of the Church, these adventitious circumstances were to be debated on the ground of expediency alone; and to blend them with the immediate and distinct object in question seems to have been an unfair practice of the puritan disputants, for the purpose of increasing the unpopularity of their adversaries. Till the Church was adopted by the government, under Constantine, its officers could not be invested with civil rank or with corporate property: but the subsequent accession of political importance would not supersede their spiritual jurisdiction, and could not be denounced as incompatible because it was not coëval with their original appointment.

As a specimen of our author's manner and spirit in these pieces, I will cite the following passage respecting the puerile and superstitious Papias, whom Usher had adduced as

the link which connected episcopacy with the apostolical age. "And [h] this may be a sufficient reason to us, why we need no longer muse at the spreading of many idle traditions so soon after the Apostles, whilst such as this Papias had the throwing about, and the inconsiderate zeal of the next age, that heeded more the person than the doctrine, had the gathering them up. Wherever a man, who had been in any way conversant with the Apostles, was to be found, thither flew all the inquisitive ears, although the exercise of right instructing was changed into the curiosity of impertinent fabling. Where the mind was to be edified with solid doctrine, there the fancy was soothed with solemn fables: with less fervency was studied what St. Paul or St. John had written, than was listened to one that could say, 'here he taught; here he stood; this was his stature; and thus he went habited:' and, 'O happy house that harboured him, and that cold stone whereon he rested; this village wherein he wrought such a miracle, and that pavement bedewed with the warm effusion of his last blood, that sprouted up into eternal roses to crown his martyrdom!"—From the

[h] Of Prelatical Episco. P. W. i. 69.

last of these works "The reason of Church Government, &c." we have already cited some fine passages respecting the writer and his poetic contemplations; and with these we shall content ourselves as sufficient specimens of the composition.

These productions of Milton's were unquestionably the most learned and able on the puritan side of the controversy. But the piece which seems most to have attracted the public attention was a pamphlet, written by the united powers of five of the presbyterian divines, under the appellation of Smectymnuus, a word formed with the initial letters of the names of the authors, Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow.

To this publication bishop Hall replied in "A Defence of the Remonstrance;" and Milton's formidable pen, drawn again in angry opposition to the prelate, produced "Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence." This work is thrown into the form of a dialogue between the remonstrant and his answerer, that passages from the prelate's pages, being assigned to the mouth of the former, may be confounded in their detached and helpless state by the remarks of

the latter. "Why[1] this close and succinct manner," says our author, "was rather to be chosen, this was the reason, chiefly that the ingenious reader, without further amusing himself in the labyrinth of controversial antiquity, may come to the speediest way to see the truth vindicated and sophistry taken short at the first false bound." The replies of the animadverter are always severe and frequently jocose; and there prevails throughout the piece a grim smile which sharpens and aggravates the offence.

When we contemplate these works as the productions of one year, and of a man occupied with the fatiguing duties of an instructor of boys, we must necessarily wonder at that unwearied industry, that ready application of various knowledge, and that exuberant fertility of ardent mind which their composition so manifestly discovers. These five pieces were written in 1641, when their author was thirty-three years of age.

In the beginning of 1642, his "Animadversions," which unquestionably were personal and rude, excited a reply from the pen, as it was imagined, of a son of the insulted bishop; and this connexion of the youthful

[1] P. W. i. 154.

writer might extenuate the violence, if it could not justify the calumnies of his "Modest confutation," as he was pleased to call it, "against a slanderous and scurrilous libel." If this reply indeed had been published with its author's name, its motives would probably have atoned with Milton for its virulence; and his own filial piety, affected by the spectacle of a generous youth rushing to present his bosom to the wound intended for his father's, would have spared the enemy, and have warned him from the combat in the words of Æneas—

Fallit te incautum pietas tua, &c.

But the publication was anonymous; and, heaping enormous falsehoods on its adversary's head, it attempted to overwhelm his innocence with strong abuse and with random accusation.

The "Apology for Smectymnuus" was the result of this accumulated provocation: and the call of defence made it necessary for our author to relate some circumstances respecting himself of which we should otherwise have been ignorant. The most objectionable part of this performance is that which attacks Hall and his satires; its most

splendid, an eloquent and merited eulogy on the first acts of the Long Parliament.

This production seems to have closed the controversy. Weapons, more effectual than pens, were drawn against the Church; and, exposed by the injudicious conduct of some of its prelates,[k] it fell under the assault. If argument and reason could have prevailed, the result would probably have been different. The learning of Usher and the wit of Hall certainly preponderated in the contest; and they seem to have been felt not only by the Smectymnuan divines but by Milton himself. The affected contempt with which he speaks of "the dust and pudder in antiquity; of "his respected friends lying at the mercy of a coy and flurting style;" of "their antagonist vapouring them out with

[k] I allude, particularly, to the intemperate and most unseasonable protest, signed by twelve bishops and drawn up by archbishop Williams, which was presented to the King and by him communicated to the Lords, (on the 30th of Dec. 1641,) against the legality of all the acts of the Legislature, during the compulsory absence of the prelates from their places in the Upper House. Archbishop Williams's accustomed prudence and moderation seem on this occasion to have deserted him: but the strong return of court favour, even at this inauspicious period, had not been unproductive of effect upon his conduct. In the inflammable moment when it was made, this protest instantly excited an explosion, which expelled the governors of the church from their seats in the Legislature, and shook the old hierarchy of England to its base.

quips and snapping adagies, and employing weak arguments headed with sharp taunts," sufficiently betrays the weak points of his friends, and the strong of his opponents. If the Church indeed, at this crisis, could have been upheld by the abilities of its sons, it would have been supported by these admirable prelates; but numbers, exasperation and enthusiasm were against them. The storm raged beyond the controll of any human voice, and the vessel appeared to be lost: she was soon however to be launched again in all her graceful pride; and, favoured by the breath of heaven, to pursue her prosperous course till the misconduct of her navigators shall again endanger her; or till she attain perhaps the most distant limit assigned for the duration of human institutions.

The tone of this debate was far from mild; and all the combatants, with the exception of Usher, seem to have been careless of manners, and not less intent on giving pain to their adversaries, than on the discovery or the establishment of truth. The temper of polemics and of literary disputants is, in all ages, the same; but controversy had not yet learned to conceal the malignity of her bosom under the disguise of a polished brow and a smiling cheek. On this occasion also

many circumstances concurred, as we have already remarked, to heighten that ferocity, which always marks her character when interests of important moment constitute her objects. In this dispute, one party was urged to the defence by every thing which education or possession had endeared; while the other was pressed to the attack by the recollection of past, and by the terror of future oppression.

With an ardent temper and a brilliant imagination, Milton was not formed for cool and temperate disputation. "I[l] could not," he says, "to my thinking, honour a good cause more from the heart than by defending it earnestly." He talked, indeed, "[m] of pleading against his confuter by no other advocates than silence and sufferance; and speaking deeds against faltering words:" but his bold and sanguine nature prohibited such efficient acquiescence, and hurried him into active war. When his adversary called upon all "Christians to stone him, as a miscreant, whose impunity would be their crime," we cannot reasonably wonder at the warmth of his expressions, or at the little scruple with which he scattered his various instruments of

[l] Apol. for Smect. P. W. i. 207. [m] Ibid. i. 209.

pain. These polemical tracts of our author, though perhaps some of the least valuable of his works, are so illumined with knowledge and with fancy, and open to us such occasional glimpses of a great and sublime mind, that they must always be regarded as affording an ample compensation for any harshness of manner with which they may sometimes offend.

We have now conducted our author to a period of his history, when an event took place, which, by its immediate and its remote result, was destined to interrupt the even tenor of his domestic life, and to afflict his heart to the latest moment of his existence. "About Whitsuntide," (1643) says his nephew, "he[n] took a journey into the country, no body about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay, home he returns a married man, who set out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a justice of the peace, of Forest-Hill near Shotover in Oxfordshire."

Milton's matrimonial choice seems, in this instance, to have been the suggestion of

[n] Philips, p. 18.

fancy alone, and its consequences were those which might have been expected from a connexion so evidently imprudent. Strongly attached with all her family to the royalist party, and accustomed to the affluent hospitality of her father's house, "where there was," as Aubrey mentions, "a great deal of company, and merriment, and dancing," the wife of Milton, would not probably find much gratification in the frugal establishment, the retired and studious habits, or the political conversation of her literary and republican husband. In the event, the effect followed regularly and immediately from its cause. After a month's experience of her new life, to the full taste of which the departure of her friends, who had been present at the nuptial festivities, had only just resigned her, the lady sighed for the gaieties which she had left; and, obtaining permission by the earnest request of her relations for a short absence, she revisited Forest-Hill.

About this time some new pupils, whom Milton had consented to admit under his care, were received into his family; and his father, who had lately lived with his younger son in Reading, till the taking of that town in the April of the present year (1643) by the earl of Essex, now came to form a part of

the establishment in Aldersgate-street. In this asylum the respectable old man resided till 1647, when he closed a long and useful life in the embraces of a son, by whose eminence his early cares were fully justified, and by whose piety they were as affectionately requited.

In the list of Milton's friends, at this period, we find the names of the lady Margaret Ley and of captain Dobson her husband, who seem to have entertained a high value for our author, and by him to have been equally esteemed. The lady was the daughter of sir James Ley, who, rising at the bar, was advanced by James I. to the title of earl of Marlborough, and to the important office of High Treasurer. She was celebrated by her contemporaries for her talents and her learning; and from Milton she received the compliment of a sonnet, not adequate perhaps to the occasion, and certainly not comparable in poetic merit to that which he had written, in the preceding year, when by the King's[o] near approach the city had been threatened with an assault.

As the time, limited for the return of his wife, was now passed, he thought it neces-

[o] The King advanced as far as Brentford, in his approach to the city, on the 13th of Nov. 1642.

sary to write to her on the subject of her engagement. When no answer was made to this and to some subsequent letters, he determined on sending a messenger to Forest-Hill. But the crisis was unpropitious to his views and to the reputation of his new allies. The prosperous fortunes of the King, whose forces had defeated those of the Parliament under Fairfax [p] in the north and under Waller [q] in the west, had extraordinarily elated the spirits of his party; and had occasioned the Powells to repent of their republican connexion, by which their feeling was hurt and their interests might eventually be injured. They lost no time, therefore, to atone for their imprudence by breaking the offensive alliance, and by affronting its object. The husband's messenger was dismissed with contempt, and his resentment, irritated by these repeated wounds on his sensibility, was openly set at defiance.

The measure upon which, under these circumstances, he resolved, was that of repudiating a wife, who by her desertion of him had disappointed the nuptial contract of all its objects, and had left with him nothing belonging to matrimony but its chain. To

[p] At Atherston Moor. [q] At Lansdown.

justify such a proceeding to the world, and at the same time perhaps to conciliate for it the countenance of the legislature, he published in 1644 two editions, (one anonymously and one with his name,) of "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." This treatise, which was inscribed to the Parliament, was soon followed by "The judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce:" by "Tetrachordon," and "Colasterion." The two last of these tracts were written in 1645; the latter of them as a reply to an antagonist without a name, and the former as an exposition of the four passages[r] in the sacred writings, which are supposed more immediately to respect the permanency of the marriage-obligation.

By these writings the fury of the Presbyterian Clergy was instantly kindled; and, unmindful of the recent and great services, which they had experienced from the au-

[r] Gen. i. 27, 28. Deut. xxiv. 1, 2. Matt. v. 32, 31. 1 Cor. vii. 13 to 16.

Herbert Palmer, a member of the Assembly of Divines, in a Sermon preached before the Parliament, blames the legislature for suffering "a wicked book deserving to be burnt, whose author had been so impudent as to set his name to it, and dedicate it to themselves, to be abroad without censure." [Todd's Life of Milton.] I have seen this sermon, preserved in the curious library of James Bindley, Esq.

thor's pen, they now assailed him, from the pulpit and the press, with violent and acrimonious hostility. Solicitous also to make him the object of more effective vengeance, they endeavoured to infuse their passions into the legislature; and actually caused him to be summoned before the House of Lords. From this tribunal however he was soon honourably dismissed; and the Presbyterian ministers were left without any consolation for the loss of an able friend, and the excitement of a formidable enemy. Milton was now irrevocably alienated from their cause; and at last he fully discovered that these pretended zealots of liberty sought only their own aggrandizement, and the power of imposing upon others that yoke which they had themselves been unable to bear. On a question less incontrovertibly right, and perhaps more certainly important, we shall soon have occasion to notice our consistent asserter of liberty in determined opposition to these sanctified advocates of insurrection and of tyranny.

On the subject of divorce he makes out a strong case, and fights with arguments which are not easily to be repelled. The whole context of the Holy Scriptures, the laws of the first christian emperors, the opinions of some

of the most eminent among the early reformers, and a projected statute of Edward VI are adduced by him for the purpose of demonstrating that, by the laws of God and by the inferences of the most virtuous and enlightened men, the power of divorce ought not to be rigidly restricted to those causes which render the nuptial state unfruitful, or which taint it with a spurious offspring. Regarding mutual support and comfort as the principal object of this union, he contends that whatever defrauds it of these ends essentially vitiates the contract, and must necessarily justify its dissolution. "What, therefore, God hath joined, let no man put asunder." "But here," says our author, "the christian prudence lies, to consider what God hath joined. Shall we say that God hath joined error, fraud, unfitness, wrath, contention, perpetual loneliness, perpetual discord? Whatever lust, or wine, or witchery, threat or enticement, avarice or ambition hath joined together, faithful or unfaithful, christian with anti-christian, hate with hate, or hate with love—shall we say this is God's joining?"[s] In another passage he expresses himself with the most happy energy on the effect of this discordancy of character.

[s] Tetrac. P. W. ii. 178.

"But unfitness and contrariety frustrate and nullify for ever, unless it be a rare chance, all the good and peace of wedded conversation; and leave nothing between them enjoyable, but a prone and savage necessity, not worth the name of marriage, unaccompanied with love."[t]

Though his arguments failed, and indeed they could not reasonably hope to produce general conviction, their effect was far from being inconsiderable; and a party, distinguished by the name of Miltonists, attested the power of his pen, and gave consequence to his pleading for divorce.[u] The legislature however, coinciding evidently with a large majority of the nation, seem to have considered the evil, resulting from the indissolubleness of marriage, as not to be weighed against the greater good; and their wisdom permitted the abilities of Milton to be exerted in vain against that condition of the

[t] Colast. P. W. ii. 249.

[u] "To these things I must add, that after his Majesty's restoration, when the subject of divorce was under consideration with the Lords upon the account of John Lord Ros, or Roos, his separation from his wife, Anne Pierpont, eldest daughter to Henry Marquis of Dorchester, he (Milton) was consulted by an eminent member of that house, as he was, about that time, by a chief officer of state, as being the person that was knowing in that affair." Wood's Fast. Oxon. p. 261.

contract which provided the most effectually for the interests of the offspring, and which offered the best means of intimately blending the fortunes, the tempers, and the manners of the parents.

Milton certainly entertained the opinions, which he professed; and, to evince to the world his consciousness of freedom, he proceeded, at this time when "[x] the golden reins of discipline and government in the church were let loose," to prefer his addresses to a beautiful and an accomplished young lady, the daughter of a Doctor Davis. It has been intimated that the lady was rather averse from the proposed union; but her objections (and her friends are not stated to have formed any) seem not to have been of a very serious nature, as it appears that the accomplishment of the match was prevented solely by the intervention of an extraordinary and interesting occurrence.

The inauspicious aspect at this juncture, or rather the desperate situation of the royal cause, in consequence of the decisive battle at Naseby,[y] made the family of Milton's wife reluctantly sensible of the folly of their con-

[x] An expression in the famous Remonstrance presented by the Parliament to the King at Hampton Court, on the 1st of December 1641.

[y] In Leicestershire.

duct, and solicitous to propitiate the resentment of an injured husband, whose assistance might now probably be immediately requisite for their protection or subsistence. With no resemblance to the elevated equanimity of the man, who had honoured them with his alliance, they rose or fell, like the mob of their species, with the flow or the ebb of fortune, and were insolent or abject as this unstable power visited or deserted them. The plan for the accomplishment of their purposes was conceived and executed with successful ingenuity. Combining with his friends, who concurred in the wish for a reconciliation between the pair who had been united at the altar, they watched our author's visits, and as he was in the house of a relation,[z] they stationed his wife in an inner apartment, with instructions to appear at the proper time, and to supplicate for his pardon upon her knees. Faithful to the lesson of her friends, she sustained her part with skill, and probably with feeling. The scene was surprising, and the resistance of Milton, which seemed firm only for a moment, fell before its weighty effect. Yielding to the entreaties of beauty, and perhaps

[z] The name of this relation was Blackborough, and his residence in the lane of St. Martin's le Grand.

also to the recurrence of love, what he appeared to concede only to the solicitations of his friends, and dismissing every irritating recollection from his bosom, he re-admitted the wife, who had deserted and insulted him, into the full possession of his affections. Not satisfied with this single triumph over his resentment, he extended his placability to those who were the abettors, if not the instigators of her offence; and, receiving her parents and her family under his roof, he protected and maintained them in this hour of their danger and distress. If his interest with the victorious party was unable to obtain complete immunity for his royalist connexions, it availed to save them from ruin, and to preserve the bulk of a property,[a] from which he was destined to receive not even the stipulated fortune of his wife. Conduct of so high a character, the offspring of a large and a feeling

[a] Mr. Todd, to whose industry and accuracy I am frequently indebted, says upon this occasion, "I observe in the Catalogue of the lords, knights, and gentlemen, who have compounded for their estates," printed at London in 1655, that he (Milton's father-in-law) is thus *branded* as well as punished. "Richard Powel, *delinquent*, per John Pye, esq. 576*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*" Delinquent, was the usual term assigned to the Royalists by the Parliament and its adherents, and expressed the idea of disaffected or failing in duty to the public cause: in this place it may mean nothing more than *defaulter* with reference to the composition, which was not a very heavy one.

heart, is above the ornament of any laboured panegyric. Let the facts, in the intercourse of Milton with the Powells, be placed distinctly and at once in our view, and nothing but atrocious prejudice can withhold us from admiring the magnanimity of the former, and from despising while we pity the meanness of the latter.

Milton was now reunited to his wife; but, his augmented family being too large for his present habitation, he was obliged to place her in a friend's house till a more spacious mansion, which he had recently hired in Barbican, could be made ready for her reception. When the necessary preparations were completed, she removed to her new residence; whither she was soon followed by her parents and her numerous brothers and sisters, who were not unwilling to share in the entertainment which was now become requisite for their support. In this asylum they continued till the question respecting their property was adjusted with the government, and till a period subsequent to the death of the author's father in 1647.

Under the pressure of these domestic embarrassments, and of the momentous interest at this crisis of the public scene, the intellect of Milton, obedient to a heart actuated by

the purest benevolence, was busy in promoting the welfare of the human race. The year 1644, which saw this great man immersed in his controversy about divorce, beheld him also imparting to the world his ideas on the subject of education, and defending, with a power which has never been exceeded, that great guardian of liberty and truth, the freedom of the press.

His "Treatise on Education" is addressed, in the form of a letter, to Mr. Samuel Hartlib; a man to whom sir William Petty subsequently inscribed one of his first works; and who was celebrated for the compass of his learning, and the energy of his public spirit. We have already had occasion to notice the peculiar system of instruction adopted by Milton. Convinced of the lavish expenditure of time in the public schools, where the highest object proposed to hope was the acquisition of the classic tongues, he conceived it to be possible to initiate the young student into science and language by the same process; and to make an acquaintance with things the immediate result of an acquaintance with words.

Between the years of twelve and twenty-one, the pupil, in the schools recommended by our author, was to be led through various

languages from grammar to ethics, logic, rhetoric, politics, law, theology, criticism, composition. Geography was to exhibit to him the surface of the globe, and astronomy to unfold the heavens: natural philosophy, comprehending anatomy and physiology, was to make him conversant with the phænomena of nature, and with the wonders of his own frame: the mathematics were to introduce him to the sciences of architecture, enginry or gunnery, fortification and navigation; and, on his issuing into the world from one of these academies, he was to be accomplished for any duty, to which his country might summon him, in the pulpit or at the bar, in the senate or in the field. During the course of these studies, which visited every region of science, the body of the student was to receive its share of cultivation, to be maintained in health by temperance and to be invigorated by exertion. The exercises, directed on this occasion, were to be of a military nature, "to instruct the youth in the exact use of their weapons, and in the rudiments of their soldiership." After their exercises and their meals, "their spirits were to be recreated and composed with solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learnt; and their minds sent back to study

in good tune and satisfaction." These institutions, in short, were to resemble the old philosophic schools of Greece, with the rare advantage of uniting the martial gymnasia of Sparta with the Academus and Lyceum of Athens.

This must be allowed to be a magnificent plan of education: but we believe it to be calculated only to amuse the fancy, while it would be found by experience to disappoint the expectation. It was suited however to the gigantic mind of Milton, which from its own altitude could not distinguish small difficulties, and in its pride of power could not easily condescend to the effects of inferior capacity. That he was fully persuaded of the practicability of his system cannot well be doubted. "I shall detain you," he says to Hartlib, "now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but we shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs from the

infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles, which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age."[b]

This treatise, though offering to us a scheme which in its entire extent we must reject as not reducible to practice, is yet made valuable by the hints, suggested in it, for the improvement of our established mode of education. In the higher classes of our public schools, more attention, as it would be prejudice to deny, might advantageously be given to science; and in these seminaries, the diet and exercises of our youth might be better regulated with reference to health, and to the perfection of their bodies. This little piece is written in an easier and a purer style than the preceding works of its author: but in every species of merit it must yield to another composition produced, nearly about the same time, by the same pen, and addressed to the Parliament with the title of "Areopagitica, or a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing."

The Presbyterians, as we have already

[b] Mil. P. W. 3. 95-6

remarked, on their rising in these agitated times into power, quickly forgot the principles which they had professed in their adversity; and, declaring against unlimited toleration, discovered by their readiness to violate the rights of others that their tenderness was only for their own. The press was too great a power not to be seized by these impostors of liberty; and, abusing their ascendancy in parliament, they placed this formidable engine under the same controll of which they had lately so indignantly complained. They were satisfied, in short, that the press when it belonged to the church could not be too free, or, when it was possessed by themselves, too solicitously confined. Against these apostate-patriots, who betrayed their cause with the sanctity of profaned religion, Milton now advanced as the champion of free discussion; and the effect of his zeal in this instance, for the interests of genuine liberty, has received the unanimous acclamation of the world. A strong cause was never more powerfully defended; and truth, in the "Areopagitica," is armed by reason and by fancy with weapons which are effective with their weight and edge, while they dazzle us with their brightness.

This masterly and eloquent composition

is opened with the most conciliating address; and its arguments, which are individually strong, derive so much force from their mutual support in a close and advantageous array, as to be absolutely irresistible and imperiously to compel our conviction. Showing that fetters for the press were first contrived by the papal tyranny,[c] and wrought to their ultimate perfection by the Spanish Inquisition, the pleader for liberty proceeds to prove that these shackles are injurious to religious and moral truth, which may be benefited and cannot be injured by any conflict with falsehood: that the circulation of flagitious writings cannot be prohibited by any restraints upon the press, while the offensive suspicion offers an insult to the community and a discouragement to the learned: that, admitting the entire command of the press to be attainable, as it certainly is not, no good would result from the circumstance to morals, as the means of corrupt communication would still be infinitely numerous;

[c] The turbulent and profligate Sixtus IV, whose enormities were exceeded only by those of Alexander VI, was the first who placed the press under the controll of a state inquisitor, or, in other words, appointed a licenser of it. He died in 1484, after having disgraced the Roman see, and disturbed Italy during the space of thirteen years. This is not specified by Milton, but was the fact.

and as, after all, not ignorance but rejection of vice constitutes virtue: that "Adam's doom seems to have been that of knowing good *by* evil; and that a fugitive and cloistered virtue was not to be praised, a virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat." These are some of his arguments against those, who affected to consider the restraint of the press as the protection of religion and morals.

To the jealousy of government, demanding an enslaved press, he replies with incontrovertible truth; "that a state, governed by the rules of justice and fortitude, or a church, built and founded upon the rock of faith and true knowledge cannot be so pusillanimous" as to dread the most unlimited freedom of discussion. "[d] I deny not," says the eloquent pleader, "but that it is of great concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: for books are not absolutely dead things, but do con-

[d] P. W. i. 289.

tain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve, as in a viol, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth: but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond a life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men; how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a

kind of massacre; whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, and slays an immortality rather than a life."

Nothing can be more consonant with the general interests of the community than our author's liberal yet guarded plan. Let the press be as free as the air or the light of heaven: without the check of a question, let it pour its good and its bad into the world; but let the names of those by whom it is employed be in the hands of the public to ensure a proper responsibility to the laws for any infringement of good order, for whatever violation may be offered to morals or to the peace of individuals. By the strict confinement of this diffuser of opinion, if in truth it were practicable among an active and enlightened people, a doubtful and fallacious tranquillity might probably be obtained: but it would be the repose of barbarous ignorance; it would be stagnation and not calm; it would be diseased and melancholy slumber, separated by infinite degrees from that strong and active and sparkling health which, in the intellectual and the moral not less than in the natural world, is maintained as it is produced by agitation

and ferment, by opposition and conflict. In that dissonance of religious and political hostility, which excited the alarm of the timorous and the bigoted in the convulsed and distracted times of our author, he could distinguish nothing but the sprightly vigour of a young people, exulting in the exercise of their powers, "casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, waxing young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, and destined to become great and honourable in these latter days." "Methinks I see in my mind," says the advocate of freedom in a strong burst of eloquence, "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, like the strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her, as an eagle, muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight flutter about amazed at what she means."[e]

His attack on presbyterian inconsistency

[e] P. W. i. 324. The passage should have ended here with "means." The imagery is spoilt and broken by the concluding words, "sects and schisms."

is strong and irresistible. "Who cannot discern the fineness of this politic drift, and who are the contrivers? that while the bishops were to be baited down, then all presses might be open; it was the people's birth-right and privilege in time of parliament;—it was the breaking forth of light. But now, the bishops abrogated and voided out of the church, as if our reformation sought no more but to make room for others into their seats under another name, the episcopal arts begin to bud again: the cruse of truth must run no more oil; liberty of printing must be enthralled under a prelatical commission of twenty; the privilege of the people nullified, and, which is worse, the freedom of learning must groan again and to her old fetters."[f] The language of this composition is every where lucid and elevated, figurative and impressive; and, though not entirely free from learned idioms and constructions,[g] for the age in which it was written it is remarkably pure, and sufficient to entitle the writer to a high place among the masters of style.

[f] P. W. i. 315.

[g] Such as—"For which Britain *hears ill* abroad." "But is become a *dividual* movement." "And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, have at other times variously affected," &c. &c.

Though the Presbyterians in parliament had power to resist the force of this eloquent reasoning, it could not be heard without effect. If however it covered the faces of these traitors to their cause with shame, it was unable to bend their hearts into contrition. That egregious insult on freedom and the community, a licenser of the press, was certainly continued throughout the whole duration of their power: though in 1649 we find Gilbert Mabbot[h] conscientiously resigning this invidious

[h] The account of this transaction is preserved by Dr. Birch, and from him I shall transcribe it.

"Gilbert Mabbot continued in his office till May 22, 1649, when, as Mr. Whitelocke observes, "upon his desire, and reasons against licensing of books to be printed, he was discharged of that employment." And we find a particular account of the affair in a weekly paper, printed in 4to, and intitled, "A perfect diurnall of some passages in parliament, and the daily proceedings of the army under his excellency the lord Fairfax. From Monday May 21 to Monday May 28, 1649. Collected for the satisfaction of such as desire to be truly informed, N° 304." In which, under Tuesday May 28, p. 2531, we read as follows: "Mr. Mabbot hath long desired several members of the house, and lately the Council of State, to move the house, that he might be discharged of licensing books for the future upon the reasons following, viz.

"I. Because many thousand of scandalous and malignant pamphlets have been published with his name thereunto, as if he had licensed the same (though he never saw them) on purpose (as he conceives) to prejudice him in his reputation amongst the honest party of this nation.

"II. Because that employment (as he conceives) is unjust

and indeed impracticable office, and borrowing the motives and the defence of his conduct from the work, to which we have been attending.

We have already noticed that, in the year (1645) succeeding the publication of this piece, our author's controversy on the subject of divorce was brought to a conclusion; and that the re-union of himself and his wife,

and illegall, as to the end of its first institution, viz. to stop the presse for publishing any thing, that might discover the corruption of church and state in the time of popery, episcopacy, and tyranny, the better to keep the people in ignorance, and carry on their popish, factious, and tyrannical designs, for the enslaving and destruction both of the bodies and souls of all the free people of this nation.

"III. Because licensing is as great a monopoly as ever was in this nation, in that all men's judgments, reasons, &c. are to be bound up in the licenser's (as to licensing:) for if the author of any sheete, booke, or treatise, wrote not to please the fancy, and come within the compasse of the licenser's judgment, then he is not to receive any stamp of authority for publishing thereof.

"IV. Because it is lawfull (in his judgment) to print any booke, sheete, &c. without licensing, so as the authors and printers do subscribe their true names thereunto, that so they may be liable to answer the contents thereof; and if they offend therein, then to be punished by such lawes, as are or shall be for those cases provided.

"A Committee of the Council of State being satisfied with these and other reasons of M. Mabbot concerning licensing, the council of state reports to the house; upon which the house ordered this day, that the said M. Mabbot should be discharged of licensing books for the future."

Birch's Life of Milt. p. xxvi.

which subsequently took place, was effected by means as little reputable to the lady's relations as they were honourable to himself In this year he discovered that the Muse, whom he had for so long a time deserted, was still dear to him. From the period of his returning to England, the pastoral, which he had hung upon the tomb of his friend, Charles Deodati, was the only poem of any length which he had composed. The discharge of his serious duties had not admitted of his indulging in his favourite recreation; and his occupations had been of too stubborn and harsh a nature to blend with the fine visions of imagination, or to melt into the harmony of poetry. Some sonnets however he had occasionally produced; and in the year now in question he found so much time to respire, after his domestic and his public contests, as to be able to prepare an edition of all his English, Italian and Latin poems. Of this small volume, which was sent into the world with the author's name and with a preface by the publisher, Humphrey Moseley, the principal pieces have already been made the subjects of our remark. The novelties therefore of this collection, which are chiefly the sonnets, have now the only claim to our attention.

The sonnet, as is generally known, is altogether of Italian origin; and its structure is ascertained with so much rigid precision as to be insusceptible of any, or only of the most trifling variation. Of the fourteen lines, of which it is to consist, the first eight are to admit one change only of rhyme for their termination; and are to be distributed into two stanzas, of which the first verse chimes with the last, and the two intermediate ones with each other. The six concluding lines may either be confined within terminations of two similar sounds alternately arranged, or may be disposed, with two additional rhymes, into a quatrain and a couplet.[i] Like every short poem, the sonnet requires strict unity of subject; but it solicits ornament from variety of thought, on the indispensible condition of a perfect subordination. The sentence may overflow the verse, but must not transgress the stanza.

[i] Milton has not always observed this arrangement of the terminations in the six concluding lines. In his sonnet to Fairfax, he has formed the first four of these lines into a third stanza, of a similar construction with the two preceding ones; and he has made the two last lines to rhyme with the two which immediately go before them. In his sonnet to Cromwell, he has disposed these six verses into a similar stanza, and a couplet with a new rhyme. He seems to have regarded the order of this part of the sonnet as submitted in a great degree to his discretion.

This little poem is impressible with various characters; and, while with Petrarch it is tender and pathetic, with Dante in equal consistency with its nature it is elevated and forcible. Peculiarly adapted to the language and the taste of its native Italy, it has been considered, though in my opinion without sufficient reason, as insuperably unaccommodated to those of Britain. When happily constructed, it will be found to gratify every English ear, attuned to the harmony of verse; and the idea, which it suggests, of difficulty encountered and overcome must contribute, as has been more than once remarked, to heighten the power of its effect.

During the prevalence of our Italian school of poetry, this short and pregnant composition was much in favour with our bards; and in the childhood, as it may be called, of the English Muse, it was made the vehicle of his love by the tender, the gallant, the accomplished and the ill-fated Surrey.[k] In the succeeding generation, the

[k] From the notoriety of the fact, it can scarcely be necessary to inform the reader, that this ornament of the English nobility, (Henry Howard, eldest son of Thomas duke of Norfolk,) fell a victim, in the flower of his age, to the jealousy of that capricious and remorseless tyrant, Henry VIII.

When I speak of Surrey as a sonnetteer, I either take the fact

sonnet was constructed, though not with rigid accuracy, by Sidney, Spenser, Shakspeare, and still more happily by Drummond, the peculiar object, as it would seem, of Milton's applause and imitation. By Milton this minute poem has frequently been animated with a great and mighty soul. That which

on the credit of others, or I adopt the vague language of writers, who call every short poem, comprised within fourteen lines, a sonnet. Surrey has justly been honoured by Mr. Warton with the title of our first English classic: but I am not acquainted with one regular sonnet, which he has constructed. I am far from being profoundly conversant with our old English poets; and therefore the reader will be the less surprised when I tell him that Drummond is the earliest writer of the *true* sonnet whom I can properly be said to know. One of the sonnets of this admirable genius, addressed to the Nightingale, is so beautiful that I must be allowed to gratify myself by transcribing it.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winter, past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts to thee he did not spare;
A stain to human sense in guilt that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spite and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres,—yes, and to angels' lays.

he wrote " when the assault was intended to the city," and those which he addressed to Cyriac Skinner, (the grandson of the great lord Coke,) to Fairfax, to Vane, and to Cromwell are eminent for their vigour and loftiness. Some greater accuracy perhaps might be required in the finishing of these short poems; but they are conceived and executed in a grand and broad style. Like a small statue by the chisel of Lysippus or a miniature from the pencil of Angelo, they demonstrate that the idea of greatness may be excited independently of the magnitude of size.

The distinguishing qualities of our author's genius are generally known to be elevation and power; and he is certainly never more in his proper employment and station than when he is sporting in the tempest, and hovering in infinite space. Descending however into the regions of tenderness and grace, he can contract the action of his giant hands to the braiding of a wreath, or to the fashioning of a gem. If this were not sufficiently attested by his L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and parts of his Comus and of his great Epic, we might rest our proof of it on the testimony of those little pieces which are now under our notice. His sonnet to the nightingale is sweet; that on his deceased wife is pathetic, and

that to Mr. Lawrence is elegant and pleasing. These short sallies of Milton's poetic power are not all indeed equally successful; and a few of them may be acknowledged even to have failed. If we except however the eleventh, written evidently as a sportive struggle to bend knotty words into rhyme, we shall not find one of these minor poems unornamented with beautiful, or undignified with strong, or unelevated with sublime thoughts. The lines in many of them are careless and inharmonious; and the merit of some of the finest among them is diminished by the injury of an inadequate or defective close. If the sonnet to Cromwell had been finished with the same spirit and taste with which it was begun, it would have been of unrivalled excellence: it would indeed have been a precious stone, with its worth infinitely enhanced by the exquisite sculpture on its surface of an Olympian Jove.[1] On the subject of this fine sonnet, it has been justly remarked by bishop Hurd that the beautiful hemistich in the ninth line is vitiated by an impropriety of metaphor.

[1] My meaning in this passage may be liable to mistake. The remark in it is applied solely to the Cromwell of the poet, and not to the Cromwell of history.

> And Dunbar field *resounds* thy praises loud,
> And Worcester's *laureat wreath*.

Though we have noticed in this place all the sonnets of Milton, it may be proper to mention that only ten of them were included in the publication of which we are now speaking, the rest having been composed at a subsequent period. Five of them indeed, viz. those to Fairfax, to Cromwell, to Vane, and to Cyriac Skinner, (who was honoured with two of these poetical addresses,) were withdrawn for a considerable period from the public. They were annexed by Philips to his life of his uncle; and, about four years afterwards, four of them were transcribed by Toland into his work on the same biographical subject: but they were again omitted in some of the following editions, and seemed to be in danger of falling under the proscription of the execrable spirit of party. Faction however has not been able to add this injury to the many which it has inflicted on us; and, in this remoter age, we are not diverted by the political offence of these sonnets from the admiration of their poetical excellence. In the second of the two addressed to Cyriac Skinner is exhibited such a sublime picture of the author's resignation, fortitude, loftiness of soul, and ardent zeal

for the great interests of his species as must necessarily conciliate our reverence and regard, even if it should fail of exciting the stronger feeling of our wonder.[m]

Of this edition of his poems Milton presented a copy to the Bodleian library: but the volume being by some accident lost,

[m] I may add in a note what might be considered as too great an interruption of my subject in the body of the work. Though the regular sonnet has not been a favourite with the present times; and has seen its name, without its power, usurped by a poem of fourteen lines in the elegiac stanza, it has been constructed with eminent success by more than one of those ladies, whose poetic talents have formed a distinguishing feature in the character of our immediate age. It will be obvious that I allude more particularly to a few exquisite sonnets from the pen of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, and to a greater number of them from that of Miss Seward, the merit of which has been acknowledged and ratified by the taste of an applauding public. But I wish to explain that I allude also to another female Muse, whose name is yet unknown to the world, who can no longer warble her melodies upon earth, and who is now in that place to which human praise in its highest elevation can never ascend. When the reader has perused the following sonnet, chosen from others in my possession solely for the melancholy, I had almost said the prophetic peculiarity of its subject, let him know that the writer of it was only in the middle of her twelfth year, and that, when she had just completed her fourteenth, she closed a life as amiable for piety and sweetness as it was remarkable for genius. Let him know likewise that this sonnet, which was once read by me with exquisite delight, not unmingled perhaps with pride, is now transcribed by me with tears, which can never cease to flow when the idea obtrudes itself of the daughter whom I lately had, and have no more.

John Rouse,[n] the principal librarian, wrote to solicit a repetition of the gift. The request was of too flattering a nature to be refused; and to the book, which he sent in compliance with it, the author gave additional value by inscribing its first page with a Latin ode; a composition entitled to considerable though not to unqualified praise. Its irregularity of measure, for which any classical authority, even among the choruses of the Greek dramatists, would be vainly sought, must certainly be admitted in dimi-

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

Scarce had thy velvet lips imbibed the dew,
And Nature hail'd thee infant queen of May;
Scarce saw thine opening bloom the sun's broad ray,
And to the air its tender fragrance threw,
When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew;
And by his cold, rude kiss thy charms decay:
Now droops thy head, now fades thy blushing hue—
No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay.
So blooms a maid, her guardians—health and joy—
Her mind array'd in innocency's vest—
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast.
She fades—the parent, sister, friend, deplore
The charms and budding virtues now no more!

Nov. 27, 1800. CAROLINE SYMMONS.

[n] John Rouse or Russe, A. M. Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, was elected chief librarian of the Bodleian may 9, 1620. He died in April 1652. WARTON.

nution of its merit. But its diction is pure and, equally with its matter, eminently poetic. As it exhibits the [o] last effort of Milton's Roman muse, and has not perhaps experienced sufficient attention, the reader will pardon me for transcribing some of its stanzas, as I can gratify him, at the same time, with a translation of them by the elegant pen of my friend Francis Wrangham.

STROPHE I.

Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronte licet geminâ,
Munditieque nitens non operosâ;
Quem manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Insons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio; mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede.

Go, Book, with one informing mind
Living beneath a twofold face: [p]
And, studious of no alien grace,
Go plain, and speak what once the youth design'd;

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[o] The few verses which he wrote under Cromwell's picture, and addressed to Christina, form too slight an exception in this instance to be worthy of notice.

[p] This volume had a double title-page, one prefixed to the Latin and one to the English poems.

While 'mid Ausonia's classic shade
Reclined, or in some native glade,
Yet guiltless of his country's ire,
He struck on Rome's or Albion's lyre:
Or roused the thunder of the Tuscan chord,
And, spurning earth's low tracts, through fields empyreal soar'd.

STROPHE II.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo,
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium,)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus;
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;
Immundasque volucres,
Unguibus imminentes,
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo?

Would but some heavenly power,
In pity of our prostrate fame,
(If sorrow yet hath purged our name
And woe's atoning pang hath had its hour,)
Quell the fierce crowd's unhallow'd roar,
And back to their loved haunts restore
The banish'd Nine, who drooping roam
Without a comforter or home;
Wing his keen shaft against the noisome race,
And far from Delphi's stream the harpy mischief chase.

ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,

Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix: en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ.

But thou rejoice, dear book;
Though late purloin'd by pilfering hand,
Or wandering from thy brother-band,
Thou lurkest now in some inglorious nook:
In some vile den thy honours torn,
Or by some palm mechanic worn;
Rejoice! for lo! new hopes arise,
That thou again may'st view the skies;
From Lethe's pool oblivious burst to day,
And win on "sail-broad vans" to highest heaven thy way.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos;
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxonia quam valle colit,
Delo posthabitâ
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legêris inter alta nomina
Auctorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina et verum decus.

'Tis thine to hail the groves,
Her vale's green charms where Oxford spreads,
Thine her fair domes and velvet meads,
Which more than his own Delos Phœbus loves,

Than Pindus more: and thine, proud choice!
(Since thou by friendship's partial voice
Art call'd to join the immortal band,)
'Mid many an honour'd bard to stand;
Bards of old Greece and conquering Rome the pride,
Whose names shall float for aye on time's o'erwhelming tide.

EPODOS.

Vos, tandem, haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem sedesque beatas,
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi;
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentûm prava facesset:
At ultimi nepotes
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit, integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Roüsio favente.

And ye my other toils,
Not toil'd in vain—some distant day
From envy's fang shall speed your way,
Where Rouse protects and favouring Hermes smiles:
There nor the rabble shall revile,
Nor factious critics pour their bile;
But, hoarded to a happier age,
A purer race shall scan the page;
With heart unwarp'd your humble worth regard,
Trample on Spleen's wan corse, and bless the patriot-bard.

Mr. Warton has favoured us with only one critical remark on any part of the struc-

ture of this ode. On the seventy-eighth line "Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi," the critic observes, "If he meant this verse for an hendecasyllable, there is a false quantity in solers. The first syllable is notoriously long." This single observation, which would lead us to suspect that Mr. Warton's [q] acquaintance with the Greek and Roman metres was not very profound, has induced me to offer, in a note,[r] a more extensive piece of criticism on this wild and lawless composition.

[q] Mr. Warton's observations, on our author's Latin prose composition, discover the critic to be ill qualified for the office which he has undertaken, and his dogmatic censure of all Milton's prose writings, (with a gracious exception indeed in favour of the "Tractate on Education" and the "Areopagitica,") betrays the want of taste in nearly as great a degree as it does the predominancy of prejudice. Of the opinions which, in the circle of his college-admirers and elated by partial applause, Mr. W. has thus ventured to hazard, I will not abuse the reader's or my own time by condescending to take any further notice. They are to be found p. 571 of the ed. of Milton's Juvenile Poems.

[r] When he constructed this ode to Rouse, which is now a wild chaos of verses and no verses heaped together confusedly and licentiously, Milton must be regarded as imprudent for not having taken any one model of acknowledged authority, by a perfect assimilation to which, in the construction and the combination of his metres, he might have secured himself from error and reprehension. Inattentive or lawless he must certainly be deemed, either for not noticing or for not following the rule of systematizing, which the moderation of the Latin poets chose to affect, rather than to indulge in that inexhaustible variety, that rapid

In the year in which this was written,

interchange of numbers, which enchants and astonishes in the tragic solemnity of the chorus of the Grecian Muse, or in the wild roll of her dithyrambic. This preference of a system may be observed amongst all, even the latest of the Roman poets; though exceptions to it will be found in two or three choruses in Seneca's plays (Agam. 590. 810. Œdip. 403), which at the same time exhibit transgressions of every rule of metre and of rhythm. To disapprove then of the general plan and construction of this ode is only to admit that, in matters of this nature, innovation is dangerous and to be avoided: for, in compositions in the classical languages, what is without precedent may be contrary to principle; and in every department of knowledge the vague surmises of probability, which are doubtful, must not be balanced against the conclusions of necessity, which are certain. Next in order to be regarded is the execution of the ode, which need not have followed the licentiousness of the plan; and it would have been more becoming in our poet to adhere to authority in the former, than it was censurable to depart from it in the latter; for to deviate from authority in the former was to produce new fabrics of verse, and thus to indulge in a violence of innovation at which sound judgment must necessarily revolt. It was to be expected therefore that Milton would fortify each of his lines with example, or, in defect of example, would at least advance for his deed the plea of reason, and would attempt to conciliate criticism with the effect of harmony: but to neither of these dictates of prudence has he invariably attended. For some of his verses individual example will be sought for in vain, while in others, not strictly conformable to those models which they most nearly resemble, the less severe and fastidious will admit the principle of construction not to be wholly contrary to the genius of the Latin language, and will acknowledge that the rhythm distinguishes them from the asperity of their neighbours. With lines of this description may be classed the following:

(1646,) the wife of Milton produced her first

Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris.
Optat peculi, numeroque justo.
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse.
Æternorum operum custos fidelis.
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi.

(The two last verses are not Phalæcians, whatever Milton may call them)

Auctorum Graiæ simul ac Latinæ,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit atque longè.

The five last lines are too cumbrous with spondees, but they are constructed after the manner of Pindar, the most beautiful and the most frequent of whose verses are formed by prefixing or postfixing trochaics to dactylics—e. g.

Πρωτεσίλα τὸ τεὸν δ' ανδρῶν Αχαιῶν
Εμπυρα χαλκοαρᾶν ὀ'κλω θανόνλιων.

So Seneca—

Ut quondam Herculeâ cecidit pharetrâ.
Motam barbaricis equitum catervis.

These lines, though not very strictly formed on any model and indefensible by example, may be admitted as not deficient in rhythm: but others are to be found in this composition of Milton's not only unprotected by the strong bulwark of authority, but unrecommended also by the wily influence of harmony; monsters, such as Seneca, or whoever was the author of Œdipus and Agamemnon, scarcely ever begot, or Georgius Fabricius christened. To reject disdainfully such specimens as are contained in the following list requires not the superbum aurium judicium. King Midas would have disapproved of them; and we may decide dogmatically, and may animadvert severely, without caution and without delicacy, on a fact which is so obvious and on uncouthness which is so barbarous.

child,[s] a daughter, baptized by the name of

Insons populi, barbitoque devius.
Modo quis Deus, aut editus Deo.
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem.
Orbi notus per immensos.
Almaque revocet studia sanctus.
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam.
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ.
Callo tereris institoris insulsi.
Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus.
Munditieque nitens non operosâ.
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium.
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo.
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras.

As Antispastics, (a measure though difficult and obscure, yet not lawless and licentious,) are in use only among the Greeks, and were rejected by the Latins, as unpleasant to their ears and repugnant to their accent, it would be in vain to justify the preceding lines by referring them to that metre, to which they may perhaps bear some shadowy resemblance: with any degree of resemblance, they could not be permitted to avail themselves of such far-fetched and foreign authority—citra mare nati.

Of the remaining lines of this ode, it will be sufficient to say that they are good and that most of them are well-known and well authorized, without entering into a tedious detail of the names of dactylics, iambics, trochaics, asclepiadeans, &c. &c. The dactylic, Clarus Erectheides, would sound fuller and better if the diptthong *ei* were resolved puncto dialyseos. Dawes has well observed that these words Τυδειδης, Ατρειδης, &c. never occur in Homer where they *must* be trisyllables, but only where they *may* be quadrisyllables. Add to this the words of Eustathius not far from the beginning of his Παρεκβολαὶ εἰς τὴν Ὁμήρου πόιησιν. Ὅι Αἰολῆις πολλάκις ἐν τᾶις διφθόγγοις ἐκ ἀποβαλλουσιν, αλλ'

[s] July 29.

Anne, who was lame either from her birth, or in consequence of some accident in her early infancy. In the following year, in which our author's father died, his allies, the Powells, returned to their own mansion, and his house, being once more resigned to literature, "looked again," to use his nephew's expression, "like a house of the [t] Muses." In this house however, in which his second child, Mary, was born,[u] he did not continue long;[x] exchanging it for one of smaller dimensions in High Holborn, the back part of which opened into Lincoln's Inn Fields.

ἀρκεῖνται μίνῃ διαλίασει, ὡς ἐν τῷ Ἀλρείδης, Ἀιγείδης Αργείος. Pindar sometimes uses the dialysis, and sometimes not.

Γεφύρωσε δ' Ατρείδαισι νοστὸν.
Δόντες Οἰκλείδα γυναῖκα.

In the scolion to Harmodius and Aristogeiton.

Τυδείδην τε ἐσθλὸν Διομηδέα—

Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet.

I cannot help admiring that Seneca should so studiously affect an anapæst in the fifth place of a senarius, to the almost entire exclusion of a tribrach and an iambus.

[t] Philips, xxvii. [u] October 25, 1648.

[x] The date of this change of residence is not precisely ascertained. It is said to have been soon after the march of the army, in April 1647, under Fairfax and Cromwell to suppress the insurrection, excited in the city by Massey and Brown. Milton's official appointment took place in 1649, soon after the establishment of the Council of State. He occupied his house, therefore, in High Holborn about two years.

His next removal of residence was occasioned by his acceptance of the office of Latin secretary, which rendered a situation nearer to Whitehall an object of convenience to him.

As those writings of Milton, which will soon occur to our notice, are intimately connected with the great political transactions of his time, it will be necessary to throw a cursory view upon these interesting events, before we proceed again in the prosecution of our more immediate subject.

The victory at Naseby, gained on the 14th of June 1645 by the army under Fairfax and Cromwell, may be considered as having terminated the war between the Parliament and Charles, a civil war honourably distinguished from every other by the general benignity of its spirit, and the admirable moderation of the victor. From the moment of this defeat the unhappy Monarch was, in truth, in the possession of his enemies; and he passed the few months, which intervened before his surrender to the Scots, in a species of captivity at Oxford.

In the April of the following year, he fled to the army of the Scots before Newark, under the command of the earl of Leven, by whom he was detained as a prisoner, and, in no

long time, delivered to the commissioners of the Parliament. By them he was [y] conducted to Holmby, or Holdenby-house, in Northamptonshire; where he remained, in easy if not in honourable confinement, till he was seized in the following June, by the army; and after some removals was settled by them, in a state of delusive liberty and splendour, at Hampton-Court.

At this crisis of his fate he was presented with an opportunity of recovering his fallen fortunes, and replacing himself on the throne. The Presbyterians, now in the fulness of their power, with the Parliament, the city of London and the Scots at their command, thought it no longer necessary to continue that disguise which had hitherto imperfectly concealed their principles from the world. They openly avowed themselves the enemies of toleration; and their victorious army, composed of Independents and various sectarists, began to discover that they had lavished their blood only to substitute one tyranny for another, and had conquered merely for their own ruin. In this exigence they preferred petitions and remonstrances to the Parliament, and, on the failure of these legal weapons, under the impulse of resent-

[y] Feb. 6, 1646-7.

ment and despair, they resorted to violence, and destroyed the presbyterian power, the government, and themselves. They became indeed the instruments of their superior officers; and were eventually made the engine of Cromwell, by whom they with the nation were despoiled of all their great political objects; but were gratified with their favourite toleration in its most unlimited extent.

These events however, though just at hand, were not as yet disclosed or even foreseen; and Ireton and Cromwell, uncertain of the result of their contest with the Presbyterians, made an offer to Charles, while he was in their power at Hampton-Court, to reinstate him in his royalties on certain conditions, for which they stipulated in behalf of themselves and of their friends. But the infatuated prince, under the influence of weak or interested advisers, and elated by a strange opinion of his own essential importance[z] amid this violent conflict of parties, rejected the proffers of his fortune; and even offended those, by whom they were made, with his

[z] He was persuaded, he said, that it was in his power to turn the scale, and that the party must sink which he abandoned; and he told those, who brought to him the offers of the army, "I shall see you glad ere long to accept more equal terms. You cannot be without me: you will fall to ruin, if I do not sustain you," &c. &c. RUSHWORTH.

haughtiness, his fluctuation, and his duplicity. When they found, by their discovery of his secret correspondence with the queen, that no reliance was to be placed on his good faith, Ireton and Cromwell seem to have determined on his destruction; and, withdrawing their protection, they compelled him, for his immediate preservation, to fly from Hampton-Court in quest of another asylum. This he sought, but, instead of it, he unfortunately found a much more certain and rigorous prison in the Isle of Wight; where he experienced a close confinement for nearly a twelvemonth in Carisbrooke Castle.[a]

Even here however fortune seemed again disposed to redress her former wrongs to him, and to give him back, by treaty, a large part at least of what she had ravished from him by arms. But his fatal obstinacy finally repulsed her; and the persuasion, from which all his past experience could not reclaim him, of the consequence of a dethroned and captive king, induced him to throw away the last mean of safety. The difficulties which he interposed protracting the negociation between him and the Parliament, the army gained time to return from their victo-

[a] Commanded by Col. Hammond.

rious expedition against the Scots, and to concert their measures against their common enemies, the Presbyterians and himself. Having possessed themselves of the Parliament by force, they once more seize upon the Monarch, and, insulting him with the mockery of a legal trial under the pretended authority of an unrepresented people, they lead him to suffer on the scaffold.[b] In pronouncing the illegality of this whole proceeding the voice of the dispassionate and the intelligent must necessarily be unanimous; and the question will not be found to include any part of that respecting the guilt of Charles, or the right of the nation to make him responsible with his life, for the abuse of his delegated sceptre. He fell, as it must be obvious, not by the judicial, but by the military sword; and, though Bradshaw pronounced the sentence, the fanatic army, under the guidance of Ireton and Cromwell, were in truth the authors of his death.

Abhorrent, as I necessarily must be, from this deed of sanguinary violence, I cannot consent to involve, in one sweep of condemnation, all those who were its perpetrators. While the greater number of them were wild

[b] On the 30th of January, 1648-9.

enthusiasts, who conceived that they were acting in obedience to the will of God by removing the intolerant supporter of prelacy, and the violator also, as they imagined, of the obligation of the sovereign to the people, a few of them, if not comprehensive politicians, were honest patriots, who fancied that, by the trial and the execution of a guilty king, they could establish a commonwealth on the basis of equal right and of general advantage. Among these, who certainly formed a small minority, I must reckon Ireton, Bradshaw and Ludlow, men who were true to their professed principles, and who evidently acted on their views of the public good, erroneous as we know them to have been. On Bradshaw I shall produce in its proper place an eloquent and, in many respects, a just eulogy from the pen of Milton.

During the whole of this distressful and opprobrious transaction, our author had remained an inactive spectator of the public scene, and had in no way been accessory to the fate of Charles. "[c] Neither did I

[c] Neque de jure regio quicquam a me scriptum est, donec Rex, hostis a senatu judicatus belloque victus, causam captivus apud judices diceret, capitisque damnatus est. Tum verò tandem, cum Presbyteriani quidam ministri, Carolo priùs infestissimi, nunc Independentium partes suis anteferri, et in senatu plus posse indignantes, Parliamenti sententiæ de Rege latæ (non

write any thing," as he declares at a period when the prosperity of his party made it unnecessary for him to suppress the truth, "respecting the regal jurisdiction, till the King, proclaimed an enemy by the senate and overcome in arms, was brought captive to his trial and condemned to suffer death. When indeed some of the presbyterian leaders, lately the most inveterately hostile to Charles, but now irritated by the prevalence of the Independents in the nation and the senate and stung with resentment not of the fact, but of their own want of power to commit it, exclaimed against the sentence of the Parliament upon the King, and raised what commotions they could by daring to assert that the doctrine of the protestant divines and of all the reformed churches was strong in reprobation of this

facto irati, sed quod ipsorum factio non fecisset) reclamitarent, et, quantum in ipsis erat, tumultuarentur, ausi affirmare Protestantium doctrinam, omnesque ecclesias reformatas ab ejusmodi in reges atroci sententiâ abhorrere, ratus falsitati tam apertæ palàm eundum obviam esse, ne tum quidem de Carolo quicquam scripsi aut suasi, sed quid in genere contrà tyrannos liceret, adductis haûd paucis summorum theologorum testimoniis, ostendi; et insignem hominum, meliora profitentium, sive ignorantiam sive impudentiam, propè concionabundus incessi. Liber iste non nisi post mortem Regis prodiit, ad componendos potiùs hominum animos factus, quam ad statuenduum de Carolo quicquam, quod non mei sed magistratuum intererat, et peractum jam tum erat. Def. secun. P. W. v. 234.

severity to kings, then at length I conceived it to be my duty publicly to oppose so much obvious and palpable falsehood. Neither did I then direct my argument or persuasion personally against Charles, but by the testimony of many of the most eminent divines I proved what course of conduct might lawfully be observed towards tyrants in general; and, with the zeal almost of a preacher, I attacked the strange ignorance or the wonderful impudence of these men who had lately amused us with the promises of better things. This work was not published till after the death of the King; and was written rather to tranquillize the minds of men than to discuss any part of the question respecting Charles, a question, the decision of which belonged to the magistrate and not to me, and which had now received its final determination."

The work, of which Milton speaks in this passage, was published in February 1648-9 with the title of "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates; proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so through all ages, for any, who have the power, to call to account a tyrant or wicked king; and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary magistrate have neglected or denied to do it."

Respecting the origin and object of the regal and magisterial function there cannot be a dissentient opinion among the enlightened and the reflecting. It would be idle to affirm that this monarch inherited his sceptre from his ancestors, or that another obtained his by conquest, or that in no instance now before our eyes has the voice of the people seated its favourite on the throne. No other conceivable source of political power can be pretended than the general will operating, by exertion or in acquiescence, for the general order and advantage.

When God made man weak and indigent, and gave him propensities to coalesce for the purpose of supplying his individual impotence by the force of combination, God was in fact the institutor of human society; and when he permitted man, whom he had created fallible, to lapse into error and thus rendered the controll of private interest and passion requisite for the common security, the same Almighty Being was in truth the founder of human government. Political institution therefore, as well as social union, must be referred to the Creator as to its first father; and the pure despotism of Persia or of imperial Rome may as unquestionably assert its claim to this heavenly pedi-

gree as the pure democracy of Athens or the complex artifice of the constitution of Britain. "[c] The powers that be are ordained of God;" and the magistrate may justly be regarded as the minister of that Supreme Power to whose permission the necessity of his existence must ultimately be referred. But while God must thus be admitted as the first parent of government in the abstract, he has evidently submitted the adjustment of its particular modes to the reason and the will of man. By this intellectual and moral agent the requisite controll may be enlarged or restrained, may be confined to the hands of one, or distributed among those of many according to the determination of his wants, his habits, or his inclination; and, on the principle that human guilt is punishable by human justice, the abuser of this confided controll must be amenable to the judgment of those from whose authority and for whose benefit he has received it.

To this point, then, we cannot well refuse our concurrence to Milton; but to the next step it will be hazardous to accompany him. If the right to punish these elevated delinquents be invariably annexed to

[c] Rom. xiii. 1.

the possession of the power, a fearful opening will be left for mischief; and the sword, directed by private passion or perhaps by individual caprice, may injure the interests of thousands while it strikes a criminal magistrate. There may indeed be extreme cases in which nature, rising against oppression, will vindicate the blow inflicted by one or by the few. But the occurrence of these cases must necessarily be so rare, and the evil of the proposed remedy is so incontrovertibly great, that a christian moralist cannot hesitate to prohibit the execution of the most evident public justice by any less power than that of the public will. The wisdom of the English constitution is in this instance especially admirable. Making, under the influence of the most cogent reasons, the person of the first magistrate intangible and sacred and yet acknowledging the indissoluble union of responsibility with trust, it compels this inviolable officer to act with the agency of others, and to these indispensible instruments it attaches the responsibility of the great executive office.

With the conscious security of a patriarchal father at the head of his extended family, the Sovereign is thus invited to the indulgence of paternal benevolence, while

the interests of the community are as effectually secured as if the sword, in perpetual and delicate suspense over his head, were ready to fall on him for every abuse of his delegated authority. But some of the finer lineaments of the English constitution were not ascertained in the time of Milton; and his ideas of liberty were formed principally in the school of Greece, where the hand which slew a tyrant was consecrated; and where, from the natural result of their trembling insecurity, these usurpers of the public rights were peculiarly bloody and ferocious.

The treatise, which we are noticing, is full of strong argument and weighty sense. In support of the lawfulness of tyrannicide, the writer adduces some examples from the Hebrew scriptures; and is willing to infer that the especial commission of unerring wisdom and justice, which certainly hallows the deed immediately in question, communicates the covering of its sanction to deeds precisely the same in kind, motive, and effect. From the sacred writings of the christians he can cite only two or three passages, which prove nothing more than that the blessed Jesus did not assign to monarchs all the attributes which were given to them by the adulation of the world, or feel for

wicked sovereigns more respect than he felt for wicked men.

The opinions of christian divines,[d] which are subsequently produced, make more directly and fully for the author's purpose. According to the judgment of these learned and pious men, "kings are under the laws as well as their subjects, and regal guilt, from its greater consequences, ought to be corrected with severer infliction:" "kings have their authority from the people, who may upon occasion reassume it:"—"kings who endeavour to subvert religion, and use their power to the injury of those for whose benefit it was entrusted to them, break the ties between them and their people, and release the latter from their allegiance;"—and, lastly, "kings or rulers, who become blasphemers of God, oppressors and murderers of their subjects, ought not to be accounted kings or lawful magistrates, but ought, as private men, to be examined, accused, condemned and punished."

These authorities unquestionably demonstrate that the responsibility of kings to a human tribunal is a doctrine which has not

[d] The divines, whose opinions are cited by Milton on this occasion, are Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, Bucer, Peter Martyr, Paræus, Gilby, Christopher Goodman, and the Scotch reformers, with the whole body of the Scotch clergy.

uniformly been considered as incompatible with christian theology: but their support cannot be extended to the full assertion in the title of this piece, "that it is lawful for *any who have the power* to call to account a tyrant;" &c. though this assertion be a little qualified by the subsequent words, "*and after due conviction* to depose and put him to death."

In the course of this work the Presbyterians obtain much of the author's notice; and their conduct is exposed by him with the severity which it deserved. It was difficult indeed to animadvert too strongly upon the inconsistency of men who, after resisting the authority of their sovereign, after making him the aim of their devout execrations from the pulpit and of their artillery in the field, after "hunting and pursuing him," to use the author's own words, "round about the kingdom with fire and sword;" after dethroning, seizing, and imprisoning him, now clamoured against the natural result of their own actions, and, pretending conscience and the covenant, felt extreme tenderness for the inviolability and sacredness of the kingly person, which they had endangered by their war and had violated with their chains. It would have been well for them if they had attended to

the salutary warning given to them by our author, and, withholding their confidence from men exasperated beyond the just hope of a reconciliation, had forborne to coalesce with the royalists, by whom they were soon to be crushed in one common ruin with their immediate enemies the Independents.

The next work, which came in rapid succession from the pen of Milton, was, "Observations upon the Articles of Peace, which the earl of Ormond had concluded at Kilkenny, on the 17th of Jan. 1648-9, in the king's name and by his authority, with the popish Irish Rebels, &c. &c."

From its imputed connexion with the rebellion of the catholics in Ireland, the royal cause had contracted remarkable unpopularity. This insurrection, which evinced the power of long-continued oppression to debase and unhumanize man, was so deeply stained with blood, and was distinguished by features of such peculiar ferocity as to strike not England alone, but all civilized and christian Europe with horror and consternation. An insurrection which, in its first fury, had massacred, (as has been computed, though probably with considerable exaggeration,) nearly 200,000 persons, defenceless and unsuspicious of danger; an insurrection, in

which neither the tenderness of sex, nor the weakness of commencing or of declining life had prevailed on pity to suspend the stroke of murder; an insurrection, in which the mother and the infant at her breast had frequently been confounded in each others blood, and even the living womb had been ripped up to intercept the hope of breathing existence; an insurrection, in short, which had acknowledged no social tie, which had exhausted torture and insult to inflame the agonies of death, which in some instances had attempted to gratify its fiend-like revenge, by destroying with one wound both the body and the soul—could not certainly be contemplated without horror, or be embraced without the deepest contamination.

With the massacre itself no participation of the King's could be pretended by the hardiest malice of his enemies: but it would perhaps exceed the power of his most bigoted friends to clear him from the charge of being accessory to the revolt, of which the massacre was the terrible, but not necessary or foreseen consequence. The feeling of a common cause against the increasing power of the Parliament, and the persuasion of a common religion had undoubtedly prevailed upon the Queen to lend her sanction,

in which the King's was implied, to the projected rising of the papists, whose army called itself her's, and whose leaders every where professed to act under the royal authority, and loyally avowed their support of the throne. We can easily admit that the king's commission, pretended by O'Neale, was a forgery of that detestable ruffian's: but the papers, produced after the restoration by his associate, the marquis of Antrim, among which was a letter in the King's own hand authorizing him to take up arms, cannot fail to convince the most resolute infidelity that the court, not aware of the weakness and the mischief of such assistance, had solicited aid from the co-operation of the Irish chiefs. The subsequent excesses of these barbarian bigots made the strongest disavowal of any connexion with them, on the part of their royal ally, a measure of the most obvious expediency: but the conduct of Charles, when, within the space of three years and at a crisis not unfavourable to his fortunes, he gave to the earl of Glamorgan full powers to treat with these murderers, and to grant not merely pardon, but honours and triumph to their crimes, abundantly demonstrates that loyalty with "hands thicker than themselves with brother's blood," was more acceptable

to him than resistance with the most specious and alluring smile of patriotism on its cheek.

The peace concluded in his name with these insurgents by the earl of Ormond, on the articles of which Milton now animadverts, was susceptible of more palliation, as it was made under circumstances of greater pressure and when the royal cause was reduced to the most desperate extremity. In either case, however, he must be a stern moralist, and ignorant of the just demand of human weakness, who will not pause before he condemns a monarch, in the same situation with Charles, for refusing to offer his private interests at the shrine of public virtue, and to reject the promises of personal good from a regard to the welfare or from sympathy with the feeling of an alienated and hostile nation. But let this point be determined as it may, one of the principal causes of the King's ruin was his supposed confederation with the Irish catholics; and the treaty made with them under his authority by Ormond, at the time of which we are speaking, was sufficient to confirm the public prepossession on the subject and to give the tone of truth to republican and puritan invective.

The opportunity was too favourable to

be neglected by Milton; and he found it not difficult to be severe on the articles of a peace which, completely abandoning the English and the protestant causes in Ireland, permitted their enemies to exult in the successful consequences of their sanguinary revenge. The conduct indeed of the Royalists in this instance, and of their new allies, the Presbyterians, one of whose official papers, called "A Representation of the Presbytery at Belfast," was included in Milton's present strictures, very evidently discovered to what lengths in dereliction of principle, and how far from any sight of the public-good men could be hurried by the irritation of private motives and the domineering influence of party rage.

When he had concluded this attack on the united enemies, as he was inclined to deem them, of his country, Milton reverted to the more quiet occupations of literature, and [e] finished, as he tells us, four books of

[e] His rebus confectis, cum jam abundè otii existimarem mihi futurum, ad historiam gentis, ab ultimâ origine repetitam ad hæc usque tempora, si possem, perpetuo filo deducendam me converti. Quatuor sanè libros absolveram, cum ecce nihil tale cogitantem me, Caroli regno in rempublicam redacto, Concilium Statûs, quod dicitur, tum primum authoritate parliamenti constitutum,

that great historical work, which he intended to consecrate to the honour of his native land.

Of this work, in which it was the writer's purpose to trace the entire history of England from its first dark source in the regions of fable to its influx into his own times, only six books were completed. The four first of these conduct the narrative to the union of the Heptarchy under Egbert; and the two last, written in his next pause from controversial asperity when he had crushed the interfering insolence of Morus, bring it no lower than to the battle of Hastings. Of a history, so imperfect and terminating just at the moment in which it was to become interesting, we can only say that the materials, which are copiously and curiously collected, are well arranged and combined; and that the style, made occasionally harsh by inversions not congenial with our language, is uniformly perspicuous and energetic while it is frequently elegant and harmonious. The first book of this work is abandoned without reserve to the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and was intended,

ad se vocat, meâq; operâ ad res præsertim externas uti voluit. P. W. v. 234.

as the author intimates, rather to suggest subjects to the poet than maxims to the statesman or lessons to the sage.[f]

The prosecution of this historical labour was suspended by an event which formed a great crisis in Milton's life; and, immediately leading him to extended fame and fortune, eventually proved the mean of his extreme danger and distress.

On the death of Charles, a government nominally representative, and professing to spring directly from the will of the people, was raised upon the ruins of the throne. In this state of things, the executive power was lodged, by that portion of the long Parliament which had survived the violence of the fanatic army, in a council consisting of thirty-eight members of the legislative assembly, and by them the political machine was conducted under the name of the Commonwealth of England. A republic, however constituted, and how liable soever to objection in its best forms and under the wisest modifications, is still informed with a strong principle of animation, which actu-

[f] I have, therefore, determined to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales; be it for nothing else but in favour of our English poets and rhetoricians, who by their art will know how to use them judiciously. P. W. iv. 2.

ates public spirit and summons into exertion all the talent and energy of a people. The Council of State, as the executive council was called, in which were men of large and comprehensive minds, approved itself to be eminently qualified for the task of empire; and the new Commonwealth proceeded, under its direction, to command the respect and the terror of Europe.

England at this juncture, like the [g] snake, described by the poet, on its issuing from its winter retreat, erected herself in the renovated brilliancy of youth, and presented an aspect which every where prevented by intimating a defiance of assault. Resolved on adopting the old Roman language for that of the government in its intercourse with foreign nations, one of the first acts of

[g] Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terrâ tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventâ
Lubrica convolvit, sublato pectore, terga,
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.
Æne. ii. v. 471.

As when a serpent from his winter bed,
Repair'd by sleep, with earth's green poisons fed,
Springs into light; and, having thrown aside
His wrinkled age, exults in youthful pride:
Shoots through the grass his radiant length unroll'd;
Or, rear'd against the sun on many a fold,
Threats with his triple tongue, and eyes of living gold.

the new council was the appointment of a Latin secretary for the execution of its wise and spirited design. The learning, talents, and republicanism of Milton immediately pointed him out to the sagacity of the Council as the person fitted for its purpose; and accordingly, without even a suspicion of the preferment which was intended for him, he was invited into the service of the state.

It has been asked, but as I think unnecessarily since his literary and political merits had long been known to the public, by whose interest he was selected for this honourable preference; and it has been suggested that he might be indebted for it either to the younger Vane or to Bradshaw, who were members of the Council, and who have been made the subjects, in verse and in prose, of his poetic and his eloquent panegyric. We have already noticed, and we shall now transcribe the sonnet which he addressed to the former of these eminent characters; and we shall then produce, from his "Second Defence," the portrait which he has so admirably delineated of the latter. In Vane was exhibited the most extraordinary union of power with imbecillity, of comprehension with narrowness, of the cool and penetrating states-

man with the heated and visionary enthusiast. Of Bradshaw, branded and blackened as he has been by the violence of party, it may almost be imprudent to hazard a favourable opinion. After an interval however of a century and a half, the truth may surely be spoken even of the judge whose office it was to pass sentence upon Charles Stuart; and another age, at some distance from those peculiar circumstances which have unhappily tainted the present with passion and prejudice, will do ample justice, as I doubt not, to a man who was mistaken indeed and placed in an unfortunate situation, but whose radical and vital principle was public virtue; who would have been honoured in the purest times of Grecian and Roman patriotism, and whose high-souled and consistent independence refused on more than one occasion to submit to the will of an imperious and irresistible usurper.[h]

[h] 'In the afternoon the General went to the Council of State, attended by Major General Lambert and Harrison, and as he entered the room said, "Gentlemen, if you are met here as private persons, you shall not be disturbed; but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you; and since you cannot but know what was done in the morning, so take notice the Parliament is dissolved." Serjeant Bradshaw replied, "Sir, we have heard what you did in the morning, but you are mistaken to think the Parliament is dissolved; for no power can dissolve them but themselves, therefore, take you notice of that." But the

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the Afran bold;
Whether to settle peace or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,

General not being terrified with big words, the Council thought it the wisest way to rise up and go home. Neal's History of the Puritans, iv. 63.

Ludlow, who, with Bradshaw Rich and Vane, was summoned before Cromwell in council, thus speaks of the conduct of Bradshaw in opposition to the formidable usurper. "Cromwell, as soon as he saw the Lord President, required him to take out a new commission for his office of Chief Justice of Chester, which he refused, alleging that he held that place by a grant from the Parliament of England to continue, quamdiu se bene gesserit; and whether he had carried himself with that integrity which his commission exacted, he was ready to submit to a trial by twelve Englishmen to be chosen even by Cromwell himself."—He persevered, and with his first commission continued on the bench of Chester.

If Horace had been gifted with prophecy we should have concluded that Bradshaw had been present to his vision when he wrote

> Justum et tenacem propositi virum
> *Non vultus instantis tyranni*
> Mente quatit solidâ, &c.

But perhaps the second line in this stanza might not be considered as equally applicable, viz.

> Non civium ardor prava jubentium.

In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each thou'st learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

"Est Joannes Bradscianus, (quod nomen libertas ipsa, quâcunque gentium colitur, memoriæ sempiternæ celebrandum commendavit,) nobili familiâ, ut satis notum est, ortus; unde patriis legibus addiscendis primam omnem ætatem sedulò impendit: dein consultissimus causarum ac disertissimus patronus, libertatis et populi vindex acerrimus, et magnis reipublicæ negotiis est adhibitus, et incorrupti judicis munere aliquoties perfunctus. Tandem uti Regis judicio præsidere vellet a Senatu rogatus, provinciam sane periculosissimam non recusavit. Attulerat enim ad legum scientiam ingenium liberale, animum excelsum, mores integros ac nemini obnoxios; unde illud munus, omni propè exemplo majus ac formidabilius, tot sicariorum pugionibus ac minis petitus, ità constanter, ità graviter, tantâ animi cum præsentiâ ac dignitate gessit atque implevit, ut ad hoc ipsum opus, quod jam olim Deus edendum in hoc populo mirabili providentiâ decreverat, ab ipso numine designatus atque factus videretur; et tyrannicidarum

omnium gloriam tantum superaverit, quantò est humanius, quantò justius ac majestate plenius tyrannum judicare, quam injudicatum occidere. Alioqui nec tristis nec severus sed comis et placidus, personam tamen quam suscepit tantam, æqualis ubique sibi ac veluti consul non unius anni, pari gravitate sustinet: ut non de tribunali tantum, sed per omnem vitam judicare regem diceres. In consiliis et laboribus publicis maximè omnium indefessus multisque par unus: domi, si quis alius, pro suis facultatibus hospitalis ac splendidus, amicus longe fidelissimus atque in omni fortunâ certissimus, bene merentes quoscunque nemo citiùs aut libentiùs agnoscit neque majore benevolentiâ prosequitur; nunc pios, nunc doctos, aut quâvis ingenii laude cognitos, nunc militares etiam et fortes viros ad inopiam redactos suis opibus sublevat; iis si non indigent, colit tamen libens atque amplectitur: alienas laudes perpetuo prædicare, suas tacere solitus; hostium quoque civilium siquis ad sanitatem rediit, quod experti sunt plurimi, nemo ignoscentior. Quod si causa oppressi cujuspiam defendenda palàm, si gratia aut vis potentiorum oppugnanda, si in quenquam bene meritum ingratitudo publica objurganda sit, tum quidem in illo viro vel

facundiam vel constantiam nemo desideret, non patronum, non amicum, vel idoneum magis et intrepidum, vel disertiorem alium quisquam sibi optet: habet quem non minæ dimovere recto, non metus aut munera proposito bono atque officio, vultûsque ac mentis firmissimo statu dejicere valeant."[i]

"John Bradshaw, (a name which, in every country where her power is acknowledged, liberty herself has consecrated to immortal renown,) was descended, as is generally known, of a noble family. The early part of his life he devoted to the study of the laws of his country; and then becoming a profound lawyer, a most eloquent advocate, a zealous assertor of freedom and the people's rights, he was employed in the more important affairs of the state, and frequently discharged, with unimpeachable integrity, the duties of a judge. When, at length, solicited by the Parliament to preside at the trial of the King, he did not decline this most dangerous commission: for to the science of the law he had brought a liberal disposition, a lofty spirit, sincere and unoffending manners; and, thus qualified, he supported that great and, beyond prece-

[i] P. W. v. 240.

dent, fearful office, exposed to the threats and to the daggers of innumerable assassins, with so much firmness, so much weight of manner, such presence and dignity of mind that he seemed to have been formed and appointed immediately by the Deity himself for the performance of that deed, which the Divine Providence had of old decreed to be accomplished in this nation; and so far has he exceeded the glory of all tyrannicides as it is more humane, more just, more noble to try and to pass legal sentence on a tyrant, than without trial to put him to death.

"Though in other respects neither gloomy nor severe but gentle and placid, he yet sustains with unfaltering dignity the character which he has borne, and, uniformly consistent with himself, he appears like a consul from whom the fasces are not to depart with the year; so that not on the tribunal only, but throughout his life you would regard him as sitting in judgment upon kings. Unwearied, and singly equal to a multitude in his labours for the public, in domestic life, to the utmost stretch of his power, he is hospitable and splendid: the stedfastness and adherency of his friendship are not to be affected by the vicissitudes of fortune: and instant and eager to acknowledge merit

wherever it is discovered, he is munificent to reward it. The pious, the learned, the eminent in any walk of genius, the soldier and the brave man are either relieved by his wealth, if in distress, or, if not indigent, are cultivated by his attentions and cherished in his embrace. Delighted to dwell on the praises of others, he studiously suppresses his own. So great are his placability and readiness to forgive, that they are extended, as very many have experienced, even to the the enemies of himself and of the state when, from a sense of their errors, they have reverted to reason.

"If the cause of the oppressed is openly to be asserted; if the influence and the strong arm of the powerful are to be controlled; if the public ingratitude to any meritorious individual is to be arraigned, then will no deficiency of eloquence or of fortitude be seen in this great man; then will the client possess in him an advocate and a friend suited to all his wants and adequate to his highest expectations: the cause indeed will be in the hands of a defender whom no threats can divert from the straight path; whom neither intimidation nor bribes can bend from the uprightness of duty, or for an instant deject

from the conscious firmness of his countenance and the determined attitude of his mind." [k]

[k] Enough has been said of Bradshaw to satisfy the demand of my subject: but for the amusement of my readers I am inclined to insert in this place an inscription on this resolute but mistaken republican, written by an American pen and deeply blotted with the intemperance of party. It is transcribed from a copy, dated, Annapolis, June 21, 1773, and is here given merely as a curiosity, and as a symptom of that fiery spirit which was working in the bosom of our colonies before it acquired its full strength, and, in consequence of the injudicious measures of our government, burst into pernicious action. The inscription is stated to have been engraven on a cannon; whence copies were taken and hung up in almost every house throughout the continent of America. The false points of this short production are too obvious to require any particular indication. The conduct of Bradshaw was the result, as I am persuaded, of high though misdirected principle; and he therefore may be allowed the praise which his American eulogist has lavished on him: but, under all the circumstances of the case, the death of Charles must for ever be condemned as an act in atrocious opposition to the law and the constitution of England, and must consequently be branded, to the last revolution of time, as a MURDER.

Stranger!
ere thou pass, contemplate this cannon;
nor regardless be told,
that near its base lies deposited the dust of
JOHN BRADSHAW:
who nobly superior to selfish regards,
despising alike the pageantry of courtly splendour,
the blast of calumny,
and the terrour of regal vengeance,
presided in the illustrious band of heroes and patriots,
who fairly and openly adjudged

To these men, thus ardently praised by Milton, has been ascribed, as we have already intimated, his present appointment by the Council. But if the preference was in the first instance the suggestion of friendship, it was afterwards proved by the event to be the dictate of wisdom. The hand of the Latin Secretary most ably concurred with the spirit of the executive council; and during his continuance in office, which was prolonged to the Restoration, the state-papers in his department may be regarded as models in the class of diplomatic composition. They speak indeed the language of energy and wisdom; and entitled equally to the applause of the scholar and the statesman, they must have

CHARLES STUART,
tyrant of England,
to a public and exemplary death;
thereby presenting to the amazed world,
and transmitting down through applauding ages,
the most glorious example
of unshaken virtue,
love of freedom,
and impartial justice,
ever exhibited on the blood-stained theatre
of human action.
Oh! Reader!
pass not on till thou hast blessed his memory;
and never—never forget
THAT REBELLION TO TYRANTS
IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD.

impressed foreign states with a high opinion of that government for which they were written, and in the service of which so much ability was engaged. It may be observed that the character of their immediate author is too great to be altogether lost in that of the ministerial organ; and that in many of them Milton may be traced in distinct, though not discordant existence from the power for whom he acts. [1]The letters which he wrote in the Protector's name to mediate for the oppressed protestants of Piedmont, whose sufferings had revived the horror of the catholic atrocities in Ireland, might be cited in testimony of what I affirm. These official

[1] See Letters to the Duke of Savoy, to the Prince of Transylvania, to the King of Sweden, to the States of Holland, Switzerland, and Geneva, to the Kings of France and of Denmark. P. W. ii. 503.—509.

It may be proper to observe that this active and powerful interposition of the Protector's was productive of its intended effect. The catholic tyrant desisted from the slaughter of his innocent subjects, and these miserable people had a breathing-time from their calamities. I call them, as they are called in these official despatches, by the generally known name of Protestants: but the dissenters from the papal church who occupied the vallies of Piedmont had neither connexion nor a common origin with those who were properly called protestants from one of the first acts of their association in Germany. The Waldenses asserted a much more ancient pedigree; and assumed to be of the old Roman church before it was corrupted by the papal innovations.

instruments are faithful, no doubt, to the general purposes of him under whose authority they were produced: but they exhibit also much of the liberal and benevolent spirit of the secretary: their mirror cannot be convicted of falsehood or perversion: but, with unquestionable flattery, it reflects the harsh features of the English usurper so softened into positive beauty as to conciliate our affection equally with our respect.

But it was not merely in conducting the correspondence of the state with foreign powers, that Milton's ministerial agency was employed. It seems to have been used by the Council in all cases which related to foreigners, and to have been nearly of an equal extent with that of the modern Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. On this subject a fact is recorded by Philips which, as it attests the efficiency of the Council and of its Secretary, may properly be inserted in in our page.

At a period not precisely ascertained by the narrator, but evidently soon after the establishment of the new republic, a person arrived from France with a very sumptuous train, in the assumed character of an agent from the Prince of Condè, then in arms against the French Government as it was conducted

by Cardinal Mazarin. The character however of the pretended agent of Condè incurring the suspicion of the English Council, its official instruments were employed with so much activity and effect that, in the short space of four or five days, the person in question was discovered, by intelligence procured from Paris, to be an emissary of the exiled king's; and on the very next morning, the Secretary's kinsman, (Philips himself, as we may conclude,) was sent to him with an order from the Council to depart the kingdom within three days or to expect the punishment of a spy.

On another occasion also, as the circumstance is related by Philips, were the ability and official diligence of Milton and his masters very conspicuously displayed. When the Dutch, desirous of avoiding a rupture with England, had despatched three ambassadors to the English government with proposals for an accommodation, and, on the return of these delegates without the accomplishment of their purpose, had resolved on sending a plenipotentiary with lower terms and with a design of gaining time, the Council of State succeeded in procuring a copy of this minister's instructions even previously to his embarkation; and before he could make his public entry into London,

an answer to all his propositions was prepared and lay ready to be delivered to him at the Secretary's Office.[m]

Scarcely was Milton seated in his new and honourable place, when he was summoned by the government to the discharge of a peculiar duty, adapted to his powers, and of no inconsiderable importance.

Immediately on the death of the king, a book, with his name as its author, had been published under the title of Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ (Icon Basilikè) or "The Portraiture of his sacred Majesty in his solitudes and sufferings." The stroke of violence, by which Charles had fallen, had excited very generally throughout England a sensation of sympathy and a strong sentiment of disapprobation. He appeared to have been the victim of an ambitious and a sanguinary faction; and, while his faults were generously buried in his grave, his virtues were seen in more than their proper size and were admitted to more than their just share of praise. The publication therefore of a work professedly by his own hand, in which he is represented in the constant intercourse of prayer with his Creator, asserting the integrity of his motives before the great Searcher of hearts and urging an awful appeal from

[m] Philips's Life of Milton, xliii, xliv.

the injustice and the cruelty of man to the justice and the clemency of God, was calculated in a supreme degree to agitate every bosom in his favour, and to make every free tongue vibrate in execration of the inhumanity of his enemies.

To counteract the consequences of this popular production, which threatened to be alarmingly great, the Council determined on availing itself of the abilities of its new secretary. Convinced of the inefficacy of any of the means of power to suppress a favourite publication, or magnanimously overlooking them, it resolved to wield the only weapons adapted to a war with opinion, to wage book against book, to oppose fact with fact, and argument, wherever it could be found, with argument. It delegated therefore to Milton the task of contending with the Icon Basilikè; and submitted the merits of its cause to the arbitrement of the pen.

The Εἰκονοκλάστης (Iconoclastes) or Image-breaker, which was the apposite title affixed to this refutation of the imputed work of royal authorship, may be regarded as one of the most perfect and powerful of Milton's controversial compositions. Pressing closely on its antagonist and tracing him step by step, it either exposes the fallacy of his reasoning,

or the falsehood of his assertions, or the hollowness of his professions, or the convenient speciousness of his devotion. In argument and in style compressed and energetic, perspicuous and neat, it discovers a quickness which never misses an advantage, and a keenness of remark which carries an irresistible edge. It cannot certainly be read by any man, whose reason is not wholly under the dominion of prejudice, without its enforcing a conviction unfavourable to the royal party; and it justly merited the honourable distinction, assigned to it by royalist vengeance, of burning in the same flames with the "Defence of the People of England." The object of its attack indeed is by no means strong. Separated from the cause of the monarchy and of the church of England, the cause of Charles is much more open to assault than it is susceptible of defence. If he has been lowered beneath his just level by his enemies, he has been proportionably raised above it by his friends, and, with a nice regard to truth, we may probably place him in the central point between Nero, to whom he has been resembled by the former, and either of the Antonines, above whom he has been advanced, not without a degree of profane temerity, to the honours

of sainthood and martyrdom by the latter. His private life was not perhaps liable to censure, as it was blemished only with common imperfection; but his public conduct betrayed the violence of a despot with the duplicity and equivocating morality of a follower of Loyola.

The opening of the Iconoclastes may be cited as exhibiting dignity of sentiment and excellence of composition. "[n] To descant on the misfortunes of a person, fallen from so high a dignity, who hath also paid his final debt to nature and his faults, is neither of itself a thing commendable nor the intention of this discourse. Neither was it fond ambition, nor the vanity to get a name, present or with posterity, by writing against a king. I never was so thirsty after fame, nor so destitute of other hopes and means, better and more certain, to attain it: for kings have gained glorious titles from their favourers by writing against private men, as

[n] Milton disclaims, on another occasion, any intention of insulting the memory of Charles.

"Non manibus regiis insultans, ut insimulor; sed reginam veritatem regi Carolo anteponendam arbitratus." Def. secun. P. W. v. 235.

The majesty of truth he deemed to be an object more worthy of regard than that of kings; and was he to be censured for such an opinion?

Henry VIII did against Luther; but no man ever gained much honour by writing against a king, as not usually meeting with that force of argument in such courtly antagonists which to convince might add to his reputation. Kings most commonly, though strong in legions, are but weak at arguments; as they who ever have been accustomed from their cradle to use their will only as their right hand, their reason always as their left. Whence, unexpectedly constrained to that kind of combat, they prove but weak and puny adversaries. Nevertheless, for their sakes who, through custom, simplicity, or want of better teaching, have not more seriously considered kings than in the gaudy name of majesty, and admire them and their doings as if they breathed not the same breath with other mortal men, I shall make no scruple, (for it seems to be the challenge of him and all his party,) to take up this gauntlet, though a king's, in the behalf of liberty and the commonwealth."[o]

It would be endless to extract all the instances, which occur in this work, of strong argument, keen satire, and brilliant composition. I will content myself therefore with

[o] P. W. ii. 391.

transcribing the following short and spirited paragraph.

"But[p] what needed that? They knew his chiefest arms left him were those only which the ancient Christians were wont to use against their persecutors, prayers and tears. O sacred reverence of God! respect and shame of men! whither were ye fled when these hypocrisies were uttered? Was the kingdom, then, at all that cost of blood to remove from him none but prayers and tears? What were those thousands of blaspheming cavaliers about him, whose mouths let fly oaths and curses by the volley? were those the prayers? and those carouses drunk to the confusion of all things good or holy? did those minister the tears? Were they prayers and tears, which were listed at York, mustered on Heworth Moor, and laid siege to Hull for the guard of his person? Were prayers and tears at so high a rate in Holland that nothing could purchase them but the crown-jewels? Yet they in Holland (such word was sent us) sold them for guns, carabines, mortar-pieces, cannons, and other deadly instruments of war; which, when they came to York, were all, no doubt, by the

[p] P. W. ii. 469.

merit of some great saint, suddenly transformed into prayers and tears; and, being divided into regiments and brigades, were the only arms which mischieved us in all those battles and encounters. These were his chief arms, whatever we must call them; and yet such arms as they, who fought for the commonwealth, have by the help of better prayers vanquished and brought to nothing."

In one passage of this work Milton has been severe in his animadversions on the King for having adopted a prayer from the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, and given it, with a few immaterial alterations, as his own to the bishop who attended him on the scaffold. Whether Charles himself transcribed this prayer from the Arcadia, or whether unconscious of its origin he received it from one of his clerical attendants, the offence seems to have been of a very pardonable nature, and certainly undeserving of the harsh treatment which it has experienced from his adversary. The expressions, or the metaphysical elements of a prayer, which are merely the exciters of ideas in the minds of the speaker or the hearer, are not, like the meats offered upon an idol-altar, susceptible of pollution from the object to whom they may be addressed; and are to be received or rejected

by any subsequent votarist as they may be accommodated or otherwise to the purposes of his particular devotion. The blame therefore of plagiarism is the highest which in this instance can be imputed to the King; and even to this perhaps he may not properly be exposed, since, concluding the writer of the prayer to be generally known, he might give it as the just representative of his own feelings and sentiments, and therefore in an allowable sense as his own, to the attendant on his last moments, bishop Juxon.

The disproportionate severity with which Milton has arraigned this petty inadvertency, rather than offence, has exposed him to the charge of having been its author in the first instance that he might subsequently be its censurer. On the authority of Hills, the Protector's printer, and who afterwards, for the emolument of the same office under James II, professed himself a Roman catholic, Milton is accused of having prevailed, with the assistance of Bradshaw, on Du Gard, who was then printing an edition of the Icon Basilikè, to bring discredit on that publication by interpolating it with this prayer from the Arcadia. If a moment's belief were due to so idle a tale, we might confidently affirm that never before did men descend from such

heights of character to an object so contemptibly minute: an eagle stooping from his proudest wing to seize upon an earthworm would inadequately represent the folly of Milton and Bradshaw in their condescension to forge, for the purpose of casting a mere atom into the heavily-charged scale of the departed king. Fortunately however we possess the most satisfactory evidence of their exemption from the imputed meanness.[q] By Royston, who was reported to have received the manuscript from the King, and not by Du Gard the printer to the Parliament, was that edition of the Icon printed in which the controverted prayer was originally inserted; and Royston's press was remote from the suspicion of any contact with Milton or his supposed accomplice. Notwithstanding this full though short confutation, which was first adduced by Toland, of the testimony of the unprincipled Hills, his calumny has been revived by the infamous Lauder, admitted by Lauder's friend and coadjutor, Dr. John-

[q] I have now in my possession the first edition of the Icon Basilike printed in 1649 (for R. Royston at the Angel in Ivy-lane) to which this prayer, called "A Prayer in time of Captivity," is attached. Let us not then again be told by Milton's enemies of his forgery in this instance, or be soothed by his friends with their *hopes* and their *belief* that he was incapable of committing it.

son,[r] and only faintly and timidly denied by the last compiler of our author's life, Mr. Todd.[s]

[r] As I have seldom, from the commencement of the present work, adverted to this libeller of Milton, my readers will perhaps pardon me, if I dedicate this note to his honour. Dr. Johnson tells us that "the papers, which the King gave to Dr. Juxon on the scaffold, the regicides took away, so that they were at least the publishers of this prayer; and Dr. Birch, who examined the question with great care, was inclined to think them the forgers." Fuller, who must have known and who would not have concealed the truth, shall refute the former part of this egregious paragraph: and Dr. Birch himself the latter. But "faction, Dr. Johnson! seldom leaves a man honest, however it might find him."—Fuller in his Church History says,—"His Majesty being upon the scaffold held in his hand a small piece of paper, some four inches square, containing heads whereon in his speech he intended to dilate; and a tall soldier, looking over the King's shoulders, read it as the King held it in his hand. His speech ended, he gave that small paper to the bishop of London. After his death, the officers demanded the paper of the bishop, who because of the depth of his pocket, smallness of the paper, and the mixture of others therewith could not so soon produce it as was required. At last he brought it forth; but therewith the others were unsatisfied, (jealousy is quick of growth) as not the same which his Majesty delivered to him. When presently the soldier, whose rudeness had formerly overinspected it in the King's hand, attested this the very same paper, and prevented farther suspicions, which might have terminated to the bishop's trouble." (Fuller's Church History of Britain, book xi. 236. ed. 1655.) So much for the King's papers taken from Dr. Juxon on the scaffold by the regicides! Let us now attend to Dr. Birch. [Life of Milton, p. xxxiii. 4to ed.] "In the course of the controversy about the book,

[s] See Account of the Life of Milton, by Todd, p. 74.

Of the Iconoclastes it only remains to be

Milton's charge upon the King of borrowing the prayer of Pamela from Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, inserted in some editions of the Εικων was retorted upon himself, as if this prayer had been added by his contrivance who in conjunction with serjeant Bradshaw had prevailed upon Du Gard the printer to insert it, in order to cast a disgrace upon the King, and blast the reputation of the Icon. This supposed fact was advanced chiefly upon the authority of Henry Hills the printer, who had frequently asserted it to Dr. Gill and Dr. Bernard, his physicians, as they testified. But Hills was not himself the printer who was dealt with in this manner; and consequently he could have the story only from hearsay; and though he was Cromwell's printer, yet afterwards he turned papist in the reign of James IId. in order to be that king's printer; and it was at that time he used to relate this story. Besides which, it is highly improbable that Milton and Bradshaw should make him their confident unnecessarily in such an affair, and laugh in his presence at their imposing such a cheat upon the world; or that he should conceal it during the life of the former, who survived the Restoration so many years. So that such a testimony from such a person is not to be admitted against a man, who, as his learned and ingenious editor (Bishop Newton) observes, had a soul above being guilty of so mean an action!"

I must be permitted to prolong this note by remarking on an attack which has been made on another passage of the Iconoclastes. In a note on Milton's first elegy, Mr. Warton observes "His (Milton's) warmest poetical predilections were at last totally obliterated by civil and religious enthusiasm. Seduced by *the gentle eloquence of fanaticism*," (make of it, gentle reader, what sense you can,) "he listened no longer to the wild and native wood-notes of 'fancy's sweetest child.' In his Iconoclastes he censures King Charles for studying 'One whom we know was the closet companion of his solitudes, William Shakspere.' This remonstrance, which not only resulted from his abhorrence of a king, but from his disapprobation of plays, would have come with more propriety from

said that it was first printed in 1649; that a

Prynne or Hugh Peters." Then follows a just panegyric on the cultivation of the King's mind and the elegance of his taste.

To talk of "the poetical predilections" of the future author of Paradise Lost as totally obliterated, or to impute an abhorrence of plays to the man who not only wrote Samson Agonistes, but who has left behind him a variety of subjects for the drama selected, at a period subsequent to the publication of the Iconoclastes, from profane history, among which is the story of Macbeth, is abundantly strange, if we must not call it absurd. But to enter into a serious contest with the perverse imbecillity of this note of Mr. Warton's would be to the last degree idle. The criminated passage in the Iconoclastes, which I shall produce, will prove that it was not in Milton's contemplation to *censure* the King for studying Shakespeare; and that Mr. Warton must either not have understood what he quoted, or, what my opinion of his probity will not allow me to suspect, must have quoted with a determination to misrepresent. Speaking of the pieces of devotion with which the Icon is so thickly bestrown, Milton observes that * "he who from such a kind of psalmistry or any other verbal devotion, without the pledge and earnest of suitable deeds, can be persuaded of a zeal and true righteousness in the person, hath much yet to learn and knows not that the deepest policy of a tyrant hath been ever to counterfeit religious: and Aristotle in his Politics hath mentioned that special craft among twelve other tyrannical sophisms. Neither want we examples. Andronicus Comnenus, the Byzantine emperor, though a most cruel tyrant, is reported by Nicetas to have been a constant reader of St. Paul's epistles; and by continual study to have so incorporated the phrase and style of that transcendent apostle into all his familiar letters that the imitation seemed to vie with the original. Yet this availed not to deceive the people of that empire, who, notwithstanding the saint's vizard, tore him to pieces for his tyranny. From stories of this nature, both ancient and modern, which abound, the poets also, and some English, have been in this point so mind-

* P. W. ii. 406.

second edition of it appeared in the following year; that in 1652 it was again published in London by Du Gard in a French translation; and that it received two answers, one with the title of Εἰκὼν ἄκλαστος (Icon aclastos, or the Image unbroken) in 1651; and the other, called Vindiciæ Carolinæ, in 1692.

Though it was more consistent with Mil-

ful of decorum as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one, whom we well know was the closet companion of his solitudes, William Shakspeare; who introduces the person of Richard III speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage of this book; and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place: "I intended," saith he (the King) "not only to oblige my friends but my enemies:" the like saith Richard (act ii. scene 1.)

> "I do not know that Englishman alive
> With whom my soul is any jot at odds
> More than the infant that is born to-night—
> I thank my God for my humility."

Mr. Waldron, in his republication of Downes's Roscius Anglicanus," has preceded me, as I am told, (for I have not read Mr. Waldron's work,) in the detection of this false arraignment of Milton by the late Poet Laureat, a circumstance of which I was not aware when I first printed my note. But this repeated refutation of the injurious falsehood has not prevented its revival, (with the aggravation of making Milton contemptuously call Shakespeare *a player*,) by Mr. Walter Scott in his newly published Life of Dryden."* Are we hence to conclude that this slander of Milton is to be employed, as a common place, by every writer who may be attached to the despicable Stuarts, and who can force it into his page?

* See Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 18.

ton's object to direct his reply immediately against the King and consequently to consider the Icon Basilikè as the production of the royal pen, he could not altogether refrain from intimating his suspicions of its authenticity. "But as to the author of these soliloquies," (he observes,) "whether it were undoubtedly the late King, as is vulgarly believed, or any secret coadjutor, and some stick not to name him, it can add nothing to nor shall take from the weight, if any be, of reason which he brings."[u] "But the matter here considerable is not whether the King, or *his household rhetorician*, have made a pithy declamation against tumults, but first whether there were tumults or not,"[x] &c. To these suspicions Milton was obviously led by the internal evidence of the work, which seemed strongly tainted with the pedantry of the gown and discovered in its style a more scholastic and artificial form than was likely to be the result of the education and the habits of a prince.

On a passage in this production, in which is introduced the word, demagogue, at that time not common in our language, our author remarks, "Setting aside the affrightment of

[u] P. W. ii. 421. [x] Ibid. 398.

this goblin-word; for the King, by his leave, cannot coin English, as he could money, to be current: and it is believed this wording was above his known style and orthography, and accuses the whole composure to be conscious of some other author."[y]

"These petty glosses and conceits," says the Iconoclastes in another place, "on the high and secret judgments of God, besides the boldness of unwarrantable commenting, are so weak and shallow and so like the quibbles of a court sermon, that we may safely reckon them either fetched from such a pattern, or that the hand of some household priest foisted them in."[z]

These feelings of doubt respecting the author of the Icon were not wholly confined to Milton: for the same internal evidence of forgery which in this instance had influenced his judgment, was sufficiently strong to influence the conviction of others. In an able work, published, soon after the Iconoclastes, in 1649, with the title of "Εικὼν ἀληθινὴ," (Icon alethine) or the true Image, the charge of spuriousness is brought and urged with great power against the Icon; which is ascribed by this anonymous writer, who exhibits much of

[y] P. W. ii. 427. [z] Ibid. 452.

Milton's spirit, to a doctor of the Church of England, seeking, by an enterprize so meritorious with his party as this serviceable fraud, to force his way on a fortunate change of things to some of the rich preferments of his church. To this work is prefixed a frontispiece, in which, on a curtain's being drawn aside by a hand issuing from the roof, is discovered a dignitary of the English Church in his full canonical dress: and beneath are inscribed the following lines, which, in their close connexion with my subject, have sufficient merit to justify me for inserting them.

> The curtain's drawn: all may perceive the plot,
> And him, who truly the black babe begot.
> Whose sable mantle makes me bold to say,
> A Phaeton Sol's chariot ruled that day.
> Presumptuous Priest! to skip into the throne;
> And make the King his bastard issue own!
> The author therefore hath conceived it meet,
> The doctor should do penance in this sheet.[a]

But neither the charge of forgery against the *King's book*, as it was then called, thus

[a] This work, (which was printed in London by Thomas Paine in 1649) was answered the same year, by a very inferior writer in a pamphlet entitled "Εικων ἡ πιστη," or "the faithful Image,"—and these productions may be regarded as the precursors of that long and violent controversy, which, after some interval, ensued on the subject of the authenticity of the Icon:

directly and articulately pronounced; nor the suspicions of imposition, which were clearly expressed in the Iconoclastes, found any echo in the general mind; and the Icon, continuing to make proselytes to the cause of its reputed author, retained the idolatrous regard of a numerous party, whose prejudices it flattered and to whose interests it was essentially subservient. The first shock to the public conviction, respecting its genuineness, was occasioned by the discovery on a blank page of one of these books, when offered for sale by auction with the library of the first earl of Anglesey, of a memorandum,[b] in that nobleman's own hand-writing, attesting the formal disavowal of the Icon as a work of their father's by Charles II and the duke of York.

[b] The memorandum is as follows:—"King Charles the Second and the duke of York did both (in the last session of parliament, 1675, when I showed them, in the lords house, the written copy of this book, wherein are some corrections and alterations written with the late King Charles the First's own hand,) assure me that this was none of the said King's compiling, but made by Dr. Gauden, bishop of Exeter: which I here insert for the undeceiving of others in this point, by attesting so much under my own hand. ANGLESEY."

The sale in question was in the year 1686, by the celebrated auctioneer, Millington, who accidentally saw the memorandum as he was turning over the pages of the book during the slow bidding of the auction.

On this strong excitement of suspicion, reference was made to Dr. Walker, a clergyman of Essex, between whom and Dr. Gauden, asserted by the royal brothers to be the writer of the Icon and at this time deceased, a confidential intimacy was known to have subsisted; and the testimony of this respectable divine was so circumstantial and conclusive as apparently to leave no wreck of a doubt floating upon the subject.

Dr. Gauden, as his friend declared, had communicated to him the first seminal idea of the Icon Basilikè and the succeeding growth of the work, as it branched into chapters and assumed the proportions of its form. Dr. Walker stated the disapprobation, which he had intimated, of the intended imposition on the public, with the apology advanced in reply by his friend; and then related the circumstance of his having accompanied Dr. Gauden to the bishop of Salisbury, (Dr. Duppa,) who was an accomplice in the plan, and who, at that meeting, agreed to contribute two chapters on subjects which he recommended as necessary to the completion of the work. Dr. Walker proceeded to affirm that he had been made acquainted by Dr. Gauden with the fact of his having transmitted, by the marquis of Hert-

ford, a copy of this production to the King during his confinement in the Isle of Wight; and that Dr. Walker himself had been intrusted with a part of the manuscript for the purpose of delivering it, under certain precautions, to Royston the printer through the intervention of Dr. Gauden's steward. Dr. Walker further reported that his friend, after the Restoration, had informed him of the transaction's having been made known to the duke of York, who in acknowledgment of the service had promised the bishoprick of Winchester to this efficient promoter of the royal cause: a promise which was afterwards ill performed by his translation to the see of Worcester. In addition to all this mass of proof, Dr. Walker lastly asserted that many of the expressions in the devotional parts of the Icon were known to be peculiar to Dr. Gauden, by whom they had been frequently used in his religious exercises, both in private and in public.

To Dr. Walker's account, which it confirms in every essential particular, the written narrative left by Mrs. Gauden, the bishop's widow, adds many circumstances which complete, if any thing were before wanted to complete, the integrity and roundness of the evidence. In this narrative, which is un-

questionably authentic, Mrs. Gauden states the original intention of her husband when he planned the work; the title of Suspiria Regalia, or the Royal Sighs, which he first affixed to it and which he subsequently changed to that of Icon Basilikè; the conversation, reported by the marquis of Hertford to have passed between bishop Duppa and the King, when the manuscript with the name and the design of the author was communicated to his Majesty; the person, (a royalist divine of the name of [c] Symmonds,) by whose means her husband had obtained the printing of a part of the work at Royston's press, where it had been received as the immediate production of the King's; the discovery and the interruption of the printing with the danger which had compelled her husband to abscond, in consequence of the arrest of Symmonds whose opportune death, immediately after his apprehension,

[c] This Mr. Symmonds, of Rayne in Essex, was ejected from his benefice by the Parliament in 1642, for preaching the doctrines of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. He avowed and justified in a pamphlet called "The loyal Subject's Belief," the offensive doctrines which had been imputed to him. His royalist spirit is fierce against the Parliament. "If David's heart smote him," he says, "for cutting off Saul's garment, what would it have done if he had kept him from his castles, towns, and ships?" Neale's Hist. of the Puritans, v. iii. c. 1.

had relieved the fears of his employer; the discourse of Dr. Morley,[d] after the Restoration, with her husband, in which that prelate had talked of the service rendered by Dr. Gauden to the royal cause, both at home and abroad, by writing *the king's book*, and had mentioned that he had communicated the whole business to Sir Edward Hyde, who had discovered much approbation of Dr. Gauden's work and conduct. Mrs. Gauden concludes her narrative by assigning an illness, which threatened his life, as the immediate cause of her husband's making the important disclosure to the King, (Charles II;) who was much pleased with it, and confessed "that he did often wonder that his father should have gotten time and privacy enough in his troubles to compose so excellent a piece, and written with so much learning."

After this minute and satisfactory relation, which certainly does not require and indeed will scarcely admit of any corroboration, it may be superfluous to notice two letters written by Dr. Gauden, one to the duke of York and the other to the lord chancellor, Hyde, urging the writer's services with reference to the Icon; or an answer from the

[d] Consecrated bishop of Worcester on the 28th of Oct. 1660.

lord chancellor, in which he says to Dr. Gauden, "the particular, you mention, has indeed been imparted to me as a secret: I am sorry that I ever knew it; and when it ceases to be a secret it will please none but Mr. Milton."

To this power of testimony, sufficient as one would imagine to force the most impregnable infidelity, the unyielding spirit of party prejudice has attempted an opposition. Against the assertion of the two sons of Charles, against the letters of the lord chancellor, Hyde and of Dr. Gauden, against the explicit and specific depositions of the confidential friend and of the widow of Dr. Gauden have been thrown into the scale the inconsistent or the inconclusive testimonies of persons, who have affirmed either that the manuscript in dispute was found among the King's papers at Naseby and had been restored to him by Fairfax; or that it had been seen, and even partly read in the King's own hand upon his table in the Isle of Wight; or that it had been quoted by the King, or that it contained things similar to what the King had been heard to say.

My readers probably would not thank me if I were to lengthen this digression, already too far extended, by entering fully

into the examination of all the evidence which has been adduced, and of all the ingenuity which has been exhibited on this much controverted question. What I have said however may enable them to form their decision upon the subject; and may perhaps unite their wonder with mine at the strange disingenuousness of Mr. Hume. "The proofs brought," says this historian, "that this work (the Icon) is or is not the King's, are so convincing that if an impartial reader peruse any one side apart, he will think it impossible that arguments could be produced sufficient to counterbalance so strong an evidence; and, when he compares both sides, he will be some time at a loss to fix any determination. Should an absolute suspense of judgment be found difficult or disagreeable in so interesting a question, I must confess that *I much incline* to give the preference to the arguments of the royalists." Admirable! but let us proceed. "The testimonies, which prove that performance to be the King's, are more numerous, *more certain and direct*," (what! than the testimonies of Dr. Walker and of Mrs. Gauden?) "than those on the other side. This is the case even if we consider the external evidence; but when we weigh the internal, derived from the style and com-

position, there is no comparison. These meditations resemble in elegance, purity, neatness and simplicity the genius of those performances, which we know with certainty to have flowed from the royal pen; but are so unlike the bombast, perplexed, rhetorical and corrupt style of Dr. Gauden, to whom they are ascribed, that *no human testimony* seems sufficient to convince us that he was the author." This certainly is excellent; affecting to exhibit the most exact poise with one greatly preponderating scale, the most delicate and tremulous reserve with the most determined preference, the most specious ostentation of candour with the most injurious exertion of prejudice.

On the internal evidence from the style and composition of this contested work, the opinion, which is here so authoritatively given, is at direct variance with that of Milton: but we might safely refer the cause at issue, together with the credit of our author's judgment, to the sentence of any reader of common taste and erudition. Having passed, as it is said, through fifty editions[e] in the

[e] Forty-seven impressions of the Icon were circulated in England alone; and 48,500 copies sold. In the very year of its publication it was translated into Latin and French.

Lord Clarendon's silence respecting this work is admitted

space of one year, the Icon must still be in many hands; and we must consequently stand under the correction of numbers when we affirm, in opposition to the northern historian, that the composition of this little volume is radically different from that of the writings which unquestionably came from the pen of Charles; that its pages are sometimes strewn with false flowers and the glitter of fanciful conceits; that its style is antithetical and artificially constructed, and that it is, to avail myself of the words of the acute and spirited Toland, infinitely more like to that of a doctor than to that of a king. Its authenticity indeed was questioned by many, before the production of those testimonies which we have noticed against it, in consequence alone of that internal evidence, adduced by Mr. Hume, with so much sanguine assurance, in its support.[f]

by Mr. Hume as an argument against its authenticity. The duke of York declared to bishop Burnet, in 1673, that it was written by Dr. Gauden and not by the King. Bishop Burnet's Life, p. 51.

[f] The acute and able Laing, whom I have already had more than one occasion to cite, has drawn up the evidence on this subject with a very masterly hand. I had written my account of the literary imposture in question, before I read his; and it gave me particular satisfaction to find my opinions precisely the same with those which he has so powerfully supported. He refers the reader for a specimen of Gauden's style, and for a proof of its

In this short pause of the principal ac-

resemblance to that of the Icon, to that prelate's Life of Hooker and the preceding dedication. The dedication, with which I am acquainted, fully justifies this reference, and flatly contradicts the testimony of Hume respecting the perplexed and bombast composition which he imputes to Dr. Gauden. Laing's Hist. of Scot. iii. 405, &c.——That my readers may form some judgment for themselves on this point of taste, I will present them with an extract from the Icon Basilikè, and with one of Charles's papers written in reply to Mr. Henderson.

"But here honour and justice, due to my successors, forbid me to yield to such a total alienation of that power from them, which civillity and duty (no less than justice and honour) should have forbad them to have asked of me. For, although I can be content to eclipse my owne beams to satisfy their fears, who think that they must needs be scorched or blinded if I should shine in the full lustre of kingly power, wherewith God and the laws have invested me; yet I will never consent to put out the sun of sovereignty to all posterity and succeeding kings; whose just recovery of their rights from unjust usurpations and extortions shall never be prejudiced or obstructed by any act of mine; which indeed would not be more injurious to succeeding kings than to my subjects; whom I desire to leave in a condition not wholly desperate for the future; so as by law to be ever subjected to those many factious distractions which must needs follow the many-headed Hydra of government; which, as it makes a show to the people to have more eyes to foresee, so they will find it hath more mouths too which must be satisfied: and (at best) it hath rather a monstrosity than any thing of perfection beyond that of right monarchy; where counsel may be in many as the senses, but the supreme power can be but in one as the head.

"Happily, when men have tried the horrors and malignant influence which will certainly follow my inforced darkness and eclipse, (occasioned by the interposition and shadow of that body, which as the moon receiveth its chiefest light from me) they will at length more esteem and welcome the restored glory and blessing of the sun's light." Icon Bas. p. 63, 64.

tion, let me mention that, on his appoint-

His Majesty's first Paper.

" Mr. HENDERSON,

" I know very well what a great disadvantage it is for me to maintain an argument of divinity with so able and learned a man as yourself, it being your, not my profession; which really was the cause that made me desire to hear some learned man argue my opinion with you, of whose abilities I might be confident, that I should not be led into an error, for want of having all which could be said, layed open unto me: for, indeed, my humour is such, that I am still partial for that side which I imagine suffers for the weakness of those that maintain it, always thinking that equal champions would cast the balance on the other part: yet since that you (thinking that it will save time) desire to go another way, I shall not contest with you in it; but treating you as my physician, give you leave to take your own way of cure; only I thought fit to warn you, lest if you (not I) should be mistaken in this, you would be fain (in a manner) to begin anew.

" Then know that from my infancy I was blest with the King my father's love, which, I thank God, was an unvaluable happiness to me all his days; and among all his cares for my education his chief was to settle me right in religion; in the true knowledge of which, he made himself so eminent to all the world, that I am sure none can call in question the brightness of his fame in that particular, without showing their own ignorant base malice: he it was, who laid in me the grounds of christianity, which to this day I have been constant in; so that whether the worthiness of my instructor be considered or the not few years that I have been settled in my principles, it ought to be no strange thing, if it be found no easy work to make me alter them: and the rather, that hitherto, I have (according to Saint Paul's rule, Rom. xiv. 22) been happy in ' not condemning myself, in that thing which I allow:' thus

ment to the office of Latin Secretary, Mil-

having shewed you how, it remains to tell you what I believe in relation to these present miserable distractions.

"No one thing made me more reverence the reformation of my mother, the Church of England, than that it was done (according to the Apostle's defence, Acts xxiv. 18) 'neither with multitude, nor with tumult,' but legally and orderly, and by those whom I conceive to have only the reforming power; which with many other inducements, made me always confident that the work was very perfect as to essentials, of which number church government being undoubtedly one, I put no question but that would have been likewise altered if there had been cause; which opinion of mine was soon turned into more than a confidence, when I perceived that in this particular (as I must say of all the rest) we retained nothing but according as it was deduced from the apostles to be the constant universal custom of the primitive church; and that it was of such consequence, as by the alteration of it we should deprive ourselves of a lawful priesthood, and then, how the sacraments can be duly administered, is easy to judge: these are the principal reasons, which make me believe that bishops are necessary for a church, and I think sufficient for me (if I had no more) not to give my consent for their expulsion out of England: but I have another obligation, that to my particular is a no less tie of conscience, which is, my * coronation oath: now if (as S. Paul saith, Rom. xiv. 23.) 'He that doubteth is damned if he eat,' what can I expect, if I should, not only give way knowingly to my people's sinning, but likewise be perjured my self?'

"Now consider, ought I not to "keep my self from presumptuous sins?' and you know who says, 'What doth it profit a man, though he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Wherefore my constant maintenance of episcopacy in Eng-

* This coronation oath, unhappily misunderstood, has since obstructed the accomplishment of some just and beneficial measures.

ton removed in the first instance to a lodging in the house of one Thompson at Charing-Cross, and afterwards to apartments in Scotland-yard. Here his wife produced her third child, a son, who died in his infancy on the 16th of March 1650; and in 1652 our author shifted his residence to Petty France, where he occupied for eight years, till the crisis of the Restoration, a handsome house, opening into St. James's park and adjoining to the mansion of lord Scudamore.

No sooner had Milton finished his masterly reply to the posthumous work, as it was then generally considered, of the late King's, than he was again called upon to enter the lists as the assertor of the Commonwealth of England: but he was now opposed to a more formidable antagonist, and was to contend on a far more ample field.

land, (where there was never any other government since christianity was in this kingdom,) methinks should be rather commended than wondered at; my conscience directing me to maintain the laws of the land; which being only my endeavours at this time, I desire to know of you, what warrant there is in the word of God for subjects to endeavour to force their King's conscience? or to make him alter laws against his will? If this be not my present case, I shall be glad to be mistaken; or, if my judgment in religion hath been misled all this time, I shall be willing to be better directed: till when you must excuse me to be constant to the grounds which the King my father taught me.

Newcastle, May 29, 1646. "C. R."

His refutation of the Icon Basilikè had been confined nearly within the pale of his own country: but the powers of his mind were now to be exhibited to Europe, and the whole circle of the civilized and christian community was to witness his triumph or his defeat. Charles, the son of the deceased monarch, eager to blend his own with the general cause of kings and desirous perhaps of evincing by the same act the fervor of his filial piety, determined on engaging the abilities of some great literary character to urge his appeal to the world against the victorious enemies of his house; and, for the accomplishment of his purpose, the voice of fame immediately directed his attention to Salmasius, at that time an honorary professor in the university of Leyden.

Claudius Salmasius, or [g] Claude de Saumaise, was of an honourable, or, as it has been termed, a noble family seated near the town of Semur [h] in the old province of La Bourgogne, of the parliament of which his father was a member. From his mother he

[g] The orthography of this celebrated scholar's name fluctuates between "Saumaise," and "Soumaize." By his friend Sarrau it is written in the former mode; and by Vorstius in his Eloge funèbrè in the latter.

[h] Now in the Department of Côte d'Or.

contracted a strong bias to the religious principles of the protestants; and an extraordinary proficiency in literature, at an early period of his life, soon advanced him to a foremost place among the eminent scholars of that age, the Casaubons, the Gothofreds, the Gruters and the De Thous. The vast erudition and the superior critical acumen which he displayed in some of his publications, in his treatise "De linguâ Hellenisticâ," and particularly in his large work, the "Plinianæ exercitationes in Solinum," so increased and propagated his renown that different powers are said to have contested for the honour of his residence in their states. The Pope, the Venetians, and the two successive governors of his own country, Richlieu and Mazarin, attempted to fix him, as it is affirmed, in their service by the most liberal offers: but, preferring principle to interest and independence to promotion, he declined these inviting prospects, and resigned himself to the unrestrained indulgence of his own literary and religious inclinations. The papacy and the whole fabric of the hierarchy had been made the objects of his vehement attack; and now, in the full pride of his reputation, with the substantial enjoyment of a pension from the government, he

was reposing in the bosom of a protestant republic, when his assistance was courted by the letters and the presents[i] of the English prince.

It had been well for the professor if on this occasion he had not relinquished that wise and virtuous abstinence which had formerly regulated his conduct. But when a king sued to be his client, and the cause of sovereigns to be supported by his pen, the appeal to his vanity was too powerful to be resisted, and, in an hour the most inauspicious to his future fame and happiness, he undertook the defence of prelacy, royalty, and Charles.

The result of this engagement, a bulky volume entitled "Defensio Regia pro Carolo primo ad Carolum secundum," made its appearance before the conclusion of 1649, and is reported to have generally disappointed the expectation of the learned.[k] The work, which

[i] A hundred jacobuses accompanied the prince's application.

[k] The inconsistency and venal accommodation, of which it convicted its author, were unquestionably distressing to some, who were personally attached to him. Claude Sarrau, one of his confidential friends, a learned member of the parliament of Paris, having previously warned him of the danger and impropriety of the undertaking, expostulated very freely and strongly with him on his conduct in its execution. Not having the epistles of Sarrau, an edition of which was published

Salmasius had presumptuously undertaken,

by Burman, immediately to refer to, I shall content myself with an extract respecting them from the learned and accurate Dr. Birch. (Account of the Life and writings of Milton, p. xxxiv.)

"Claudius Sarravius, counsellor in the parliament of Paris, and an intimate friend of Salmasius, in a letter to him dated at Paris, Feb. 18, 1650, expresses his surprise that he should write in the preface to his Defensio with so much zeal in defence of the bishops of England, when he had in another work of his 'De Presbyteris et Episcopis,' printed at Leyden 1641, in 8vo. under the fictitious name of Wallo Messalinus, attacked them with the utmost acrimony; which he observes might expose him to the imputation of a time-server, who paid no regard to truth itself. 'Hoc sanè dicent esse τῷ καιρῷ δεδλευειν potius quam τῇ ἀληθεία πειθεσθαι.' And in another letter, dated Paris, March 5, of the same year, he reminds him of this inconsistency, which would make his sincerity questioned. 'De necessitate episcopatûs Anglicani quod obiter dixeras in præfatione, ut jam monui, fortius adhuc urges ipso opere, contra dictata Wallonis Messalini; quod tibi vitio vertetur, diceturque te calidum et frigidum eodem ex ore efflare, nec generositati tuæ id convenire existimabitur.' Salmasius having wrote an answer to Sarravius upon this point, the latter replied to him thus in a letter dated March 12, 1650. 'Te ergo habemus reum fatentem: sive enim tempori servias sive causæ, nobis perinde est. Atqui dicebatur antea te ἀτρεπτον νῦν ἔχειν,' qui ne ipse quidem Jovi, Termini in modum, cederet. Præterea credo non licere Advocato vel Regio, in causâ domini sui, aliter dicere publice quam privatim loquatur et sentiat: quemadmodum non sunt diversæ leges, quibus domi utimur, ab illis, juxta quas in foro placita decernuntur. At scripsisti, inquis, ex imperio. Ergo potest tibi imperari ut sententiam mutes: Epictetus tamen tuus docet hoc esse τῶν ἐφ ἡμῖν, atque ita esse in potestate nostrâ ut invitis non eripiatur. Sed hæc ingrata omitto, &c. 'We have now your own confession of your fault; for it is the same thing to us, whether you adapt yourself to the times or to the cause.

he was not perhaps qualified to execute; and he might at length be made sensible that, with the tenacious memory, the quick combination, the acute and microscopic vision of the scholar and the critic, a man might be des-

But before this, it was said, that you was a man of an inflexible disposition, who, like the god Terminus, would not give way to Jove himself. Besides, I am of opinion that even a king's advocate ought not, in his master's cause, to speak in public differently from what he speaks and thinks in private; as the laws which we use in private life are not at all different from those, upon which decrees are made in courts of judicature. But you wrote, you say, "by command." And was it possible for any commands to prevail on you to change your opinion? Your favourite Epictetus tells us, that our opinion is one of those things in our power, and so far in our power, that nothing can take it away from us without our consent."

I have Sarrau's Epistles now in my hand: but I find Dr. Birch's extracts from them so correct as to make it unnecessary for me either to write a new note or to alter my former one. I have only supplied the whole of his last citation, that the translation may be verified by the original. Sarrau was a man of much learning, talents, and integrity. His ability and erudition are unquestionably proved by his letters, and his probity—by his remonstrances against the inconsistency of his friend, Salmasius: for whom his respect was nearly boundless. With Sarrau it was amicus Socrates sed magis amica veritas. The distich, which he wrote under a portrait of Salmasius, will bear ample testimony to the exalted opinion, which the Parisian Counsellor entertained of the Leyden professor.

Quantum scire hominem Divina Potentia vellet,
Ostendit terris, SALMASIUMQUE dedit.

The estimable Sarrau died of a fever at Paris on Easter Eve in 1651. [See Burm. Syll. iii. 266.]

titute of that span and grasp of mind which are requisite to wield the large and complex system of political wisdom. There is certainly a pervading littleness throughout the whole of "the Royal Defence." Its author, like Martha in the Gospel, "is troubled about many things," and seems to be overwhelmed with trifles. For argument he frequently applies to frivolous etymology: he accumulates quotations, suggested to him by the officiousness of his memory, very often without judgment or felicity; and he puts together his unequal and ill-assorted materials without the arrangement and the plan of a master. After all however, "the Royal Defence" is no contemptible production. It amasses nearly all that can be obtained on the subject: in its management it is sometimes skilful[1] and artificial, as in its execu-

[1] In the following passages may be distinguished the heightening and the aggravation of a masterly hand.

"Si agendi modus inspiciatur, plurimi non siccâ morte reges ad generum Cereris, ut cum poëtâ loquar, descenderunt. Aut gladius privati parricidæ aliquem luce privavit, aut miles ab aliquo procerum subornatus vitæ principis insidias fecit, aut potio veneni alium exanimavit, aut carceris mala mansio pædore et fame alium cruciatum sustulit, alium in carcere carnifex strangulavit. Sed quis unquam audivit, quis legit, regem legitimum, hæreditarium regnum possidentem, Christianum, reformatum, accusatum à suis subjectis, causam capitis dicere coactum, condemnatum, securi percussum? Causa etiam com-

tion it is sometimes happy and even eloquent. It presents us with arguments generally subtle and specious; and with diction, occasionally indeed poor and debased with modern idioms, but on the whole perspicu-

missæ in regiâ personâ cædis aut summæ sceleris detrahit aut ad summam addit, quod minus aut magis sceleratum existimari queat quod actum est. Si per tumultum aliquis interemptus est militarem, si per seditionem popularem, si per factionem optimatum extinctus, non alia causa qnæri solet quam quæ oculis patet, tumultus, factionis, seditionis. Furor iraque rebellium mentes præcipites egit in tale facinus. Irati milites ob gravem militiam, infensi populi ob tributorum onera, proceres vel odio, vel metu, vel studio dominandi incitati in regem conspirant. Causa furoris in his omnibus partes suas agit. Post factum eos qui fecere plerumque pœnitentia capit.———

" Non rebellio concitati populi ea simplex fuit, subitâ seditione et factione vel procerum vel militum ad regem suum occidendum inflammata. Torserunt prius variis crucibus ac morte gravioribus suppliciis, quem tandem ignominioso et ultimo conficerent. De carcere in carcerem eum traduxerunt, custodiis sæpe mutatis, sæpe novatis, libertatis interdum spe ostensâ, interdum et restitutionis per pactionem inter partes faciendam. Dum de hac tractatur, et cum jam rex omnia promisisset quæ ab ipso postulabantur, repente totum negotium disturbatur. E carcere rex educitur, in regiam adducitur, coram judicibus selectis sistitur, causam dicere tanquam reus cogitur, non respondens condemnatur, securi percutitur. Sed quo modo? Eo certe modo quo nullus unquam rex supplicium capitis passus memoratur. Vt latro, ut sicarius, ut parricida, ut proditor, ut tyrannus ante domum suam, id est regiam suam, populo suo spectante, infami pegmati impositus, inter duos carnifices constitutus et quidem larvatos, quasi ad rem faceret hoc in duobus his servatum esse ut personati starent, cum tot alii carnifices ore non tecto, palam locum supplicii armis circumdatum custodirent, quot nempe pedites et equites armati circumstabant."

ous and pure. It satisfies us, in short, that its author was no common man; and it would prove him, without the testimony of his other works, not to have been the fortuitous possessor of that high reputation which he enjoyed.

But the circumstance, which will principally recommend this work of Salmasius's to a numerous party in the present day, is the vivid recollection, which it forcibly awakens, of some of the political writings of the late Mr. Burke. The same dark arsenal of language seems to have supplied the artillery, which in the seventeenth century was aimed at the government of England, and in the close of the eighteenth at that of France; and many of those doctrines,[m] which disgust us

[m] "Dicet fanatica natio, ita in regem à populo transire (potestatem) ut ad populum possit redire, immo et debeat, quandocunque hoc velit, aut si ita expedire judicet bono ac saluti reipublicæ. Atqui salus reipublicæ semper postulat, ut data à populo principi potestas nunquam ad populum revertatur, qui ita eam deponit, ut principem semel illâ donatum non privare possit in posterum dato imperio. Quippe cum ad salutem populi reperta sint omnia genera gubernationis quibus respublica constituitur et administratur, boni publici maxime interest ut potestas à populo regi semel concessa et donata, nunquam revocetur. Nisi enim hoc esset, et si pro lege id observaretur, ut quotiescunque populo placuisset, imperium regi, quem elegisset, ablatum ad populum rediret, nulla pax unquam firma in republica sperari posset, sed ad singula momenta quies ejus

with their naked deformity in the pages of the Leyden professor, have been withdrawn from our detestation under an embroidered and sparkling veil by the hand of the British politician. When Salmasius calls upon the monarchs, and indeed upon all the well instituted republics, or, in other words, the regular governments of Europe to extirpate the fanatic and the parricide English,—the pests and the monsters of Britain, we must necessarily be reminded of Mr. Burke's crusading zeal against the revolutionists of France; and be persuaded that he only blows the trumpet bequeathed to him by the antagonist of Milton, and sullied with the venal breath which was once purchased by Charles. Unquestionable resemblance is to be discovered in "the Royal Defence" to those pieces of Mr. Burke's which respect the French revolution; and if the former were to be translated, (but who would submit to so ungrateful a labour?) the English reader would be less struck with the novelty of the latter; and more disposed to assent to what was asserted by the wise man more than three thousand years ago, that "there is no new thing under the sun."

turbaretur, omnia seditionibus et factionibus arderent, fomitibus subinde in faces ad totius status conflagrationem suppeditandis." Def. Reg. p. 202.

On the causes of this obvious likeness I will not presume to offer an opinion. Similar thoughts might be suggested by similar subjects, and the same passions, however excited, might naturally rush into the same channel of intemperate expression: or the expatiating mind of Mr. Burke might range even the moors of Salmasius to batten on their coarse produce; and, finding them replenished with bitter springs, might be induced to draw from them to feed the luxuriancy of his invective.[h]

[n] For the amusement of the curious reader, I will transcribe a few passages from Salmasius's work, to prove the resemblance which I have asserted; and at the same time to show that Milton's severity did not exceed the provocation.

P. 5. "Hâc ratione quod in Angliâ factum facinus cum horrore accepimus, quia exemplo caret, tanto minus ignoscendum, magisque adeo execrandum, curandumque enixius ne hoc ipso tempore penetret ad plures et ne pro exemplo sit perniciem trahente veniens in ævum. Digni, itaque, omni odio et insectatione qui fecerunt, dignissimique porro quos flammâ, ferroque persequantur non solùm quoquot sunt in Europâ reges et principes jure regio imperantes, sed etiam omnes magistratus omnesque adeo republicæ bene constitutæ et moratæ. Hæc enim fanaticorum factio non sola regum solia appetere gestit, sed omnes potestates quas ipsa non fecerit conatur subvertere, cum nihil aliud nisi mutationem captet et cupiat, non solum in republicâ sed in ecclesiâ cum perpetuâ novandi libidine, quâ sibi imperandi omnibus, nullique parendi licentiam adstruat.—Non solum regnorum eversionem, sed etiam legum eversionem sibi cordi esse satis ostendunt," &c.

P. 6. "Vocari illi se quidem libertatis publicæ custodes, in

But whatever might be the intrinsic me-

actis publicis postulant. Æquè bono jure latro qui viatorem spoliâsset se crumenæ ejus custodem appellari vellet," &c.

P. 10. " Hoc * alicui Cornelio Syllæ, hoc Julio Cæsari licuisse, principibus suæ ætatis viris, generis et virtutis merito, fortasse minus intolerandum. At idem Manios aliquos, terræ filios, vix domi nobiles, vix suis notos licere sibi credidisse quis ferat?"

P. 11. " At istæ sicariorum viles et impuræ animæ optimatum consessum aboleverunt; locum ei nullum in parte procurandæ reipublicæ esse voluerunt, ad plebem in speciem totum regendi jus transtulerunt, sed reverâ sibi vindicârunt, id est paucis è fæce plebis ortis reservârunt, immo vel uni nebuloni, fanatico, homini obscuro, turbarum omnium quæ per tot annos Angliam dilacerârunt, autori, incentori, promotori."

P. 23. " Non odio regis, non metu, non criminibus ejus adducti de eo tollendo cogitârunt, sed quia reges ipsi esse voluerunt. Nulli parere, et omnibus imperare jam pridem didicerant: hæc eorum disciplina; hæc secta. Multorum annorum molitionibus, machinationibus, meditationibus ad hoc detestandum et horrendum facinus patrandum sese compararunt. Ne casu putemus in execrationem omnium incurrisse, hoc voluerunt," &c.

P. 25. " Tetræ istæ belluæ et molossis suis ferociores."

P. 35. " Sæculum certe nostrum hanc notam ex eo sibi inustam nunquam eluet, quod homines tulerit, quibus crudelitate et immanitate pares nulla retro sæcula tulerunt. Natio ipsa Anglicana, quæ talia monstra produxit, maculam hanc sibi eo nomine imprimendam nunquam deleverit."

P. 40. " Ea est harum pestium doctrina, ut etiam audeant affirmare se solos sapere et rectè sentire——dum regum coronas pedibus conculcant, sceptra confringunt, thronos destruunt, paludamenta conscindunt——sed etiam exitiale hoc dogma im-

* The overthrow of the established government: neither Salmasius nor Mr. Burke seems to object to this measure, provided that it be accomplished by noble hands.

rit of this defence of Charles, it was elevated

bibet (posteritas,) nisi obviam prompte eatur. Nam vel propter hanc impiam doctrinam, non solum ex omnibus regnis, ubicunque invenientur, exturbandi sunt, sed omnia etiam regna conspirare debent, ut ex eo regno quod intolerandâ tyrannide oppressum nunc occupant ejiciantur."

P. 85. " Si credimus novis evangelistis, novitiisque sanctis, doctrinæ parricidalis et Anti-Christianæ autoribus, rex minister est populi et servus. Non bella sua, sed populi gerit. Populi creatura est, ut vas fictile figuli. &c. &c.——inde sequeretur in democratiâ, quæ populi principatum agnoscit, populum vice versâ servire debere. Sed cui serviet? cerivisiæ coctoribus, cerdonibus, ærariis fabris, et aliis ejusmodi furfuraceis tyrannis," &c.

P. 97. " Quam adversis frontibus pugnat hæc veterum doctrina Christiana cum istâ fanaticorum, verè Anti-christianâ, quæ sancit populum esse figulum regis, regem autem vas esse a populo fictum ut figulo suo?"

P. 195. " Hæc est fanaticorum Angliæ de regibus et regendi diversis generibus in republicâ sententia et doctrina quæ omnia ad populum revocat ut ad fontem et originem totius potestatis et autoritatis quæ leges rogat et abrogat, quæ pacem et bellum sancit, quæ fœdera firmat, quæ religionem dirigit, ecclesiamque cum republicâ regit.—Sed quicquid illi perditi homines dicunt ac docent de populari administratione, cui omnia vindicant gubernationis genera, ad populum decipiendum pertinent, cui fucum hoc modo faciunt: nihil enim minus reverâ cogitant, quam ut populum ipsum populis imperio regendis destinent, nihil etiam minus præstant. Forma regiminis quam introduxere planè nova est et priscis inaudita," &c.

P. 323. " Nunc tanta rerum nominumque permutatio viget apud illos sectarios, ut servus pro domino exeat, dominus pro servo: tyranni multi pro rege uno legitimo imperent. Πολυαρχια cum ἀναρχια sit mixta.——Respublica consistat sine libertate; religio sine fide; enthusiasmus sine veritate; ecclesia sine disciplinâ. Omnia in eâ inversa ac perversa: omnia monstruosa, capite in pedes dejecto, pedibus in caput erectis. Infirma sum-

by the name of Salmasius too highly to the notice of Europe to be overlooked by the government of England. The Council immediately perceived the necessity of replying to it; and as immediately discovered the powers adequate to the occasion in their secretary, Milton. He was present, as he tells us, when the question was agitated, and the unanimous voice of the meeting committed to him the charge of repelling the acrimonious and mercenary attack. His compliance with the honourable requisition was instant; and inattentive to the suggestions of his friends, who were fearful of his reputation, committed against so renowned an adversary; undeterred by the remonstrance of his physicians, who predicted that the loss of his sight would be the infallible result of his labour; and unrestrained by the dissuasion of his bad health, which allowed him to compose only at intervals and with hourly interruptions, he persevered in the duty

mis, dextra lævis, recta pravis, religiosa profanis mutata. Merum denique omnis generis confusionum chaos. Hic status est regni Anglicani sub dirâ et immani Independentium tyrannide."

P. 365. "Pactio, quam fingunt inter regem et subditos intercedere, non minus futilis est. Certe nulla est in imperiis vi armorum partis, qualia sunt hodiè fermè omnia."

P. 269. "Sed belluæ et feri molossi hominum facie et habitu," &c.

which he had undertaken; and, with principle strong within his heart and the attraction of glory bright before his view, he produced early in the year 1651 that noble acquittal of his engagement to the Council, "[o] The Defence of the People of England."

To speak of this composition in terms of too high praise would be difficult for its greatest admirer. If, happily, it had been a little less embittered with personal invective, and had withdrawn the two immediate combatants to a greater distance from our sight; if it had excluded every light and sportive sally from its pages, it would have approached very nearly to perfection, and would have formed one of the most able and satisfactory, the most eloquent and splendid defences of truth and liberty against sophistry and despotism, which has ever been exhibited to the world. Its diction, pure spirited and harmonious, is the adequate organ of strong argument, manly sentiment, comprehensive erudition, excursive fancy, and profound wisdom. By the laws of God, either written in our hearts or made the subjects of immediate revelation; by the testi-

[o] Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem Regiam.

mony of all history, sacred and profane, the "Defence of the People of England" ascertains that political power properly emanates from the people, for whose good it must be exercised, and for whose good it may rightfully be resumed. On the narrowed question and with reference to the point more immediately at issue, the "Defence" strenuously asserts the ancient genealogy of English freedom and traces it from its British origin, through its Saxon and Norman lineage, to the times in which Charles suffered and the commonwealth of England was established. During this whole period the "Defence" proves that the existence of the ultimate sovereignty of the people was ascertained either by the electing or the deposing of the monarch, or by its acknowledgment in the compacts of the more potent possessors of the throne. From the Saxon times is demonstrated the existence of a supreme legislative assembly including the representatives of the commons, by which the conduct of the executive power was controlled and to which the chief magistrate was at all times responsible.

The author is unquestionably too severe in his treatment of Charles, and we are fatigued with the perpetual recurrence of his

invective against his immediate antagonist: but into the first of these errors he was betrayed by the exaggerated praise with which the departed Monarch was now lifted into popular favour; and for the second he may find some excuse in the abusive and insolent language, hurled by a presumptuous foreigner against the government and the people of England. In this instance however of management, or in this indulgence of intemperance, Milton has shewn himself to be injudicious; and, like other controversialists who have accommodated their works to the passions and the prejudices of the day, he has abandoned the more permanent for the more instant and impressive effect. In a contest, like this in question, it may be of importance, as Bayle acutely observes, to get the laughers on our side; and the aggravated censures, with the pointed personalities which now form the principal blemishes of the "Defence of the People of England," constituted at the time of its publication one of the chief causes of its power and popularity. No mean of teasing the adversary is omitted in this composition: his venality and accommodating pliancy of opinion are even made the subjects of a sportive sally in iambics.

" Quis expedivit Salmasio suam *hundredam*;
" Picamque docuit nostra verba conari?"
" Magister artis venter;" et Jacobæi
Centum, exulantis viscera [p] marsupii regis.
" Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,"
Ipse Antichristi qui modo primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu
" Cantabit" ultro Cardinalitium " melos."[q]

Who to our English tuned Salmasius' throat?
Who taught the pye to speak our words by rote?
A hundred golden Jameses did the feat:
He learn'd to prattle,—for he wish'd to eat.
Let the false glare of gold allure his hope;
And he, whose stormy voice late shook the Pope,
And threaten'd Antichrist with speedy death,
Will sooth the conclave with his tuneful breath.

But the reader may expect a graver specimen of this celebrated work; and I will transcribe for him the forcible and eloquent address with which it concludes.

" Hactenus, quod initio institueram ut meorum civium facta egregia contra insanam et lividissimam furentis sophistæ rabiem et domi et foris defenderem, jusque populi commune ab injusto regum dominatu assererem, non id quidem regum odio sed tyrannorum, Deo bene juvante videor jam mihi absolvisse: neque ullum sine responso

[p] The classical reader need not be informed that these lines are a parody on the prologue of Persius to his satires.

[q] P. W. v. 160.

vel argumentum, vel exemplum, vel testimonium ab adversario allatum sciens prætermisi, quod quidem firmitatis in se quicquam, aut probationis vim ullam habere videretur; in alteram fortasse partem culpæ propior, quòd sæpiusculè ineptiis quoque ejus et argutiis tritissimis, quasi argumentis, respondendo, id iis tribuisse videar quo dignæ non erant. Unum restat, et fortasse maximum, ut vos quoque, ô cives, adversarium hunc vestrum ipsi refutetis: quod nullâ aliâ ratione video posse fieri, nisi omnium maledicta vestris optimè factis exuperare perpetuò contendatis. Vota vestra et preces ardentissimas Deus, cum servitutis haud uno genere oppressi ad eum confugistis, benignè exaudiit. Quæ duo in vitâ hominum mala sanè maxima sunt et virtuti damnosissima, tyrannis et superstitio, iis vos gentium primos gloriosè liberavit; eam animi magnitudinem vobis injecit ut devictum armis vestris et deditium regem judicio inclyto judicare, et condemnatum punire, primi mortalium non dubitaretis. Post hoc facinus tam illustre, nihil humile aut augustum, nihil non magnum atque excelsum et cogitare et facere debebitis. Quam laudem ut assequamini, hâc solâ incedendum est viâ, si ut hostes bello domuistis, ita ambitionem, avaritiam, opes,

et secundarum rerum corruptelas, quæ subigunt cæteras gentes hominum, ostenderitis posse vos etiam inermes mediâ in pace omnium mortalium fortissimè debellare; si, quam in repellendâ servitute fortitudinem præstitistis, eam in libertate conservandâ justitiam, temperantiam, moderationem præstiteritis. His solis argumentis et testimoniis evincere potestis, non esse vos illos, quos hic probris insequitur, " Perduelles, latrones, sicarios, parricidas, fanaticos:" non vos ambitionis aut alieni invadendi studio, non seditione, aut pravis ullis cupiditatibus, non amentiâ aut furore percitos regem trucidasse, sed amore libertatis, religionis, justitiæ, honestatis, patriæ denique charitate accensos tyrannum puniisse. Sin autem, (quod, bone Deus, ne unquam siveris,) aliter in animum induxeritis, si in bello fortes, in pace turpes eritis, qui manifestum sensistis numen vobis tam propitium, hostibus tam grave, neque exemplo tam insigni et memorando ante oculos posito, Deum vereri et justitiam colere didiceritis; quod ad me attinet, concedam sanè et fatebor, neque enim potero negare ea omnia, quæ nunc maledici et mendaces de vobis pessimè aut loquuntur aut sentiunt, vera esse: vosque multò iratiorem brevi tempore experturi estis Deum,

quâm aut infensum inimici vestri, aut vos benignum et faventem et paternum, præ cæteris omnibus terrarum orbis gentibus hodiernis, experti estis."[q]

"So far, with God's assistance, have I accomplished my original purpose of defending, both at home and abroad, the proud achievements of my countrymen against the insane and malignant fury of a frantic sophist; and of vindicating, (as the enemy, not of kings but of tyrants,) the general rights of the subject from the unjust despotism of the prince. Nor have I consciously left unanswered a single argument, instance, or evidence adduced by my antagonist, which appeared to possess the smallest portion either of strength or conclusiveness, having rather perhaps inclined to the opposite fault of replying too frequently even to his irrelevant and trivial sophistries; and of treating them, as arguments, with a degree of attention of which they were undeserving. One thing alone, but perhaps the most important, remains,—that you also, my countrymen, should yourselves unite with me in the confutation of your enemy: and this, in my opinion, can no otherwise be effected than by a

[q] P. W. v. 194.

perpetual effort on your part to rise above his calumnies and to crush them with your virtues. To your ardent vows and supplications the Almighty indulgently listened when, under the yoke of your double servitude, you sued to him for deliverance. You are the first among the nations whom he has gloriously rescued from the oppression of tyranny and superstition, those two mighty evils which are the most hostile to the perfection of man: to you, the first of the human race, did he impart the magnanimity to submit to the solemnity of a judicial trial, and, when legally found guilty, to punish with a just death your vanquished and captive king. After a deed so illustrious, nothing low or narrow, nothing but what is great and exalted should enter into your thoughts and actions. To this lofty superiority of character you can rise only by showing that, as you have quelled your enemies in war so, with fortitude equally unexampled, without arms and in profound peace, you can subdue ambition and avarice, the power of wealth and the corruption of prosperity which triumph over the rest of your species; and by exhibiting in the preservation of your freedom a degree of justice, temperance, and moderation proportioned to the valour which you have evinced

in its attainment. By these arguments and evidences alone can you satisfactorily prove that you are not, (as your calumniator affirms,) "Rebels," "Robbers," "Ruffians," "Parricides," and "Fanatics;" and that you have not under the impulse of ambition or of a wish to plunder, not incited by sedition or by any depraved passions, not in a paroxysm of folly or of phrenzy murdered a king; but that, elevated and kindled with the love of liberty, of religion, of equity, of honour, and of your country, you have inflicted punishment upon a tyrant. If however, (which God avert!) your projects and purposes be different; if, notwithstanding your signal experience of a Deity so propitious to yourselves and so destructive to your foes, after all your bravery in war you are resolved to be corrupt in peace, and, unaffected by the memorable and awful example before your eyes, to disdain "to learn to do justice, and to walk humbly with your God"—for my part, I must indeed be constrained reluctantly to acknowledge the truth of all those infamous charges against you which are now uttered or conceived by the slanderers of your fame, and you will but too quickly feel the wrath of the Almighty in a much more afflicting degree than it has ever

visited your enemies; or than you yourselves have ever experienced, beyond the other nations of modern times, his kind, indulgent, and paternal love."[r]

[r] I must in this place, assign a note to the vindication of Milton from an aspersion unwarily thrown on him by a most respectable prelate; and unhappily inserted into the biographical compilation which is prefixed to the last edition of his poetical works. "It must not be omitted," says Mr. Todd,* "that Salmasius, in his Defensio Regia, had pressed hard upon his adversary in a particular point; and that Milton, to maintain the point, was tempted to put on the fragile armour of untruth."—A harsh imputation this on the warmest votary of principle and truth, who ever wielded the pen of controversy!—but let us proceed.—"A learned Prelate, in modern times, has detected this diminished brightness of Milton. 'When Salmasius upbraided Cromwell's faction with the tenets of the Brownists, the chosen advocate of that execrable faction," (Milton) "replied that, if *they* were Brownists, Luther, Calvin, Bucer, Zuïnglius, and all the most celebrated theologians of the orthodox must be included in the same reproach. A grosser falsehood, as far as Luther, Calvin, and many others are concerned, never fell from the unprincipled pen of a party-writer. However sedition might be a part of the puritanic creed, the general faith of the reformers rejects the infamous alliance." For this remark, Mr. Todd refers us to the appendix to Bishop Watson's sermon preached before the House of Lords, on Jan. 30, 1795. For this liberal and worthy prelate I feel very unfeigned respect; but I must protest against the rashness, for I cannot think it an intention to misrepresent, which has incited him to this violent paragraph. To refute the incautious charge nothing more can be necessary than the production of the passage in Milton's work to which the reference is made. It concludes the fifth chapter of the Defensio pro Populo Angli-

* Todd's Life of Milton, lxxx.

This great display of intellectual power

cano,"* and it stands independently of any thing which precedes it. "Quereris enim postremis hisce seculis disciplinæ vigorem laxatum, regulam corruptam," quod uni scilicet tyranno, cunctis legibus soluto, disciplinam omnem laxare, mores omnium corrumpere impunè non liceat. Hanc doctrinam "Brunistas inter reformatos" introduxisse ais. Ita Lutherus, Calvinus, Zuinglius, Bucerus, et orthodoxorum quotquot celeberrimi theologi fuere, tuo judicio Brunistæ sunt. Quo æquiore animo tua maledicta perferunt Angli, cum in ecclesiæ doctores præstantissimos, totamque adeo ecclesiam reformatam, iisdem prope contumeliis debacchari te audiunt." "You complain," addressing himself to Salmasius, says Milton, "that in this last age the vigour of discipline is impaired and its right rule corrupted, because truly it is not in the power of one despot, released himself from the controll of all law, to relax with impunity the general discipline and to corrupt the morals of all. This doctrine, as you say, was first introduced among the reformed by the Brownists: so that, by your decision, Luther, Calvin, Zuïnglius, Bucer, and all the most celebrated of the orthodox divines are included among the Brownists. The English therefore support your calumnies with the greater equanimity, when they hear you thus furious in your invectives against the most admirable doctors, and consequently against the body itself of the reformed church." If we admit the premises of Milton, can we refuse our assent to his conclusion? If to contend for liberty against the tyranny of a single person be the distinction of a Brownist, the first reformers were, beyond all question, Brownists, for one of the principal objects of their liberal and enlightened contention was to break the despotism of the court of Rome. Milton asserts nothing but the truth; and he is justified in bringing it forward by that part of his adversary's work to which he replies. The first reformers were not only strenuous in their opposition to the papal despotism, but were on all occasions warm advocates and supporters of the civil liberties of man.

* P. W. v. 136.

was received with the plaudit of the world; and, as the author's name was not in any wide celebrity out of his own country, the general surprise was nearly equal to the general admiration. Congratulations and acknowledgments of respect poured in upon him from every quarter, and the scholars of Europe, actuated by a similar spirit with the spectators of the old Olympic games, threw garlands on the conqueror of Salmasius. On the publication of the "Defence of the People of England," all the embassadors in London, of whom perhaps the greater number were from crowned heads, discovered their sense of its merit by complimenting or visiting its author; and he was gratified by letters, replete with praise and with professions of esteem, from foreigners eminent for their talents and erudition.

Among these he seems to have been particularly pleased with the attentions of Leonard Philaras, a learned Athenian who had attained to high rank in Italy and was now employed by the Duke of Parma on an embassy to the court of Paris. Struck with the ability and spirit of Milton's composition, this illustrious and liberal Greek sent a present of his portrait with a letter of panegyric to the defender of the Eng-

lish commonwealth. On a visit, which Philaras soon afterwards made to England, his first object, (and indeed it seems to have been the leading object of his visit to our island,) was to wait upon Milton, then reduced to a state of total blindness; and mutual friendship was the consequence of their personal intimacy. When Philaras returned to Paris, he was induced by the celebrity of Thevenot[s] the physician, particularly renowned at that time for his acquaintance with the diseases of the eye, to communicate a hope to Milton of the recovery of his sight. The two letters, in which our author acknowledges the first kindness and the subsequent services of his Athenian friend, are too worthy of the reader's notice not to be submitted to it.

Clarissimo Viro Leonardo Philaræ Atheniensi, Ducis Parmensis ad Regem Galliæ Legato.

Benevolentiam erga me tuam, ornatissime Leonarde Philara, nec non etiam præ-

[s] If we were desirous of paying Thevenot a high compliment, we should call him the WARE of the seventeenth century and of France. If the French physician actually possessed the skill and the benevolence of our admirable oculist, he must have been the ornament and the blessing of his age.

clarum de nostrâ pro P. A.! Defensione judicium, ex literis tuis ad dominum Augerium, virum apud nos in obeundis ab hâc republicâ legationibus fide eximiâ illustrem, partim eâ de re scriptis cognovi: missam deinde salutem cum effigie atque elogio tuis sane virtutibus dignissimo literas denique abs te humanissimas per eundem accepi. Atque ego quidem cum nec Germanorum ingenia, ne Cimbrorum quidem, aut Suecorum aspernari soleo, tum certe tuum, qui et Athenis Atticis natus, et, literarum studiis apud Italos fœliciter peractis, magno rerum usu honores amplissimos es consecutus, judicium de me non possum quin plurimi faciam. Cum enim Alexander ille magnus in terris ultimis bellum gerens, tantos se militiæ labores pertulisse testatus sit, τῆς παρ' Ἀθηναίων εὐδοξίας ἕνεκα; quidni ego mihi gratuler, meque ornari quam maxime putem, ejus viri laudibus, in quo jam uno priscorum Atheniensium artes atque virtutes illæ celebratissimæ renasci tam longo intervallo et reflorescere videntur. Quâ ex urbe cum tot viri disertissimi prodierint, eorum potissimùm scriptis ab adolescentiâ pervolvendis didicisse me libens fateor quicquid ego in literis profeci. Quod si mihi tanta vis dicendi accepta ab illis et quasi transfusa in-

esset, ut exercitus nostros et classes ad liberandam ab Ottomannico tyranno Greciam, eloquentiæ patriam, excitare possem, ad quod facinus egregium nostras opes penè implorare videris, facerem profecto id quo nihil mihi antiquius aut in votis prius esset. Quid enim vel fortissimi olim viri, eloquentissimi gloriosius aut se dignius esse duxerunt, quam vel suadendo vel fortiter faciendo ἐλευθερῦς καὶ αὐτονόμυς ποιεῖσθαι τὺς Ἕλληνας? Verùm et aliud quiddam præterea tentandum est, meâ quidem sententiâ longe maximum, ut quis antiquam in animis Græcorum virtutem, industriam, laborum tolerantiam, antiqua illa studia dicendo suscitare atque accendere possit. Hoc si quis effecerit, quod à nemine potius quam abs te, pro tuâ illâ insigni erga patriam pietate, cum summâ prudentiâ reique militaris peritiâ, summo denique recuperandæ libertatis pristinæ studio conjunctâ, expectare debemus; neque ipsos sibi Græcos neque ullam gentem Græcis defuturam esse confido. Vale.

Londini, June 1652.

Leonardo Philaræ Atheniensi.

Cum sim à pueritiâ totius Græci nominis, tuarumque in primis Athenarum cultor, si quis alius, tum unà hoc semper mihi persuasissimum habebam, fore ut illa urbs præclaram aliquando redditura vicem esset benevolentiæ erga se meæ. Neque defuit sane tuæ patriæ nobilissimæ antiquus ille genius augurio meo; deditque te nobis et germanum Atticum et nostri amantissimum: qui me, scriptis duntuxat notum, et locis ipse disjunctus, humanissimè per literas compellaveris, et Londinum postea inopinatus adveniens, visensque non videntem, etiam in eâ calamitate, propter quam conspectior nemini despectior multis fortasse sim, eâdem benevolentiâ prosequaris. Cum itaque auctor mihi sis, ut visûs recuperandi spem omnem ne abjiciam, habere te amicum ac necessarium tuum Parisiis Tevenotum medicum, in curandis præsertim oculis præstantissimum, quem sis de meis luminibus consulturus, si modo acceperis à me unde is causas morbi et symptomata possit intelligere; faciam equidem quod hortaris, ne oblatam undecunque divinitus fortassis opem repudiare videar. Decennium, opinor, plus mi-

nus est, ex quo debilitari atque hebescere visum sensi, eodémque tempore lienem visceraque omnia gravari flatibusque vexari: et mane quidem, siquid pro more legere cœpissem, oculi statim penitus dolere lectionemque refugere, post mediocrem deinde corporis exercitationem recreari; quam aspexissem lucernam, iris quædam visa est redimere: haud ita multò post sinistrâ in parte oculi sinistri (is enim oculus aliquot annis prius alterâ nubilavit) caligo oborta, quæ ad latus illud sita erant, omnia eripiebat. Anteriora quoque, si dexterum forte oculum clausissem, minora visa sunt. Deficiente per hoc ferè triennium sensim atque paulatim altero quoque lumine, aliquot ante mensibus quam visus omnis aboleretur, quæ immotus ipse cernerem visa sunt omnia nunc dextrorsum, nunc sinistrorsum natare; frontem totam atque tempora inveterati quidem vapores videntur insedisse; qui somnolentâ quâdam gravitate oculos, à cibo præsertim usque ad vesperam, plerunque urgent atque deprimunt; ut mihi haud raro veniat in mentem Salmydessii vatis Phinei in Argonauticis,

———κάρος δέ μιν ἀμφεκάλυψεν
πορφύρεος· γαῖαν δε περιξ ἐδόκησε φέρεσθαι
νειόθεν, ἀζληχρῷ δ' ἐπι κύματι κῖκλῖ ἄνακτος.

Sed neque illud omiserim, dum adhuc visus aliquantum supererat, ut primum in lecto decubuissem meque in alterutrum latus reclinassem, consuevisse copiosum lumen clausis oculis emicare; deinde, imminuto indies visu, colores perinde obscuriores cum impetu et fragore quodam intimo exilire; nunc autem, quasi extincto lucido, merus nigror, aut cineraceo distinctus et quasi intextus solet se affundere: caligo tamen, quæ perpetuo obversatur tam noctu quam interdiu, albenti semper quam nigricanti propior videtur; et volvente se oculo aliquantillum lucis quasi per rimulam admittit. Ex quo tametsi medico tantundem quoque spei possit elucere, tamen ut in re plane insanabili ita me paro atque compono; illudque sæpe cogito, cum destinati cuique dies tenebrarum, quod monet sapiens, multi sint, meas adhuc tenebras, singulari Numinis benignitate, inter otium et studia, vocesque amicorum et salutationes, illis lethalibus multo esse mitiores. Quod si, ut scriptum est, non solo pane vivet homo sed omni verbo prodeunte per os Dei, quid est, cur quis in hoc itidem non acquiescat, non solis se oculis, sed Dei ductu an providentiâ satis oculatum esse. Sane dummodo ipse mihi prospicit, ipse mihi providet quod facit, meque per omnem vitam quasi manu

ducit atque deducit, ne ego meos oculos, quandoquidem ipsi sic visum est, libens feriari jussero. Teque, mi Philara, quocunque res ceciderit, non minus forti et confirmato animo, quam si Lynceus essem, valere jubeo.

Westmonast. Septemb. 28, 4654.

To the most illustrious Leonard Philaras, Embassador from the Duke of Parma to the Court of France.

" Your kind feelings toward me, most accomplished Philaras, as well as your flattering opinion of my " Defence of the English People," I first learned from your letter written partly upon that subject to Mr. Auger, a man eminent among us for his fidelity in the discharge of various embassies: through his hands I subsequently received your compliments with your picture, and a panegyric most worthy of your virtues; and lastly a very polite letter. Accustomed as I am not to think slightly of German, or even of Danish and Swedish genius, it is impossible that I should not most highly value approbation from you, who were born in attic Athens, and, after successfully completing your studies in Italy, have since by your extensive experience attained the most distin-

guished honours. For as Alexander the Great, when warring at the extremity of the world, affirmed that he encountered all his toils to win the esteem of the Athenians, why may not I felicitate myself and account it my greatest ornament to be commended by him, in whom alone the celebrated arts and virtues of old Athens, after their long extinction, seem again to live and to flourish—of Athens the mother of so many eloquent men, to the careful study of whose writings, from my early youth, I willingly acknowledge myself to be chiefly indebted for whatever proficiency I have made in letters. If, then, I had acquired from them, as it were by transfusion, such energies of speech as could rouse our fleets and armies to rescue Greece, the native soil of eloquence, from the Turkish yoke, a glorious achievement for which you seem almost to implore my exertions, I would instantly accomplish it as the first and dearest object of my wishes. For what were the men of old, most illustrious for eloquence or for valour, deemed greater and more worthy of themselves, than to restore by their power, either of persuasion or of action, *freedom and independence to Greece?* But another, and in my judgment the most important object remains to be attempted—namely, to rouse and re-

kindle with oratory in the minds of the Greeks their ancient courage, and industry, and patience of hardships, and other manly virtues. When this is effected, (and from whom, if not from you, in whom the patriot, the sage, the soldier, and the lover of liberty are all in their highest degree united, may we expect its accomplishment?) neither will any other nation, I trust, be wanting to the Greeks, nor the Greeks to themselves. Farewell!"—

London, June 1652.

To Leonard Philaras, of Athens.

"Devoted from my earliest youth to every thing connected with Greece and with your own Athens, my Philaras! in particular, I have always stedfastly believed that the time would come when that city would bestow upon me some signal proof of her gratitude in return. By giving to me in you a genuine son of Attica and an affectionate friend, the ancient genius of your illustrious land has fulfilled my most sanguine expectations. Known to you only by my writings, and widely separated in our abodes, I was first honoured with your kind correspondence; and when afterwards an

unexpected occasion brought you to London, with the same kindness you came to see me, who could see nobody; one labouring under an affliction which can entitle him to little observation and may, perhaps, expose him to much disregard. As however you entreat me not to abandon all hope of recovering my sight, and state that you have a medical friend at Paris, (M. Thevenot) particularly eminent as an oculist, whom you could consult upon the subject if I would transmit to you the causes and the symptoms of my disease; that I may not seem to neglect any means, perhaps of divine suggestion, for my relief, I will hasten to comply with your request.

It is now about ten years, I think, since I first perceived my sight beginning to grow weak and dim, and, at the same time, my spleen and other viscera heavy and flatulent. When I sate down to read as usual in the morning, my eyes gave me considerable pain, and refused their office till fortified by moderate exercise of body. If I looked at a candle it appeared surrounded with an iris. In a little time, a darkness, covering the left side of the left eye, which was partially clouded some years before the other, intercepted the view of all things in that direction. Objects

also in front seemed to dwindle in size whenever I closed my right eye. This eye too for three years gradually failing, a few months previous to my total blindness, while I was perfectly stationary, every thing seemed to swim backward and forward: and now thick vapours appear to settle on my forehead and temples, which weigh down my lids with an oppressive sense of drowsiness, especially in the interval between dinner and the evening; so as frequently to remind me of Phineus the Salmydessian, in the Argonautics.

> In darkness swam his brain, and, where he stood,
> The stedfast earth seem'd rolling as a flood.
> Nerveless his tongue, and, every power oppress'd,
> He sank, and languish'd into torpid rest.

I ought not to omit mentioning that, before I wholly lost my sight, as soon as I lay down in bed and turned upon either side, brilliant flashes of light used to issue from my closed eyes; and afterwards, upon the gradual failure of my powers of vision, colours, proportionably dim and faint, seemed to rush out with a degree of vehemence and a kind of inward noise. These have now faded into uniform blackness such as ensues on the extinction of a candle; or blackness varied only and intermingled with a dunnish grey. The constant darkness however in which I live day

and night, inclines more to a whitish than a blackish tinge; and the eye in turning itself round admits, as through a narrow chink, a very small portion of light. But this, though it may perhaps offer a similar glimpse of hope to the physician, does not prevent me from making up my mind to my case, as one evidently beyond the reach of cure: and I often reflect that, as many days of darkness, according to the wise [u] man, are allotted to us all, mine, which, by the singular favour of the Deity, are divided between leisure and study and are recreated by the conversation and intercourse of my friends, are far more agreeable than those deadly shades of which Solomon is speaking. But, if, as it is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," [x] why should not each of us likewise acquiesce in the reflexion, that he derives the benefits of sight not from his eyes alone, but from the guidance and providence of the same supreme being? Whilst HE looks out, and provides for me as he does, and leads me about as it were with his hand through the paths of life, I willingly surrender my own faculty of vision in conformity to his good pleasure: and, with a heart as strong and as

[u] Eccles. xi. 8. [x] Matt. iv. 4.

stedfast, as if I were a Lynceus, I bid you, my Philaras, farewel!

Westminster, Sept. 28, 1654.

Amidst the thunder of applause, with which the "Defence of the People of England" was gratulated, it cannot be supposed that Milton's immediate employers, the Council of State, would suffer their approbation to be silent. The donation however of a thousand pounds, with which they are said by Toland to have testified their sense of the service, is exposed to some doubt by the following passage in the author's "Second Defence." "Tuque scito illas" "opimitates" atque "opes," quas mihi exprobras, non attigisse, *neque eo nomine, quo maximè accusas, obolo factum ditiorem.*"[y] "Be assured that I have not attained to that affluence of good things, and to that wealth with which you upbraid me; and that, *on that particular account, which forms the principal subject of your accusation, I have not been made one penny the richer.*" But the munificence of the Council might have been posterior to the date of this writing; or the testimony of the passage may be regarded as not sufficiently explicit to be admitted against the positive

[y] P. W. v. 221.

assertion of Toland, coinciding with the general character of the republican government.

But Milton experienced a reward of much higher value in his estimation than any pecuniary remuneration. While his opponent's production lingered on the vender's shelves or crept languidly through a very confined circulation, his own passed rapidly through a variety of impressions,[z] and occupied a large space in the public mind. It made its author, says Bayle, the subject of conversation over the world; and the distinction, with which it was branded at Paris and Toulouse, in which cities it was burnt by the common hangman, contributed to increase rather than to lessen the extent of its fame.

Proportioned to the triumph of Milton were the humiliation and chagrin of his

[z] In a letter from Leyden, dated on the 8th of May 1651, to his friend J. Vossius, then at Stockholm, N. Heinsius says that of Milton's work five editions had been already published—that it had been translated into Dutch, and was then translating, as he heard, into French. Virulentum Miltoni librum jamdudum ad vos perlatum confido. Ejus editiones quinque jam hîc vidimus: Belgicam etiam versionem, Gallicam nunc adornari ferunt. Burm. Syll. iii. 600. The Defensio Regia, it is true, was not without its readers; and, favoured by a numerous and strong party, it passed more than once and in more than one form through the press: but, with reference to the sale and the circulation of the "Defence of the People of England," those of the "Royal Defence" were certainly very languid and confined.

adversary. Elated and inflamed by habitual superiority, his arrogant and assuming spirit was ill formed to acquiesce in defeat; and in defeat by a man with whose name, till the moment of the encounter, he was probably unacquainted. The result indeed of this unfortunate contest was peculiarly afflicting to the feelings, and unpropitious to the interests of Salmasius.[a] The numerous enemies, whom his want of moderation had excited, now exulted on his fall: his work was suppressed in Holland by an order of the States General, and Christina, the capricious sovereign of Sweden, who had previously entertained him with the most honourable distinction and in whose court he was residing when Milton's reply reached Stockholm, now averted her countenance and treated him with studied neglect. She had almost compelled his visit by the importunity of her invitations; and her attentions to him had been of so marked and peculiar

[a] May it be noticed as remarkable that in his "Eloge funebrè," which I have already mentioned, (p. 350 in the note,) the Dutch professor, Vorstius, studiously avoids every allusion to this memorable controversy? By no process of art or strain of ingenuity could it be forced to yield any materials adapted to his friendly purposes. To convert the basest mineral into gold would be as easy an exploit as to form the dirty substance of the "Defensio Regia," and the posthumous "Responsio" into wreath of glory for the brow of their author.

a nature as to awaken, according to common report, the jealousies of Madame de Saumaise.[b] On the discovery however of his inferiority as a writer to his English antagonist, the Queen is stated, in some of the newspapers[c] of that day, to have "cashiered him her favour as a pernicious parasite and a promoter of tyranny."[c] She certainly mortified him by her liberal praises of Milton's composition, and discovered in her manner a degree of coldness of which he was acutely sensible. It has been asserted that the various afflictions of his pride on this occasion proved eventually fatal to his life; and it cannot surely be regarded as improbable that the pains arising from such a cause should, in their intensity, be injurious to health and accelerate the crisis of dissolution. Let this, however, be decided according to the reader's fancy:—Salmasius retired from the court of

[b] When he was indisposed, or confined to his room by the cold of the climate, the Queen would visit him in his chamber, and, locking the door, would light his fire, make his breakfast, and stay with him for some hours. This was the report of the day, and if it be true, we cannot reasonably be surprised at his wife's jealousy.

[c] The expressions, which I have copied, are from Nedham's "Mercurius Politicus." But Nedham was *a great crony*, as Wood tells us, of Milton's, and might therefore be suspected of exaggerating the fact in question.

Stockholm in September 1651, and died[d] at Spa in Germany, in the following September, when he had just completed a most virulent reply to sting if he could not mortally wound his successful adversary. But this last product of the mind of the great Salmasius, which was published with happy malignity in the year of the Restoration, and dedicated by his son to Charles II, was of a character to hurt only the memory of its author. On the devoted head of Milton, it accumulated every crime which can debase our poor nature, and every opprobrious epithet which from the most copious vocabulary the most curious and zealous ran-

[d] Of the gout, to which he had been subject, as his biographer Clement assures us: but few complaints are more exasperated by the disorders of the mind than the gout.

The violent agitation of his spirits, in consequence of the power of Milton's reply to him, is attested by all the contemporary scholars who had access to him at the time; and the conflict of so much strong and bad passion was more than sufficient to overthrow a frame, not naturally vigorous and then enfeebled by disease. An idle story, of his ghost's appearing to terrify his widow, was in popular circulation. N. Heinsius alludes to it very jocularly, in a letter to his friend, Gronovius. De spectro res faceta est. Conjux vivum exagitarat, nunc ille conjugem mortuus. [Burm. Syll. iii. 329.]

It is certain that at the crisis of this controversy the mind of Salmasius was so strongly affected as to induce the paroxysm of a fever. The fact is ascertained in another letter from N. Heinsius to Gronovius. Interim ne nihil agat, (speaking of Salmasius, Heinsius says,) ex febriculâ decumbit, quam illi studium illud ardens conciliasse visum, sic ultimi ferebant nuncii The latter is dated on the 4th of June, 1651. [Ibid. 270.]

cour could extort. As I am not possessed of this paltry work, to which the passions of an eminent man could induce him to condescend, I am compelled to rest my report of it on the testimony of Vossius who saw it in manuscript, of Bayle, and of Dr. Birch. From the last of these writers, I shall insert a further account of it in a note.[e]

[e] His reply to Milton did not appear till the year of the Restoration, when it was printed at London in 24to, under the following title; "Claudii Salmasii ad Joannem Miltonum Responsio, Opus posthunum," with a dedication to Charles II, by Salmasius's son Claudius, dated at Dijon, Sept. 1, 1660. This Book is written with unexampled virulence. He treats Milton as an ordinary schoolmaster; "Qui Ludimagister in scholâ triviali Londinensi fuit;" and charges him with having divorced his wife after a year's marriage, for reasons best known to himself, and defending the lawfulness of divorce for any causes whatsoever. He stiles him "impura bellua, quæ nihil hominis sibi reliqui fecit præter lippientes oculos;" and charges him with some false quantities in his Latin juvenile poems; and throughout the whole book gives him the titles of Bellua, fanaticus latro, Homunculus, Lippulus, Cæculus, Homo perditissimus, Nebulo impurus, scelestus audax & nefarius Alastor, infandus Impostor, &c. and declares, that he would have him tortured with burning pitch or scalding oil till he expired: "Pro cæteris autem tuis factis dictisque dignum dicam videri, qui pice ardenti, vel oleo fervente perfundaris, usque dum animam effles nocentem et carnifici jam pridem debitam." [Account of Life and Writings of Milton, p. xxxvi.]

The virulence of this work is frequently made the subject of allusion by the learned correspondents of that age. Speaking of this Responsio by Salmasius, Heinsius says in a letter to his friend Gronovius—Salmasius Miltonum suum defricare pergit; in edendo *horribili* isto scripto graviter desudant operæ typographicæ in Suecia.

The publication of this reply to Milton, which was delayed, as we have noticed, for some years, was preceded by that of two others, produced with different degrees of power, but equally envenomed and aimed equally at the heart. The earliest of these anonymous replies, which was erroneously imputed by Milton to bishop Bramhall, appeared in 1651 with the strange title of "Apologia pro Rege et Populo Anglicano contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni Angli) Defensionem destructivam, &c.—and the second, written by Peter du Moulin, (the son of an obscure French satirist of Sedan, but who subsequently obtained by his party merits a prebendal stall in Canterbury,) was published at the Hague in 1652, and called, "Regii sanguinis clamor ad cœlum adversus parricidas Anglicanos," or "The Cry of Royal Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides." To the former of these works, which was altogether a contemptible production, and which came from the pen of John Row-

And a little after he adds;—

Miror intemperiem profecto hominis furiosi et quietis impatientem animum. Tot præstantium animarum ultrices scilicet illum

Exagitant Furiæ et Furiarum maxima conjux.

Burm. Syll. iii. 274.

This letter bears date July 30th 1651.

land,[f] an English ecclesiastic of whom we

[f] We have this information from himself in a subsequent production; which was published in 1653, and dedicated to the Emperor Ferdinand III. The title of the work is "Polemica, sive supplementum ad Apologiam Anonymam pro Rege & Populo Anglicano, adversus Jo. Miltoni Defensionem populi Anglicani, per Jo. Rowlandum. Pastorem Anglicum."

In this work, Mr. Rowland refers in several places to his preceding publication against Milton; and seems pleased with the circumstance of his being mistaken for the courtly bishop of Derry.

P. 22. "Hæc in *Apologiâ meâ* obscurè tacta sunt."

P. 41, 42. "Ego interea, post ante dictos pugiles, Salmasium et Miltonum, unus è turbâ sine nomine, veritatis solius patrocinio nixus, pacis semper cupidus, indignatione potius quam animo scribendi, me ad aliquid scribendum applicavi.

> Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam
> Vexatus toties?

———— Ut verò Regem et Populum, quos Salmasius suâ defensione regiâ, Miltonus sua defensione populi, diviserant, conciliarem; nec enim Rex sine Populo nec Populus sine Rege tam felix esse poterit, utrumque conjungendo, (testis non arbiter,) quantam, quantam mea tenuitas pateretur, *pro Rege et Populo Anglicano Apologiam edidi.*"

P. 48. "Cui," (speaking of his antagonist Philips,) "ratio non est quod ipse succenserem, qui errando circa authorem Apologiæ, me dignitate Episcopali honoravit; et Episcopum Dirrhæum, aulicorum sacerdotum primipilum, omni vitiorum labe maculavit."

P. 49. Non sum enim Johannes Bramalius, Episcopus Dirrhæus aulicus, sed Johannes Rowlandus, Anglicus—Pastor Ecclesiæ particularis."

What is meant by the expression, "Ecclesiæ particularis," I am at a loss to discover: but I am frequently puzzled by Mr. Rowland; the barbarisms and solecisms of whose page forbade me

know nothing but by his own report," an answer was written by John Philips, Milton's youngest nephew, who had not then attained his twentieth year: against the latter Milton drew his own formidable pen; and we shall soon have occasion to speak of the brilliant result.

Before we finally dismiss from our notice the "Defence of the People of England," it may be proper to mention that the curiosity respecting its author, which it generally excited, gave rise to a correspondence, among the leading scholars of that age, which supplies us with some valuable

to ascribe it, before I was acquainted with its author, to a man of such respectable learning and talents as Bramhall.

Though I wrote this note with Rowland's "Polemica," in my hand, and drew my information respecting him from a source of my own, it would be uncandid in me not to acknowledge that Mr. Todd has preceded me on the ground, and, that his correction of my former ignorance, on the subject immediately before us, is at this moment under my eye. To Rowland's assertion of the "Apologia, &c." as the issue of his own brain, Mr. Todd has been enabled to add an express disavowal of this work, with an assignment of it to its proper author, by the prelate to whom it had been so injuriously attributed. In a letter to his son, from Antwerp in May 1654, which has lately been discovered among the bishop's papers, Bramhall says, "That silly book, which he, (Milton,) imputes to me, was written by one John Rowland, who since hath replied upon him. I never read a word either of the first book or of the reply in my life." [Todd's Life of Milton, 2d ed. p. 82, 83.]

and interesting information.[g] Isaac Vossius, who after the Restoration was made one of the Canons of Windsor, being at the court of Stockholm when the "Defence" was published, relates the warm approbation which Christina expressed of Milton's work, and unites his own applauses with those of the Queen. [h] Francis Junius, the writer of "De

[g] In a letter from Stockholm dated on the 12th of April 1651, Isaac Vossius writes to N. Heinsius—Liber Miltoni heri huc est allatus. Exemplar meum petiit a me Regina. Ipse non nisi cursim dum perlustravi. Nihil tale ab Anglo expectaram: et certe, nisi me animus fallit, placuit quoque, uno tantum excepto, incomparabili nostræ Dominæ, Dicit tamen Salmasius se perditurum auctorem cum toto Parlamento. [Burm. Syll. iii. 595.] In a letter written a few days afterwards to the same correspondent, Vossius says, Miltoni apologiam pro Parlamento suo priori accepimus hebdomade. Legit istud scriptum incomparabilis nostra Domina, et, nisi fallor, valde ei placuit. Certe et ingenium istius viri et scribendi genus multis præsentibus collaudavit. [Ib. 596.]

[h] De Miltono (says Isaac Vossius in a letter to N. Heinsius, dated on the 8th of June 1651) jam certior factus sum ab avunculo meo Junio, qui cum eo familiaritatem colit. Is mihi significavit eum Parlamento esse a Secretis in negotiis externis, esse, multarum linguarum peritum, non quidem nobili, sed tamen generosâ, ut ipsi loquuntur, ortum stirpe, discipulum Patricii Junii, comem, affabilem, multisque aliis præditum virtutibus. Burm. Syll. iii. 618.] In the library of Trin. Coll. Dublin, [as I am informed by the kindness of Mr. J. Cooper Walker,] is preserved a volume of Milton's prose-tracts, which had been presented with an inscription by the Author to this Junius; who was not less celebrated for his Anglo-Saxon than for his classical erudition. Junius in his report to his nephew, mistakes the Christian name of Milton's tutor, and substitutes Patrick for Thomas.

Picturâ Veterum," a learned treatise on the painting of the Ancients, and who was intimate with our author, speaks in the most favourable terms of the extent of his literary acquisitions, of his unblemished morals, of his mild and pleasing manners. [i] Nicholas Heinsius, who then resided at Venice, bears testimony, from information collected on the spot, to the purity (the Italians called it austerity) of Milton's conduct during his visit to Italy, and rescues him in this instance from the slanders of Salmasius. N. Heinsius [k] also professes his admiration of the "Defence of the People of England," but

[i] In a letter to Isaac Vossius dated from Venice on the 18th of Feb. 1653, N. Heinsius, after treating the abominable calumnies of Salmasius respecting Milton with contempt, proceeds to say—Imo invisus est Italis Anglus iste (Miltonus) inter quos multo vixit tempore, ob mores nimis severos; cum et de religione libenter disputaret, &c.—A little before, the letter-writer had spoken of Milton's Latin poetry: Poemata ejus mihi ostendit Holstenius. Nihil illa ad elegantiam apologiæ. In prosodiam peccavit frequenter. Magnus igitur Salmasianæ crisi campus hic apertus: sed quâ fronte alienos iste versus notabit cujus Musis nihil est cacatius? [Ib. iii. 669.]

[k] In a letter to J. F. Gronovius dated from Amsterdam, on the 1st of June 1651, N. Heinsius says "Misit (Salmasius) duas in hanc urbem nuper epistolas, rabiei Sycophanticæ non inanes, quibus omne se virus in me conversurum minatur quod Miltoni scriptum probari a me intelligat. Ego vero et dixi et dicam porro malam a Miltono causam tam benè actam quam Regis infelicissimi causam pessime egit *Scribonius*. Burm. Syll. iii. 270.

speaks with disrespect of the writer's Latin poetry, as greatly inferior in merit to his prose composition, and as censurable for its frequent offences against quantity. On the subject of this charge we have already had occasion to remark; and it may now be necessary only to observe that, if we except the scazons addressed to Salsilli and the ode to Rouse, in both of which pieces the poet may be regarded as guilty rather of new and unwarrantable fabrics of verse than of violations of quantity, the accusation, though not groundless, seems to overpass the occasion and to be too strong for the actual delinquency.

As the "Iconoclastes" and the "Defence of the People of England" were composed between the closes of the years 1649 and 1651 they were of course completed before the author's removal to Petty-France, which did not take place till the beginning of 1652. On the second of May, in this year, his family was increased by the birth of his fourth child, Deborah; and the mother dying in childbed, he was left, with three orphan daughters, in domestic solitude, and in a state rapidly advancing if it had not already reached to total blindness. The prediction of his physicians was now to experience its fatal accomplishment. His sight, naturally weak

and impaired by incessant study from the earliest periods of his life, had for several years been sensibly declining, and, when he engaged in his last great work, had discovered, as we have remarked, symptoms of approaching extinction. In the course of that honourable labour he entirely lost the vision of one eye; and that of the other closing soon afterward, he was resigned to entire darkness, and "for the book of knowledge fair" was

> "Presented with an universal blank
> Of Nature's works."

Of this completion of his misfortune the date is by no means accurately settled. All his biographers, with the exception of Mr. Todd, place the melancholy consummation in 1654; but it unquestionably happened in some antecedent period. In his letter to Philaras, written in the autumn of 1654, Milton speaks of his loss of sight as of no very recent misfortune; and we know that when he was visited by his Athenian friend, at a time not greatly posterior to the publication of the "Defence," he was then totally blind. Mr. Todd has noticed in Thurloe's State Papers a letter from the Hague, dated June the 20th, 1653, in which Milton is mentioned as blind;

and it must not be forgotten that the writer of the "Regii sanguinis Clamor," published in 1652, upbraids him with his blindness as an infliction of the Divine wrath, and selects for the motto of his work Virgil's description of the eyeless Cyclops—

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
A monster horrid, hideous, huge, and blind.

We must conclude therefore, that his total loss of sight soon followed the publication of his answer to Salmasius, and happened early in 1652.

The fortitude, with which he supported himself under this afflicting privation, is admirably discovered in that sonnet to his friend Cyriac Skinner, of which I have already spoken with praise and which I shall now transcribe. I could never read it without paying to its author the profound homage of my respect.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, this three years day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,

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[1] Vous avez en Angleterre *un aveugle,* nomme Milton, qui a le renom d'avoir bien escrit—v. i. p. 261.

Or man or woman :—yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side:
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

He was forewarned, as we have observed, of the contingent calamity, and, in the alternative of evils, he preferred the loss of sight to the dereliction of duty. The magnanimity of Achilles, to which he alludes in the following interesting passage in his "Second Defence," can scarcely be considered as superior to his own.

"Adeò ut cum datum mihi publicè esset illud in Defensionem Regiam negotium, eodemque tempore et adversâ simul valetudine, et oculo jam penè altero amisso, conflictarer, prædicerentque disertè medici, si hunc laborem suscepissem, fore ut utrumque brevì amitterem, nihil istâ præmonitione deterritus, non medici, nè Æsculapii quidem Epidaurii ex adyto vocem, sed divinioris cujusdam intus monitoris viderer mihi audire; duasque sortes, fatali quodam natu, jam mihi propositas, hinc cæcitatem inde officium; aut oculorum jacturam necessariò fa-

ciendam, aut summum officium deserendum: occurrebantque animo bina illa fata, quæ retulisse Delphis consulentem de se matrem narrat Thetidis filius.

Διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτοιο τέλοσδε·
Εἰ μὲν κ' αὖθι μένων Τρώων πόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμαι,
Ὤλετο μὲν μοι νόστος, ἀτὰρ κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται.
Εἰ δέ κεν οἴκαδ' ἵκωμαι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
Ὤλετό μοι κλέος ἐσθλόν, ἐπὶ δηρὸν δὲ μοι αἰὼν
Ἔσσεται. ——

Unde sic mecum reputabam, multos graviore malo minus bonum, morte gloriam, redemisse; mihi contrà majus bonum minore cum malo proponi: ut possem cum cæcitate solâ vel honestissimum officii munus implere; quod ut ipsâ gloriâ per se est solidius, ità cuique optatius atque antiquius debet esse. Hâc igitur tam brevi luminum usurâ, quantâ maximâ quivi cum utilitate publicâ, quoad liceret, fruendum esse statui. Videtis quid prætulerim, quid amiserim, quâ inductus ratione: desinant ergò judiciorum Dei calumniatores maledicere, deque me somnia sibi fingere: sic denique habento; me sortis meæ neque pigere neque pœnitere; immotum atque fixum in sententiâ perstare; Deum iratum neque sentire, neque habere, immò maximis in rebus clementiam ejus et benig-

nitatem erga me paternam experiri atque agnoscere.[m]

"So that when the task of replying to the "Defence of the King" was publicly committed to me, at a time when I had to contend with ill-health, and when one of my eyes being nearly lost my physicians clearly predicted that, if I undertook the laborious work, I should soon be deprived of both, undeterred by the warning, I seemed to hear a voice not of a physician or issuing from the shrine of Epidaurian Æsculapius, but of some internal and more divine monitor; and conceiving that by some fatal decree the alternative of two lots was proposed to me, that I must either lose my sight or must desert a high duty, the two destinies occurred to me, which the son of Thetis reports to have been submitted to him by his mother from the oracle of Delphi.

"For, as the goddess spake who gave me birth,
Two fates attend me whilst I live on earth.
If fix'd, I combat by the Trojan wall,
Deathless my fame, but certain is my fall:
If I return,—beneath my native sky
My days shall flourish long—my glory die."

[m] P. W. v. 216.

Reflecting therefore with myself that many had purchased less good with greater evil, and had even paid life as the price of glory; while to me the greater good was offered at the expence of the less evil, as merely by incurring blindness I might satisfy the most honourable demand of duty; which, intrinsically of more worth even than glory itself, ought to be the first and dearest object of every man's regard; I determined to dedicate the short enjoyment of my eyesight, with as much effect as I could, to the public advantage. You see then what I have preferred, what I have lost, what motives influenced my conduct. Let my slanderers therefore desist from their calumnies, nor make me the subject of their visionary and dreaming fancies: let them know that I am far from regretting my lot, or from repenting of my choice: let them be assured that my mind and my opinions are immoveably the same;—that I am neither conscious of the anger of God, nor believe that I am exposed to it; but, on the contrary, that I have experienced in the most momentous events of my life, and am still sensible of his mercy and paternal kindness."

Equally unascertained with that of his blindness is the precise date of his second

marriage; which took place, as we are informed, about two years after his entire loss of sight. The lady, whom he chose on this occasion, was Catherine the daughter of a captain Woodcock of Hackney. She seems to have been the object of her husband's fondest affection; and, dying, like her predecessor, in childbed, within a year after her marriage, she was lamented by him in a pleasing and pathetic sonnet. The daughter, whom she bore to him, soon followed her to the tomb. As I shall insert the sonnet, which will be felt by every sensitive bosom, it may not be irrelevant to remark that the thought in its concluding line, which on a cursory view may be branded as a conceit, is strictly correct and just. In his dreams a blind man may expatiate in the full blaze of the sun,[n] and the morning, in which he awakes, unquestionably restores him to his darkness. The fault is in the expression alone.

"I waked—she fled: and I replunged in night,"

would perhaps be sufficiently unexceptionable.

[n] So Lucretius, lib. iv. 458.

——— ——— et noctis caligine cæcâ
Cernere censemus solem, lumenque diurnum.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint:
Mine, as whom, wash'd from spot of childbed taint,
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint;
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked;—she fled, and day brought back my night.

During this period of his domestic history, the powers of Milton were vigorously and efficaciously employed in the hostilities of controversy. In 1652, the "Regii Sanguinis Clamor," &c. a work replete with the most virulent abuse against the English, and with the most atrocious invectives and calumnies against Milton, was published, as we have before noticed, at the Hague. Fearful of avowing a production, which might expose him at that juncture to more than literary peril, Du Moulin, who afterwards professed himself to be the writer of this violent work, sent° it in manuscript to Salmasius; and by

° This fact is related by Du Moulin himself in the prefatory epistle, from which I have made an extract in one of the subsequent pages.

him, for the purpose of publication, it was consigned to Alexander Morus, or More; whom this circumstance has lifted into unenviable celebrity.

Of Scotch parentage, but settled in France and at this time principal of the protestant college of Castres [p] in Languedoc, Morus possessed talents and learning, and his renown as a preacher, resulting however less from his composition than from his manner and elocution, was not exceeded, if it were equalled by that of any of his competitors in the pulpit. With his natural presumption and self-confidence increased by this evidence of his powers, and perhaps not aware of the full extent of the danger which he was incurring, he did not for an instant decline the invidious office, assigned to him by Salmasius; but, withholding his own name on the occasion, and writing, under that of Adrian Ulac the printer, a dedication to the exiled king, he committed the offensive manuscript to the press.

On this new provocation, the powers of Milton were again commanded into exertion by the government of his country; and in

[p] Now in the Department of Du Tarn, of which it is the chief town.

1654 he produced the most interesting, if not the most striking of all his prose compositions, "A second Defence of the People of England."[q]

To repel that flood of slanders, with which his barbarian adversary had attempted to overwhelm him, it became necessary for the author to insist on many parts of his own history, and to disclose the springs within his bosom which had uniformly actuated his conduct. In the execution of this delicate task, he speaks with so much of the unfaltering dignity of truth, and respecting facts so immediately under the correction of numbers who must have been acquainted with them, that it is impossible for us to refuse him our assent. This production has copiously supplied his biographers with materials of peculiar value, as they cannot be obtained in any other place, and as their authenticity cannot be doubted. The defensive part therefore of this work constitutes at present its principal interest: but, at the time of its publication, its active hostility was the immediate and chief cause of its celebrity

[q] The proper and full title of the work is "Johannis Miltonii Angli, pro Populo Anglicano Defensio secunda contra infamem libellum Anonymum cui titulus," "Regii sanguinis clamor ad cœlum adversus parricidas Anglicanos." London.

and effect. The moral character of Morus was unhappily not proof against attack. With a quarrelsome and overbearing temper, he has been represented by some of his contemporaries as the cause of war, like another Helen, wherever he came, or, like an Ishmael, with his hand lifted against every body while every body's hand was lifted against him; and his uncontrolled attachment to women was productive of adventures, not calculated to reflect honour upon a minister of the Gospel.

Enabled to possess himself of the most correct information and with talents to improve it into the means of the most wounding offence, Milton pursues his adversary through the opprobrious privacies of his immorality; and exacts a severe revenge for those savage insults,[r] in the guilt of which, as

[r] We have already cited a passage from the Regii Sanguinis Clamor, in which Milton is charged with having been expelled from Cambridge, and forced to fly, from punishment and disgrace, into Italy. [See note, p. 70.] To convey some idea to our readers of the spirit and style of those men to whom Milton in his replies has been accused of immoderate severity, and to show that Du Moulin did not unsuccessfully copy the great controversial model which he had studied in Salmasius, we will defile our page with another short extract from the virulent production now published by Morus. Unus inventus est, post eruditionem extra fines suos relegatam, qui Latinè scribere auderet, magnus scilicet heros quem Salmasio opponerent, Johannes Miltonus. Quis et unde dubium: homone? an vermis heri e sterquilinio editus?"—

their publisher and prefacer, Morus was beyond any question a party and accomplice. Among other licentious amours of which Morus stood accused, his connexion with a servant girl, whom he was said to have corrupted with a promise of marriage and afterward, in her pregnancy, to have deserted, had been made the subject of a legal prosecution by Madame de Saumaise, the girl's mistress, and had consequently become a topic of very general conversation. With reference to this piece of scandalous history, an unlucky epigram, commonly at-

and a little after—" Miltonum arripuerunt, et illud ignobile lutum in Salmasium jaculati sunt"—[Reg. San. Clam. p. 8.] In this work Milton is styled " Tartareus furcifer—teterrimus carnifex—tale hominis monstrum, &c. &c. Is it surprising that to an opponent with such language the answer should not be mild? But Du Moulin's scurrility, gross as it is, is scarcely equal to his profaneness. Not satisfied with making the sufferings of Charles and those of our blessed Lord precisely similar and parallel cases, he does not hesitate to affirm that the crime of the Jews, when they crucified Jesus Christ, was incomparably less than that of the English, when they brought their king to the scaffold!!! " Præ isto," (says this Christian divine and dignitary of the English Church,) " nihil fuit Judæorum scelus Christum cruci figentium, sive hominum mentem, sive sceleris effectus compares," &c. [p. 4.] and his reasoning on the subject is curious. The comparison between the sufferings of the deposed monarch and those of " the Lord of Life," is to be found further in the volume, at p. 54, 55 of the first edition: for a second edition of this execrable work was published in 1659, that it's author might not lose his reward at the glorious harvest of the Restoration.

tributed to Milton, had already appeared in Nedham's "Mercurius Politicus;" and it was now again published in the work of which we are speaking. Depending altogether on a verbal conceit, its poignancy is not transferable to our language; and, as it is not remarkable for its delicacy, it may be left without regret under the veil of its original Latin.

> Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
> Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget? [s]

On this point of attack Morus, in his reply, gave his antagonist an advantage by inadvertently correcting the orthography of the girl's name, and affirming that it ought to be written Bontia and not Pontia. After all however, the fact seems to be disputable, at least in the atrocity which has been imputed to it: for the issue of Madame de Saumaise's prosecution was favourable to Morus; and the charge against him has been ascribed, by some of his contemporaries, rather to his neglect of the mistress than to his affection for the maid.[t]

[s] The English reader however may accept the following substitute for the punning point of the original.

> Though Pontia's big, cease, dames, to call her whore;
> You bear a spotless name, but she bears MORE.

[t] Madame de Saumaise's character was not of such immaculate purity as to be exempt from suspicion and censure. In

A threat having been suggested, in the "Regii sanguinis Clamor,' &c. of a second edition of Salmasius's work, or rather of the publication of a new production by that celebrated scholar, Milton derides the menace with the contempt which might have been expected, "Tu igitur, ut pisciculus ille anteambulo, præcurris balænam Salmasium, impressiones in hæc littora minitantem," &c. "You," says he to Morus, "like some little pilot fish, precede the great whale Salmasius, and menace us with his incursions on our shore:" and then, pursuing the idea which had been thus accidentally presented to him, he ridicules the threatened publication in the following light sally:

"Gaudete Scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigidâ hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Vestrûm misertus ille Salmasius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;

Burman's Sylloge Epist. we find some curious anecdotes respecting her, which were in circulation among her contemporaries. She was accustomed to whip with her own hands, as N. Heinsius mentions, a boy of seventeen, who was one of her servants; and Morus's mistress, who is called an English or a Scotch girl, (Hebe Caledonia,) is said to have been her lady's assistant at the infliction of the punishment. Madame de Saumaise's violent prosecution of Morus seems to have been prompted by that resentment which results from disappointed love, and the

"spretæ injuria formæ:"

rather than by a calm regard to virtue and its interests. The

Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
Insignia nomenque et decus Salmasii,
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis gratissimos."—

"Ye herrings, and ye fish, who glide
In winter through our northern tide,—
Rejoice! Salmasius, noble knight!
Pitying your cold and naked plight,
Prepares his stores of paper goods,
Kindly to make you coats and hoods,
Stampt with his name his arms—his all;
That you his clients, on each stall
May shine above your brother fish,
Array'd in sheets, the pride or wish
Of fishmongers and dirty thieves,
Who wipe their noses on their sleeves."

P. W. v. 212.

Scarcely had Morus taken the rash step of editing Du Moulin's abuse than, conscious of the offence which he had given and hearing that Milton was preparing to resent it, he endeavoured by every means, which he could command, to avert or to lighten the vengeance which was trembling over his head. By some influence which he

story of the whipping is too long, and, though shaded with the veil of a learned language, too indelicate for me to extract: but it may be found in Burman's Sylloge, tom. iii. 669, in a letter of N. Heinsius to Isaac Vossius; from which we have already quoted the writer's defence of Milton's morality, and attack of his Latin poetry.

possessed, he prevailed on the Dutch embassador to mediate for the intervention of Cromwell's authority in his behalf; and, when this object could not be obtained, to try, with the power of the embassador's own request and with Morus's assurances of his not being the author of the injurious composition, to soften the resentment and to withdraw the pen from the hand of Milton. Nor were the attempts of Morus to suppress this dreaded publication confined to the period preceding its birth, or to the assistance which he sought from one of the diplomatic body. A letter to him from Bourdeaux,[u] the French embas-

[u] A curious letter (says Mr. Warton,) in Thurloe's State Papers, (vol. ii. p. 529,) relating to this business, has been overlooked, from Bourdeaux, the French Ambassador in England, to Morus, Aug. 7, 1654.

"Sir,

At my arrival here, I found Milton's book so public, that I perceived it was impossible to suppress it. This man (Milton) hath been told that you were not the author of the book, which he refuted; to which he answered, that he was at least assured that you had caused it to be imprinted: that you had writ the preface, and he believes some of the verses that are in it, and that, that is enough to justify him for setting upon you. He doth also add, he is very angry that he did not know several things, which he hath heard since, being far worse, as he says, than any he put forth in his book; but he doth reserve them for another, if so be you answer this. I am very sorry for this quarrel which will have a long sequence, as I perceive; for after you have answered this, you may be sure he will reply

sador in London, preserved among Thurloe's State Papers and first cited by Mr. Warton, demonstrates the activity of his apprehensions and his efforts at this interesting crisis of his fame. But Milton was unmoved by any applications, and, contenting himself with saying that nothing indecorous should escape from him in the controversy, published the work which is now before us; and it was soon in a circulation too vigorous to admit of its being suppressed. Its effects on the public opinion seem to have been great, and the delicate character of Morus gave way before the weighty impression. He struggled however to support himself by a reply,[x] containing testimonies in favour of his moral character from some colleges and universities, and from the magistrates and synods of the towns in which he had resided. This defence drew another answer from Milton, in which he produced additional authorities for his former

with a more bloody one: for your adversary hath met with somebody here, who hath told him strange stories of you." (Milton's Juv. Poems by Warton, 2d ed. p. 486.)

[x] Morus's answer was entitled, "Alexandri Mori Ecclesiastæ et sacrarum literarum Professoris, Fides Publica contra calumnias J. M."—Milton called his reply to it, "Authoris pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum Ecclesiasten, Libelli famosi cui titulus, "Regii sanguinis clamor ad cœlum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos," authorem rectè dictum.

assertions against his adversary. To this work Morus was again tempted to publish a reply; a short refutation of which by Milton terminated the controversy.

During the course of it, the alarm and, indeed the sufferings of Morus[y] had induced

[y] The caution of "audi alteram partem" is never more necessary to be observed than when we are reading, in the pages of an able writer, the character of his adversary. The morals of Morus were certainly not unimpeachable; but he passed through life with numerous friends among the religious, the learned, and the great. His preaching drew crowded audiences, and obtained him a numerous following. Though in more than one instance he was made the subject of a legal prosecution, the result was uniformly in his favour; and his life, which was never depressed by disgrace, was concluded by a religious and exemplary death. He might therefore have been a little irregular, and deviating, in consequence of human frailty, from the strict line of Christian morality: but we cannot conceive that his conduct was flagitious or stained with deep crimes. He died at the house of the duchess of Rohan in Paris, in 1670. By one of his contemporaries and friends, he is represented as ambitious, restless, changeable, bold, and presumptuous: he is stated also to have been a profound and extensive scholar, accurately acquainted with the Greek, Hebrew and Arabic languages. [See Bayle—Article Morus.]

It may be remarked that in the letters of Sarrau, Morus is more than once introduced under the name of Paris, in allusion, as it must be inferred, to his amorous propensities, and his favour with women. This frailty of his is generally made the subject of allusion wherever he is mentioned in the correspondence of his contemporary scholars: by whom also his intercourse with the servant girl of Salmasius is related without any reserve or intimation of doubt. The fact indeed, divested of the more atrocious circumstances imputed to it, seems to be indisputable — for it was

him to give up the author of that publication, for which he had exposed himself to such unpleasant consequences, and Du Moulin, who was at that time in England, felt himself to be in danger: but he was saved, as he says, by the pride of Milton, who, refusing to acknowledge himself in an error and persisting in his attack upon Morus, induced the

one of the causes of the quarrel between Salmasius and Morus; and he was pressed by his former friend and patron to marry the girl: but her character was much too light to admit of the idea of her having been *seduced*, or of her being made, (in the vulgar phrase,) an *honest woman*. Of the temper of this confidante of Madame de Saumaise's, a whimsical instance is related by Vossius, in a letter to N. Heinsius, dated from Amsterdam on the 24th of November 1654. For the entertainment of my readers, I will transcribe the whole passage: Lis ipsi (Salmasio) cum Moro. Cupit enim ut is Anglicanam suam in uxorem ducat, quod alter recusat. Verùm isti duo boni amantes, qui nuper tam suaviter et amicè oscula jungebant, valdè nunc sibi invicem sunt infensi. Ante quatriduum siquidem, cum forte Maurus huic nostræ occurrerat in vastâ istâ areâ, quæ ædibus Salmasii adjacet, statim capillitium ejus invasit, pluribusque adfecit verberibus: neque eo contenta etiam fuste in illum sævire conabatur, nisi bonus ille socius in horreum confugisset super struicem quandam, jactuque se vindicasset cespitum. Huic spectaculo non defuit ingens, spectatorum numerus, qui ex vicinià passim eo confluxerant. Vides quam omnes iis in ædibus sint γυναικοκρατέμενοι. Facile hinc possis conjicere falsos fuisse rumores qui de *subactâ Britannicâ* passim fuere sparsi, cum illa potius Maurum subegerit. Vel si verus sit rumor, adparet non satis fuisse subactam. [Burman. Syllo. iii. 651.]

Our women, as it appears by this anecdote, can on some occasions fight with the spirit of our men.

government to suffer the real author of the offence to escape without notice. This however, is not an accurate statement of the case. Early in the controversy Milton had been assured that Morus was not the writer of the "Regii sanguinis Clamor:" but Milton was certain that Morus was the publisher of the work and the writer of the dedication. Milton knew also that the name of Morus was higher in the literary world than that of Du Moulin; and, regarding them both as joint parties in a bond, he conceived himself to be justified in calling upon the most responsible of the two for the payment of his debt. With respect to punishment, he would be averse from inflicting on his adversary any other than the brand of the pen; and would certainly be more inclined to conceal an obnoxious writer than to expose him to the law. Du Moulin's triumph on his escape, to whatever cause he might be indebted for it, was certainly not inconsiderable, as the passage inserted in the note will sufficiently demonstrate.[z]

[z] Spectabam intereà tacitus, nec sine lento risu fœtum meum ad alienas fores expositum; et cæcum et furiosum Miltonum, Andabatarum more, pugnantem et ἀερομαχόμενον, à quo feriretur et quem contra feriret ignarum. At Morus, tantæ invidiæ impar, in regià causâ frigere cœpit, & "Clamoris" authorem Mil-

Having taken a general view of this con-

tono indicavit. Enimvero in suâ ad Miltoni maledicta responsione, duos adhibuit testes præcipuæ apud perduelles fidei, qui authorem probè nossent & rogati possent revelare. Unde sanè mihi & capiti meo certissimum impendebat exitium. At magnus ille justitiæ vindex, cui & hanc operam & hoc caput libens devoveram, per Miltoni superbiam salutem meam asseruit, ut ejus sapientiæ solenne est ex malis bona, ex tenebris lucem elicere. Miltonus enim, qui plenis caninæ eloquentiæ velis in Morum invectus fuerat, quique id fermè unicum Defensionis secundæ suæ fecerat argumentum, ut Mori vitam atque famam laceraret, adduci nunquam potuit, ut se tam crassè hallucinatum esse fateretur. Scilicet metuens ne cæcitati ejus populus illuderet, eumque compararent grammaticorum pueri Catullo illi cæco apud Juvenalem, qui piscem Domitiano donatum laudaturus.

plurima dixit
In lævum conversus, at illi dextra jacebat
Bellua.

Perseverante igitur Miltono totum illud periculosi in Regem amoris crimen Moro impingere, non poterant cæteri perduelles sine magnâ boni patroni sui injuriâ alium à Moro tanti criminis reum peragere. Cumque Miltonus me salvum esse mallet quam se ridiculum, hoc operæ meæ præmium tuli, ut Miltonum, quem inclementius acceperam, haberem patronum, & capitis mei sedulum ὑπερασπιστήν."

This extract is made from a kind of prefatory epistle, intended by Du Moulin to accompany those furious iambics which he vented against Milton, in their second edition with "the Regii sanguinis Clamor." Having been omitted however, by some accident or other, in its proper place, this exposition of the author's dangers in the royal cause was subsequently published in a miscellaneous volume, printed at Cambridge in 1670. Milton's blindness supplies the generous Du Moulin with many occasions of exultation and insult. The indifference or rather the pleasure, with which this worthy divine beholds the punishment, due to his own offence,

troversy, in which Milton's last productions are as distinguishable as his former ones for spirit, vigour, and acuteness, it will be proper for us to return to his "Second Defence;" of which our notices have not yet been ample in proportion to its demands. It is indeed filled with such interesting matter, that our readers would have cause to censure us if we were to pass over it with only common attention. From those parts of it, which relate immediately to the author, we have more than once had occasion to insert extracts in our page, and of this portion of the work we shall now content ourselves with transcribing that passage which replies to the reproaches of his antagonist on his blind-

inflicted on another, may be also worthy of remark. The sentiment of the Epicurean poet,

Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
Per campos instructa tuâ sine parte pericli :

was much less depraved than that discovered on this occasion by Du Moulin: for the battle, which he thus delighted to contemplate without exposing himself to any participation of the danger, was the result of his own voluntary act, and a battle also in which his friend was suffering cruel wounds in his stead. In this man's conduct we are disgusted with complicated baseness—with the most selfish and mean cowardice, united with the most egregious want of principle:—and yet did his sycophantic loyalty raise him to a high station in our church, and place him in a stall of the metropolitan cathedral, when he scarcely merited a stall in the stable of an inn.

ness and the pretended deformity of his person.

Veniamus nunc ad mea crimina: estne quod in vitâ aut moribus reprehendat? Certè nihil. Quid ergo? Quod nemo nisi immanis ac barbarus fecisset, formam mihi ac cæcitatem objectat.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.

Nunquam existimabam equidem fore, ut de formâ cum Cyclope certamen mihi esset; verùm statim se revocat. "Quanquam nec ingens, quo nihil est exilius, exsanguius, contractius." Tametsi virum nihil attinet de formâ dicere, tandem quando hìc quoque est unde gratias Deo agam et mendaces redarguam, nè quis (quod Hispanorum vulgus de hæreticis, quos vocant, plus nimio sacerdotibus suis credulum opinatur) ne fortè cynocephalum quempiam, aut rhinocerota esse putet, dicam. Deformis quidem à nemine, quod sciam, qui modò me vidit, sum unquam habitus; formosus nécne, minûs laboro; staturâ fateor non sum procerâ: sed quæ mediocri tamen quàm parvæ propior sit; sed quid si parvâ, quâ et summi sæpe tum pace tum bello viri fuere, quanquam parva cur dicitur, quæ ad virtutem satìs magna est? Sed neque exilis admodum, eo

sanè animo iisque viribus ut, cùm ætas vitæque ratio sic ferebat, nec ferrum tractare nec stringere quotidiano usu exercitatus nescirem; eo accinctus, ut plerumque eram, cuivis vel multò robustiori exæquatum me putabam, securus quid mihi quis injuriæ vir viro inferre posset. Idem hodie animus, eædem vires, oculi non iidem; ità tamen extrinsecus illæsi, ità sine nube clari ac lucidi, ut eorum qui acutissimùm cernunt: in hâc solùm parte, memet invito, simulator sum. In vultu, quo " nihil exsanguius" esse dixit, is manet etiamnum color exsangui et pallenti planè contrarius, ut quadragenario major vix sit cui non denis prope annis videar natu minor; neque corpore contracto neque cute. In his ego si ullâ ex parte mentior, multis millibus popularium meorum, qui de facie me nôrunt, exteris etiam non paucis, ridiculus meritò sim: sin iste in re minimê necessariâ tàm impudenter et gratuitò mendax comperietur, poteritis de reliquo eandem conjecturam facere. Atque hæc de formâ meâ vel coactus: de tuâ quanquam et contemptissimam accepi, et habitantis in te improbitatis atque malitiæ vivam imaginem, neque ego dicere neque ullus audire curat. Utinam de cæcitate pariter liceret inhumanum hunc refellere adversarium: sed non

licet; feramus igitur: non est miserum esse cæcum; miserum est cæcitatem non posse ferre: quidni autem feram, quod unumquemque ità parare se oportet, ut si acciderit non ægrè ferat, quod et humanitus accidere cuivis mortalium, et præstantissimis quibusdam atque optimis omni memoriâ viris accidisse sciam: sive illos memorem, vetustatis ultimæ priscos vates ac sapientissimos; quorum calamitatem et dii, ut fertur, multò potioribus donis compensarunt, et homines eo honore affecerunt, ut ipsos inculpare maluerint deos, quàm cæcitatem illis crimini dare. De augure Tiresiâ quod traditur, vulgò notum. De Phineo sic cecinit Apollonius in Argonauticis:

———Οὐδ' ὅσσον ὀπίζετο καὶ Διὸς αὐτῇ
Χρείων ἀτρεκέως ἱερὸν νόον ἀνθρώποισι.
Τῷ καὶ οἱ γῆρας μὲν ἐπὶ δηναιὸν ἴαλλεν
Ἐκ δ' ἔλετ' ὀφθαλμῶν γλυκερὸν φάος.

"Let us now come to the charge which he brings against me. Is there any thing in my life or my morals on which his censure can fasten? Certainly nothing. What then is his conduct? That of which no one but a savage and a barbarian could be guilty,—he reproaches me with my form and my blindness. In his page I am—

"A monster horrid, hideous, huge, and blind."

I never, indeed, imagined that, with respect to person, there would be instituted any competition between me and a cyclops. But my accuser immediately corrects himself: "So far, however, is he from huge, that a more meagre, bloodless, diminutive animal can no where be seen." Although it be idle for a man to speak of his own form, yet since, even in this particular instance, I have cause of thankfulness to God and the power of confuting the falsehoods of my adversary, I will not be silent on the subject, lest any person should deem me, as the credulous populace of Spain are induced by their priests to believe those whom they call heretics, to be a kind of rhinoceros or a monster with a dog's head. By any man indeed, who has ever seen me, I have never, to the best of my knowledge, been considered as deformed—whether as handsome or not forms a less object of my concern. My stature, I confess not to be lofty; but it approaches more to the middle height than to the low. If it were however even low, I should in this respect only be confounded with many who have eminently distinguished themselves in peace and in war; and I know not why that human body should be called little which is sufficiently

large for all the purposes of human usefulness and perfection. When my age and the habits of my life would permit, I accustomed myself to the daily exercise of the sword, and was not either so puny in body or so deficient in courage as not to think myself, with that weapon which I generally wore, to be secure in the assault of any man, hand to hand, how superior soever he might be to me in muscular strength. The spirit and the power, which I then possessed, continue unimpaired to the present day; my eyes only are not the same; and they are as unblemished in appearance, as lucid and free from spot, as those which are endued with the sharpest vision: in this instance alone, and much against my own inclination, am I a deceiver. My face, than which, as he says, nothing is more bloodless, still retains, at the age of more than forty, a colour the very reverse of pale, and such as induces almost every one, who sees me, to consider me as ten years younger than I am; neither is my skin wrinkled, nor my body in any way shrunk. If I should misrepresent any of these circumstances, my falsehood must instantly be detected by thousands of my own countrymen, and by many foreigners, who are acquainted with my person, and to whose

ridicule and contempt I should justly be exposed: it might then be fairly concluded that he who, in an affair of no moment, could unnecessarily be guilty of a gross and wanton violation of truth, could not be deserving of credit in any thing which he asserted. Thus much have I been compelled to speak of my own person;—of your's, though I have been informed that it is the most contemptible and the most strongly expressive of the dishonesty and malice which actuate it, I am as little disposed to speak as others would be to hear.

I wish that it were in my power, with the same facility with which I have repelled his other attacks, to refute the charge, which my unfeeling adversary brings against me, of blindness: but, alas! it is not in my power, and I must consequently submit to it. It is not, however, miserable to be blind: he only is miserable who cannot acquiesce in his blindness with fortitude. And why should I repine at a calamity, which every man's mind ought to be so prepared and disciplined as to be able, on the contingency of its happening, to undergo with patience: a calamity to which man by the condition of his nature is liable; and which I know to have been the lot of some of the greatest and

the best of my species. Among those, on whom it has fallen, I might reckon some of the wisest of the bards of remote antiquity, whose want of sight the Gods are said to have compensated with extraordinary and far more valuable endowments, and whose virtues were so venerated that men would rather arraign the Gods themselves of injustice than draw from the blindness of these admirable mortals an argument of their guilt. What is handed down to us respecting the augur Tiresias is very commonly known. Of Phineus, Apollonius in his Argonautics thus sings—

> "Careless of Jove, in conscious virtue bold,
> His daring lips Heaven's sacred mind unfold.
> The God hence gave him years without decay;
> But robb'd his eyeballs of the pleasing day."

But independently of its communications respecting its author, by which it is principally recommended to us, the "Second Defence" exhibits many striking passages and a variety of entertaining matter. It introduces to our notice many of the writer's republican friends, and, besides an animated address to Cromwell, which it is our intention to extract, it presents us with an eloquent eulogy on Christina the Queen of Sweden. This extraordinary character was at this mo-

ment renowned throughout Europe for her liberality, her erudition, and her patronage of the learned.[a] On the favour of Milton

[a] She was complimented in strains of as high panegyric as any that is to be found in Milton, by almost all the scholars of her time in Europe. In the letters of Sarrau, or Sarravius, she is always mentioned in the most encomiastic terms, and is called the great Christina and the greatest of queens. This learned and able and upright man expresses envy for the happiness of Salmasius, Vossius, and the other scholars who were at her court, and could thus enjoy the charms of her conversation, and the sweet influence of her smiles.—" O beatam Suediam," he says to Vossius in a letter written from Paris Nov. 19, 1649, " tantâ suarum fortunarum moderatrice! O beatum Vossium! O beatos omnes cui datum est suavi ejus præsentiâ, conspectu, colloquio et gratiâ frui!"—The verse of Sarravius is not less flattering to Christina than his prose. Of six distichs, which he wrote on a medal, representing the head of this queen, as a Minerva, on one side, and on the other a meridian sun, the two following are not the least full of compliment,—

Si coluisse voles Phœbum & coluisse Minervam;
Tu cole Christinam—Numen utrumque êoles.

Sol radios expande tuos: ecce æmula terris,
Christina affulget lumine inocciduo.
Sarravii Epis. 286.

Christina was beloved by the people over whom she reigned; and her abdication was opposed by the strong and affectionate remonstrances of the Senate of Sweden. N. Heinsius, who was then at Stockholm, records this circumstance which is so honourable to his royal patroness, in a letter written from that city at the precise period in question. Nihil non egit universus regni Senatus, ut ab hoc proposito Dominam avellerent: sed nimis alte ejus animo hæret impressa sententia vitæ privatæ instituendæ, quam ut tolli aut mutari ullâ ratione possit. This letter which is dated from Stockholm on the 29th of April 1654, is addressed to the writer's chief friend, Gronovius. Though by her abdication all his hopes of royal favour were to be blighted, and he was

the daughter of the great Adolphus had likely also to sustain much pecuniary loss, N. Heinsius on this and on every future occasion speaks of Christina with much affection and respect: and yet this is the woman whose unhappy eccentricities Mr. Warton has delighted to expose, and to make them, with his utmost power, the objects of our ridicule and disgust. But she possessed sufficient taste to admire Milton's "Defence of the People of England;" an intercourse of praise had intervened between her and this great adversary of royal despotism,—and by Mr. Warton, and the writers of his character and class, she was consequently to be degraded as much as possible, and her memory to be loaded with as much ignominy as could be collected with assiduity from every quarter, and mercilessly thrown on it. Her later conduct, as it must be lamented, has supplied these posthumous enemies with too many materials for their ungenerous purpose: but with respect to her principal offence, in the estimation of these men, let us recollect that when she praised Milton, she praised him who has since become the subject of universal admiration; and that when Milton praised her, he praised a Queen who possessed the affections of a happy people; who extended the most liberal patronage to the learned, and who was the theme of almost unbounded panegyric with all the princes of European literature. The propriety of Milton's panegyric of Christina is admitted by his adversary Morus; who carries his admiration of her as far any of his contemporaries. Adverting to this part of Milton's "Second Defence," Morus says, Hinc ambitiosa digressio in illam, quæ non obiter dici debet, singularis exempli Reginam; quæ jam omnes omnium laudes merita, consecuta, longissimèque supergressa; hoc unum non meruit, abs te laudari. [Alex. Mori Fides Publica, p. 60.]

With reference to the provocation under which it was written, this reply of Morus is remarkably temperate and candid. As the writer of the dedication and as the editor of the "Regii Sanguinis Clamor," the offence of Morus was certainly great, and such as to exempt him from our pity under his sufferings: but when we compare him with Du Moulin, we must regard him as a liberal and honourable antagonist.

a particular claim in consequence of the praise which, though a sovereign, she had liberally given to his "Defence of the People of England;" and on all occasions he seems anxious to requite her with the most prodigal panegyric. Of this not only the passage, to which I have now referred, is an instance, but the verses also, which, at a period, as we may conjecture, somewhat earlier than the present, he had written under a portrait of the Protector, transmitted as an official compliment to the northern Potentate from the fortunate usurper of England. To transcribe the prose eulogy would detain us too long from more interesting matters; but the poetic compliment, at once concise and splendid, shall be inserted to gratify our readers.

Bellipotens Virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina! Arctoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra:
Non sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.[b]

[b] Some doubts have been raised about the author of these verses, and a few, among whom is Mr. Warton, have assigned them to the pen of Andrew Marvell. For my own part I cannot find any reason to dispute Milton's title to them. To write them was evidently within the province of the Latin Secretary,

Imperial Maid, great arbitress of war!
Queen of the pole!—yourself its brightest star!
Christina! view this helmet-furrow'd brow;
This age, that arms have worn, but cannot bow;
As through the pathless wilds of fate I press;
And bear the people's purpose to success.
Yet see! to you this front submits its pride:
Thrones are not always by its frown defied.

Before we proceed to exhibit the address to Cromwell, it will be proper to direct our attention to the state of the British public at this remarkable conjuncture.

That part of the Long Parliament, which

and, as they must have been composed before 1654, in the April of which year Christina abdicated her throne, and as Marvell was not associated in the office of Latin Secretary till 1657, they must have been written when Milton sustained the duties of his place without an assistant. Is it likely then, I will ask, that he should solicit aid for the composing of eight verses, addressed to a person who was manifestly a great object of his regard? The notion entertained by Mr. Warton, that Milton, who was perpetually conversant with the classics and with Latin composition, should by the disuse of a few years so far lose his facility in the constructing of Latin verse, as to be unable to write it, strikes me as ludicrously absurd. The inference from their being found in a posthumous publication of Marvell's works is surely of no consequence. A friend might certainly transcribe a friend's verses, and place them by his own on the same subject, without suspecting that he was thus bringing the author's just claim to them into suspicion. Induced probably by the same reasons which have influenced my opinion in this instance, Bishop Newton, Dr. Birch, and the late ingenious editor of Paradise Regained, Mr. Dunster, have concurred in considering these verses as the property of Milton.

had been permitted by Cromwell and the fanatic army to continue its sittings, and which, in derision, was called the Rump Parliament, had conducted the political vessel with great ability and effect. It had lately been augmented by many of its old members who, having seceded in consequence of their opposition to the trial of the king, were now on their subscribing THE ENGAGEMENT[e] re-admitted to their seats; and with their presence they imparted a more imposing speciousness of aspect to the Legislative Assembly. If some of its laws betrayed the severity and narrowness of the presbyterian priesthood, the greater number of them discovered much political ability and were formed on a wide view of the public interest. The famous Navigation act, which has contributed so essentially to our present naval pre-eminence, was the offspring of its wisdom; and, both in the field and in the cabinet its talents for government were alike attested by success. By its prudent manage-

[e] The form of this test, of the submission of the subject to the existing government, was simple and concise: it was nothing more than a solemn promise "to be true and faithful to the government established without king or house of peers." The "Engagement" was substituted, on the death of the king, for the famous "Solemn League and Covenant."

ment of the revenues of the state, it possessed the means not only of paying its army and the servants of its civil establishment with punctuality, but of liberally rewarding their merits. If it were entitled however to the respect, it was either unable or not solicitous to conciliate the affection of the nation. Many of its measures had, in a high degree, been reprehensible and offensive. Besides the murder of the king, which its vote had ostensibly induced and of which it offered the pretended sanction, its frequent appointment of High Courts of Justice, and its consequent disuse of Juries, for the trial of state-criminals, could not fail to excite the popular odium, whoever were the victims of these irregular tribunals; while the shameless vivaciousness with which it refused to remit its grasp of political existence, without any reference to its just source of being in the people, laid its private ambition open to the most common observation, and exposed the futility of its pretensions to public virtue. The execution of Mr. Love, a leading presbyterian clergyman, who, till the ascendency of the Independents and the death of the king, had actively promoted and had suffered in the republican cause, largely contributed to the unpopularity of this exhausted and self-

dependent parliament. The crime, of which he stood convicted, was that of having corresponded with the exiled king and conspired against the commonwealth: but so great had been his merits to the parliamentary party, and so strong was the interest now exerted to save him, that the unrelenting severity, which conducted him to the block, was the subject of general reprobation.

While it was thus declining in the favour of the nation, this usurping assembly beheld with increasing apprehension the power of its army, and the ascendency of its victorious general.

However open to censure might have been the measures of the parliament, those of the army were fully as culpable and far more extraordinary. Its conduct indeed seems to be without precedent or consequent, standing insulated and alone in the annals of the world. Well paid, highly disciplined, enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, under the strong controll of religious principle, it abandons its principle, betrays its cause, and revolts against the power for whom it had assumed arms, by whose able management it had been cherished, and by whose superior counsels it had been directed to victory. But the intolerance of the Presbyterians was become

the leading object of resentment and of terror to the sectarists, who formed the body of the army; and the religious phrenzy of these heated spirits was insusceptible of any long views of policy, or of any violent and self-abandoning system of patriotism. If the influence of such enlightened and liberal politicians as Selden and Whitelocke had prevailed in the Parliament over that of the Assembly of Divines, the concession of an unlimited toleration would have preserved the army from those alarms, which alone shook it from its duty, and, converting it immediately to the overthrow of the government, made it eventually subservient to its own ruin.

Aware of the advantages which would probably result from it to his own cause, Cromwell carefully watched and fomented the general agitation. In the diminished popularity of the Parliament, in the mutual jealousies of that assembly and the army, in the prevailing lassitude and discontent of the harassed people he saw and welcomed the means of his own personal aggrandisement. He had now reached a situation contiguous to that greatness which, only a short time before, had perhaps been removed from his most romantic and visionary expectation. Unlike to the first Cæsar, who, aspiring to

empire from the commencement of his political career, seems to have advanced by regular and measured steps to the possession of his object, Cromwell, floating loosely on the tide of events, was brought near to a throne which he had the boldness to seize and the ability to retain. Enthusiasm, which at first was the great moving spring of his conduct, became in the succeeding stages of his progress the instrument with which he worked; and from being the dupe of his own feelings, he grew to be the controller of those of other men. He never entirely indeed ceased to be the enthusiast: but, ambition for a time obtaining the ascendency in his bosom over the religious passion, he united in himself at last, with an inconsistency not uncommon in our poor nature, the opposite characters of the zealot and the impostor. When he performed his devotions with the common soldiers, and thus conciliating their affections essentially promoted his own purposes and influence, he was not, as I am satisfied, wholly insincere; but had persuaded himself that he could thus allowably convert an act of religious duty into a mean of worldly interest. No man perhaps ever possessed in a higher degree that rapid and searching glance which can pene-

trate, and that dexterity which can shape to their proper uses human character and its multiform varieties. For the attainment of ends far different from those proposed to himself by the holy Apostle, Cromwell was "all things to all men:" and could act with equal facility, on the demand of the immediate occasion, the commander or the buffoon.

By the resignation of Fairfax, averse from marching against the Presbyterians in Scotland, he was now advanced to the head of the army and, being freed by the death of Ireton [d] from the stern and inflexible republicanism of that popular and potent leader, he saw no insuperable obstacle between his hand and the sceptre of England. When he returned from the scenes of his triumph at Dunbar and Worcester, the sovereign power was in fact in his possession; and the nation looked up to the Captain General, for with this high title he was now decorated, as to the arbiter of its fortunes and the destined restorer of its tranquillity. His promises were specious and alluring. Of religious to-

[d] Ireton died of the plague at Limerick, on the 27th of Nov. 1651. This seems to be the accurate date:—but some writers have placed his death on the 26th of the preceding September. For his steady republicanism, he is likened by Gilbert Burnet to Cassius.

leration he was the sincere friend, and he earnestly professed his desire of convening a free parliament, and of settling the disturbed community either under an equal commonwealth or a limited monarchy. His dismission of the Long Parliament,[e] though effected with some circumstances of violence and contumely, does not seem to have been felt by the nation as an obnoxious act. It appeared to be justified by the principle of self-defence, for, at the crisis to which things had been urged, either the General or the Parliament must have fallen; and to put a period to an usurpation seemed to be allowable, by whatever hand the deed was accomplished. His electing a new legislature, by his own authority[f] and without any appeal to the people, could not be a measure of the same dubious unpopularity: in its support however might be pretended the distraction of the times, and the consequent

[e] On the 19th of April, 1653.

[f] In this instance certainly *the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them*; and I am rather surprised that the Prelate, (Dr. Horsley at that time bishop of Rochester,) who made this assertion, did not advance in its support the example now before us, of a parliament elected by one man, and that man a victorious general. This parliament was assembled by a summons addressed in the name of the Captain General, &c. to the particular person who was to be a member of the legislature.

plea of political expediency. The puny Parliament, which was thus assembled, and which, from the name of one of its leading members,[g] was called Barebone's Parliament, began its sittings on the fourth of July,[h] but after acting for a few months, as the instrument of Cromwell and with evident incompetency to the task of government, it resigned its power[i] into the hands of its political creator; and the Captain General, with his military council, found himself the master of a kind of derelict community.

In this emergency the Council of Officers, pretending for their deed a species of parliamentary delegation, undertook to provide for the settlement of the public by placing the government in the hands of their leader Cromwell, with the title of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. A provision was made for the convention of a triennial parliament, in the constitution of which some regard was discovered for the people's rights, and the Protector was installed in his high office with great solemnity and magnificence on the 16th of December 1653.

It was immediately after this remarkable

[g] A leather-seller of Fleet Street.

[h] 1653.

[i] On the 13th of Dec. 1653.

occurrence that Milton, as it is probable, composed that part of his "Second Defence," which I am now about to transcribe. He could not be insensible to those egregious mockeries which had been practised on the people; but it was natural for him not to abandon without extreme reluctance the hopes, which he had so long and so fondly cherished, of the Protector's rectitude of intention; and he seems desirous of urging this extraordinary man to a just and a generous use of power, with every motive which could be suggested by wise counsel or by eloquent panegyric. Milton certainly approaches the master of England with elevated sentiments, and, even in his praises, discovers the equality of an erect and independent spirit. This the reader of the following animated apostrophe, which forms a part only, though the far larger part of the whole masterly address, will not be permitted to doubt. My extract is preceded by a rapid and striking enumeration of those great events which had distinguished the two or three preceding years,—the recovery of Ireland by one decisive blow; the subjugation of Scotland, which had been vainly attempted by the English monarchs during a period of eight hundred years; the great *and crowning*

victory at Worcester; the dismission of the Long Parliament: the meeting and the subsequent abdication of the succeeding Legislature. The deserted commonwealth is then represented as leaning for support on Cromwell alone; who by that best of rights, acknowledged by reason and derived from God, the right of superior talents and virtue, is in possession of the supreme power. The relative merits of the several titles of honour are afterwards discussed, and the magnanimity of Cromwell, evinced by his rejection of the name of king, is the topic of praise with which my extract commences.

[k] "Tu igitur, Cromuelle, magnitudine illâ animi macte esto; te enim decet: tu patriæ liberator, libertatis auctor, custosque idem et

[k] It is remarkable that the magnanimity and high tone of this address of Milton's to the great Protector, struck Morus, and was objected by him to his adversary as an evidence of overweening pride and an imperious spirit: and yet has this very address been adduced in our days by the enemies of our author to prove his sycophancy and the mean accommodation of his principles!!—Let us attend to the observations made by Morus on the subject. "Quæ quidem omnia spiritus tibi tam altos induerunt, ut proximus a primo censeri concupiveris, adeoque *celsissimo Cromuello celsior appareas* interdum; quem sine *ullâ honoris præfatione familiariter appellas, quem specie laudantis doces, cui leges dictas, titulos circumscribis, munia præscribis, consilia suggeris, et, si secus fecerit, minas ingeris.* Illi arma et imperium concedis, ingenium tibi togamque vindicas." [Alex. Mori Fides Publia, p. 72, 73.]

conservator, neque graviorem personam neque augustiorem suscipere potes aliam; qui non modò regum res gestas, sed heroum quoque nostrorum fabulas factis exsuperasti. Cogita sæpiùs, quàm caram rem ab quâm carâ parente tuâ, libertatem à patriâ tibi commendatam atque concreditam, apud te depositam habes; quod ab electissimis gentis universæ viris illa modò expectabat, id nunc à te uno expectat, per te unum consequi sperat. Reverere tantam de te expectationem, spem patriæ de te unicam; reverere vultus et vulnera tot fortium virorum, quotquot, te duce, pro libertate tam strenuè decertârunt; manes etiam eorum qui in ipso certamine occubuerunt: reverere exterarum quoque civitatum existimationem de nobis atque sermones; quantas res de libertate nostrâ tam fortiter partâ, de nostrâ republicâ tam gloriosè exortâ, sibi polliceantur: quæ si tam citò quasi aborta evanuerit, profectò nihil æquè dedecorosum huic genti atque pudendum fuerit: teipsum denique reverere, ut pro quâ adipiscendâ libertate tot ærumnas pertulisti, tot pericula adiisti, eam adeptus, violatam per te aut ullâ in parte imminutam aliis ne sinas esse. Profectò tu ipse liber sine nobis esse non potes; sic enim naturâ comparatum est, ut qui aliorum libertatem

occupat, suam ipse primus omnium amittat; seque primum omnium intelligat servire: atque id quidem non injuriâ. At verò, si patronus ipse libertatis et quasi tutelaris deus, si is, quo nemo justior, nemo sanctior est habitus, nemo vir melior, quam vindicavit ipse eam postmodùm invaserit, id non ipsi tantùm, sed universæ virtutis ac pietatis rationi perniciosum ac lethale propemodum sit necesse est: ipsa honestas, ipsa virtus decoxisse videbitur, religionis angusta fides, existimatio perexigua in posterum erit, quo gravius generi humano vulnus, post illud primum, infligi nullum poterit. Onus longè gravissimum suscepisti, quod te penitùs explorabit, totum te atque intimum perscrutabitur, atque ostendet quid tibi animi, quid virium insit, quid ponderis; vivatne in te verè illa pietas, fides, justitia, animíque moderatio, ob quas evectum te præ cæteris Dei numine ad hanc summam dignitatem credimus. Tres nationes validissimas consilio regere, populos ab institutis pravis ad meliorem quàm antehac frugem ac disciplinam velle perducere, remotissimas in partes sollicitam mentem cogitationesque immittere, vigilare, prævidere, nullum laborem recusare, nulla voluptatum blandimenta non spernere, divitiarum atque potentiæ ostentatio-

nem fugere, hæc sunt illa ardua præ quibus bellum ludus est; hæc te ventilabunt atque excutient, hæc virum poscunt divino fultum auxilio, divino penè colloquio monitum atque edoctum. Quæ tu et plura sæpenumerò quin tecum reputes atque animo revolvas, non dubito: uti et illud, quibus potissimùm queas modis et illa maxima perficere, et libertatem salvam nobis reddere et auctiorem. Quod meo quidem judicio, haud aliâ ratione rectiùs effeceris, quàm si primùm quos laborum atque discriminum comites habuisti, eosdem, quod facis, conciliorum socios cum primis adhibueris; viros sanè et modestissimos, et integerrimos, et fortissimos; quos tot mortes conspectæ, tot strages ante ora editæ, non ad crudelitatem aut duritiem animi, sed ad justitiam et numinis reverentiam et humanæ sortis miserationem, ad libertatem denique eo acriûs retinendam erudierunt, quo gravioribus ejus causâ periculis ipsi suum caput objecêre. Non illi quidem ex colluvione vulgi aut advenarum, non turba collectitia, sed melioris plerique notæ cives, genere vel nobili vel non inhonesto, fortunis vel amplis vel mediocribus; quid si ipsâ paupertate aliqui commendatiores? quos non præda convocavit, sed difficillima tempora, rebus maximè dubiis sæpè adversis, ad

liberandam tyrannide rempublicam excitârunt; non in tuto aut curiâ sermones inter se atque sententias tantùm, sed manus cum hoste conserere paratos. Quòd nisi spes semper infinitas atque inanes persequemur, in quibus tandem mortalium sisti aut confidi possit non video, si his horumque similibus fides non habebitur. Quorum fidelitatis certissimum pignus et indubitatum habemus, quòd pro republicâ vel mortem oppetere, si ità sors tulisset, non recusârint; pietatis, quòd implorato suppliciter Dei auxilio, totiesque ab eo insigniter adjuti, à quo auxilium petere eidem gloriam tribuere omnem rerum prosperè gestarum consueverint; justitiæ, quòd etiam regem in judicium adduxerint, damnato parci noluerint: moderationis, quòd et eam experti jam diu sumus, et, quam ipsi sibi peperere pacem, si eòrundem per injuriam rumpatur, quæ mala inde oritura sunt ipsi primi sint persensuri, ipsi prima vulnera suis corporibus excepturi, deque suis omnibus fortunis atque ornamentis feliciter jam partis rursus dimicaturi; fortitudinis denique, quòd nulli unquam libertatem feliciùs aut fortiùs recuperaverint; ne arbitremur ullos alios posse diligentiùs conservare.[1]

[1] P. W. v.—259.

"Proceed then, O Cromwell; and exhibit, under every circumstance, the same loftiness of mind; for it well becomes you and is consistent with your greatness. The deliverer, as you are, of your country, the author, the guardian, the preserver of her liberty, you can assume no additional character more important or more august:[m] since not only the actions of our kings, but the fabled exploits of our heroes are overcome by your achievements. Reflect then frequently, (how dear alike the trust, and the parent from whom you have received it!) that to your hands your country has commended and confided her freedom; that, what she lately expected from her choicest representatives, she now hopes exclusively from you. O reverence this high confidence, this hope of your country relying exclusively upon yourself: reverence the countenances and the wounds of those brave men, who have so

[m] It may be proper to remark that the allusion in this place is not to Cromwell's rejection of the crown, when offered to him by the Parliament; for this event happened in 1656, more than two years after the period now immediately in question; but to the result of a consultation on the subject, just before the dismission of the Long Parliament, between Cromwell and some of the principal men of the nation whom he considered as friendly to his views; on which occasion, Whitelocke strongly dissuaded him from assuming the title of king.

nobly struggled for liberty under your auspices, as well as the manes of those who have fallen in the conflict: reverence also the opinion and the discourse of foreign communities; their lofty anticipations with respect to our freedom so valiantly obtained—to our republic so gloriously established, of which the speedy extinction would involve us in the deepest and the most unexampled infamy: reverence, finally, yourself! and suffer not that liberty, for the attainment of which you have encountered so many perils and have endured so many hardships, to sustain any violation from your own hands, or any from those of others. Without our freedom, in fact, you cannot yourself be free: for it is justly ordained by nature that he who invades the liberty of others shall in the very outset lose his own, and be the first to feel that servitude which he has induced. But if the very patron, the tutelary Deity as it were of freedom;—if the man, most eminent for justice, and sanctity, and general excellence should assail that liberty which he has asserted, the issue must necessarily be pernicious, if not fatal, not only to the aggressor but, to the entire system and interests of piety herself: honour and virtue would indeed appear to be empty names; the credit

and character of religion would decline and perish under a wound more deep than any which, since the first transgression, had been inflicted on the race of man.

You have engaged in a most arduous undertaking, which will search you to the quick; which will scrutinize you through and through; which will bring to the severest test your spirit, your energy, your stability; which will ascertain whether you are really actuated by that living piety, and honour, and equity, and moderation which seem, with the favour of God, to have raised you to your present high dignity. To rule with your counsels three mighty realms, in the place of their erroneous institutions to introduce a sounder system of doctrine and of discipline, to pervade their remotest provinces with unremitting attention and anxiety, vigilance and foresight; to decline no labours, to yield to no blandishments of pleasure, to spurn the pageantries of wealth and of power—these are difficulties in comparison with which those of war are the mere levities of play: these will sift and winnow you; these demand a man sustained by the divine assistance, tutored and instructed almost by a personal communication with his God. These and more than these you often, as I doubt not,

revolve in your mind and make the subjects of your deepest meditation, greatly solicitous how most happily they may be achieved, and your country's freedom be strengthened and secured: and these objects you cannot, in my judgment, otherwise effect than by admitting, as you do, to an intimate share of your counsels those men, who have already participated your toils and your dangers;—men of the utmost moderation, integrity, and valour; not rendered savage or austere by the sight of so much bloodshed and of so many forms of death; but inclined to justice, to the reverence of the Deity, to a sympathy with human suffering, and animated for the preservation of liberty with a zeal strengthened by the hazards which for its sake they have encountered; men not raked together from the dregs of our own or of a foreign populace—not a band of mercenary adventurers, but men chiefly of superior condition; in extraction, noble or reputable; with respect to property, considerable or competent, or in some instances deriving a stronger claim to our regard, even from their poverty itself; men, not convened by the lust of plunder, but, in times of extreme difficulty, amid circumstances generally doubtful and often almost desperate, excited to vindicate their

country from oppression; and prompt, not only in the safety of the senate-house to wage the war of words, but to join battle with the enemy on the field. If we will then renounce the idleness of never-ending and fallacious expectation, I see not in whom, if not in these and in such as these, we can place reliance or trust. Of their FIDELITY we have the surest and most indisputable proof in the readiness which they have discovered even to die, if it had been their lot, in the cause of their country; of their PIETY, in the devotion with which, having repeatedly and successfully implored the protection of Heaven, they uniformly ascribed the glory to Him from whom they had solicited the victory; of their JUSTICE, in not exempting even their king from trial or from execution; of their MODERATION, in our own experience and in the certainty that, if their violence should disturb the peace which they have established, they would themselves be the first to feel the resulting mischiefs, themselves would receive the first wounds in their own bodies, while they were again doomed to struggle for all their fortunes and honours now happily secured; of their FORTITUDE, lastly, in that none ever recovered their liberty with more bravery or effect, to give us the assurance

that none will ever watch over it with more solicitous attention and care."

I cannot prevail on myself to leave this interesting production before I present to my readers the striking paragraphs with which it concludes.

Ad me quod attinet, quocunque res redierit, quam ego operam meam maximè ex usu reipublicæ futuram judicavi, haud gravatim certè et, ut spero, haud frustrà impendi; meaque arma pro libertate, non solùm ante fores extuli, sed etiam iis ità latè sum usus, ut factorum minimè vulgarium jus atque ratio et apud nostros et apud exteros explicata, defensa, atque bonis certè omnibus probata, et ad meorum civium summam laudem et posterorum ad exemplum præclarè constet. Si postrema primis non satis responderint, ipsi viderint; ergo quæ eximia, quæ excelsa, quæ omni laude propè majora fuere, iis testimonium, prope dixerim monumentum perhibui haud citò interiturum; et si aliud nihil, certè fidem meam liberavi. Quemadmodum autem poeta is qui epicus vocatur, si quis paulò accuratior minimèque abnormis est, quem heroem versibus canendum sibi proponit, ejus non vitam omnem, sed unam ferè vitæ actionem, Achillis putà ad Trojam, vel Ulyssis reditum, vel

Æneæ in Italiam adventum ornandum sibi sumit, reliquas prætermittit; ita mihi quoque vel ad officium vel ad excusationem satis fuerit unam saltem popularium meorum heroicè rem gestam exornâsse; reliqua prætereo—omnia universi populi præstare quis possit? Si post tam fortia facinora fœdiùs deliqueritis, si quid vobis indignum commiseritis, loquetur perfectò posteritas, et judicium feret; jacta strenuè fundamenta fuisse, præclara initia, immò plusquam initia; sed qui opus exædificarent, qui fastigium imponerent, non sine commotione quâdam animi desiderabit; tantis incœptis, tantis virtutibus non adfuisse perseverantiam dolebit; ingentem gloriæ segetem, et maximarum rerum gerendarum materiam præbitam videbit, sed materiæ defuisse viros: non defuisse qui monere recta, hortari, incitare, qui egregiè tum facta tum qui fecissent condecorare, et victuris in omne ævum celebrare laudibus potuerit.

" For myself, whatever may be the final result, such efforts as in my own judgment were the most likely to be beneficial[n] to the commonwealth, I have made without reluctance, though not, as I trust, without ef-

[n] P. W. v. 266.

fect: I have wielded my weapons for liberty not only in our domestic scene, but on a far more extensive theatre; that the justice and the principle of our extraordinary actions, explained and vindicated both at home and abroad and confirmed in the general approbation of the good, might be unquestionably established, as well for the honour of my compatriots as for precedents to posterity. That the conclusion prove not unworthy of such a commencement, be it my countrymen's to provide:—it has been mine to deliver a testimony, I had almost said to erect a monument which will not soon decay, to deeds of greatness and of glory almost transcending human panegyric; and, if I have accomplished nothing further, I have assuredly discharged the whole of my engagement. As the bard however who is denominated Epic, if he confine his work a little within certain canons of composition, proposes to himself for a subject of poetical embellishment not the whole life of his hero, but some single action, (such as the wrath of Achilles, the return of Ulysses, or the arrival in Italy of Æneas,) and takes no notice of the rest of his conduct; so will it suffice, either to form my vindication or to satisfy my duty, that I have

recorded in heroic narrative one only of my fellow-citizen's achievements. The rest I omit; for who can declare all the great actions of a whole people? If, after such valiant exploits, you fall into gross delinquency, and perpetrate any thing unworthy of yourselves, posterity will not fail to discuss and to pronounce sentence on the disgraceful deed. The foundation they will allow indeed to have been firmly laid, and the first (nay more than the first) parts of the superstructure to have been erected with success; but with anguish they will regret that there were none found to carry it forward to completion; that such an enterprise and such virtues were not crowned by perseverance; that a rich harvest of glory and abundant materials for heroic achievement were prepared; but that men were wanting to the illustrious opportunity—while there wanted not a man to instruct, to urge, to stimulate to action,—a man who could call fame as well upon the acts as the actors, and could spread their celebrity and their names over lands and seas to the admiration of all future ages."

This work, with a compliment from its author, was presented to the Protector by Andrew Marvell; whose letter to his friend on

the occasion was first published by Doctor Birch, and will be found in the [o] note.

[o] HONOURED SIR,

"I DID not satisfy myself in the account I gave you of presenting your book to my lord, although it seemed to me that I wrote to you all, which the messenger's speedy return the same night from Eton would permit me: and I perceive that by reason of that haste I did not give you satisfaction neither, concerning the delivery of your letter at the same time. Be pleased therefore to pardon me, and know that I tendered them both together. But my lord read not the letter while I was with him; which I attributed to our dispatch, and some other business tending thereto, which I therefore wished ill to, so far as it hindered an affair much better and of greater importance, I mean that of reading your letter. And to tell you truly mine own imagination, I thought that he would not open it while I was there, because he might suspect that I, delivering it just upon my departure, might have brought in it some second proposition, like to that which you had before made to him by your letter to my advantage. However, I assure myself that he has since read it, and you that he did then witness all respect to your person, and as much satisfaction concerning your work as could be expected from so cursory a review, and so sudden an account as he could then have of it from me.

Mr. Oxenbridge, at his return from London, will, I know, give you thanks for his book, as I do with all acknowledgment and humility for that you have sent me. I shall now study it even to the getting it by heart, esteeming it, according to my poor judgment (which yet I wish were so right in all things else) as the most compendious scale, for so much, to the height of the Roman eloquence. When I consider how equally it turns, and rises with so many figures, it seems to me a Trajan's column, in whose winding ascent we see embossed the several monuments of your learned victories: and Salmasius and Morus make up as great a triumph as that of Decebalus, whom too, for ought I

Colonel Overton, of whom the writer speaks with so much interest, was one of those steady republicans whom Cromwell, unable to conciliate, was under the necessity of securing. After a previous imprisonment in the tower, Overton was confined during the Protector's life in the island of Jersey; and obtained his liberty from the Parliament, a short time only before the Restoration. Whether any further notice was taken by Cromwell of Milton's present we are not informed: but we may be assured that he was not on the list of the Protector's peculiar friends, and that the Secretary would easily be reconciled to the consequences of exclusion from his employer's favour by the consciousness of commanding his respect.

With the "Second Defence of the People

know, you shall have forced, as Trajan the other, to make themselves away out of a just desperation.

I have an affectionate curiosity to know what becomes of colonel Overton's business, and am exceeding glad to think that Mr. Skinner has got near you; the happiness which I at the same time congratulate to him, and envy, there being none who doth, if I may so say, more jealously honour you than,

Honoured Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

Eton, June 2, 1654. ANDREW MARVELL.

For my most honoured friend, John Milton, Esq. Secretary for the Foreign Affairs, at his House in Petty France, Westminster.

of England" and the two subsequent replies to Morus, Milton closed his great controversial labours; and endeavoured among his studies to retire from the mortification and disappointment, which he necessarily must have felt in consequence of the fuller exhibition of his hero's perfidy and despotism. He continued indeed to serve his country, in the character of her Latin secretary, on the same principle, as we may fairly conclude, which induced Blake to extend her dominion upon the ocean, and Sir Matthew Hale to be the interpreter of her laws at the head of the Common Pleas: but his disapprobation of the present state of things is evident from more than one of his familiar letters; and he seems to have acquiesced under the existing evil only as it was irremediable, or as it was temporary, or as it appeared to be inferior in degree to that of the return of the royalists into power with their exiled and exasperated monarch.

He was now engaged in the prosecution of three great works, a history of England, a thesaurus of the Latin language on the plan of that by Stephens, and an epic poem. Of the first of these literary labours we have already said so much, that little is now left

to be remarked,—unless it be that, previous to its publication in 1670, it was mutilated by the barbarian caprice of the licenser, and deprived of one of its most spirited and brilliant passages. In 1681, this reprobated part was separately printed, and it was afterwards re-admitted to its proper place in that edition of the author's prose-works, which was published in 1738. As it obtains a kind of peculiar interest from its rejection by the licenser, and as it offers to us the observations of a great contemporary mind on the conduct of the Long Parliament and the Assembly of Divines, a portion of it shall be laid before our readers, to whom it will at the same time supply a specimen of the author's historic composition.

" For a parliament being called, to redress many things as it was thought, the people with great courage, and expectation to be eased of what discontented them, chose to their behoof in parliament such as they thought best affected to the public good, and some indeed men of wisdom and integrity; the rest, (to be sure the greater part,) whom wealth or ample possessions, or bold and active ambition (rather than merit) had commended to the same place.

But when once the superficial zeal and

popular fumes that acted their new magistracy were cooled and spent in them, strait every one betook himself (setting the commonwealth behind, his private ends before) to do as his own profit or ambition led him. Then was justice delayed, and soon after denied: spite and favour determined all: hence faction, thence treachery, both at home and in the field: every where wrong, and oppression: foul and horrid deeds committed daily, or maintained, in secret or in open. Some who had been called from shops and warehouses, without other merit, to sit in supreme councils and committees, (as their breeding was) fell to huckster the commonwealth. Others did thereafter as men could sooth and humour them best; so he who would give most, or under covert of hypocritical zeal insinuate basest, enjoyed unworthily the rewards of learning and fidelity; or escaped the punishment of his crimes and misdeeds. Their votes and ordinances, which men looked should have contained the repealing of bad laws and the immediate constitution of better, resounded with nothing else but new impositions, taxes, excises; yearly, monthly, weekly. Not to reckon the offices, gifts, and preferments bestowed and shared among themselves: they in the mean

while, who were ever faithfullest to this cause, and freely aided them in person or with their substance, when they durst not compel either, slighted and bereaved after of their just debts by greedy sequestrations, were tossed up and down after miserable attendance from one committee to another with petitions in their hands, yet either missed the obtaining of their suit, or though it were at length granted, (mere shame and reason oftimes extorting from them at least a show of justice,) yet by their sequestrators and subcommittees abroad, men for the most part of insatiable hands and noted disloyalty, those orders were commonly disobeyed: which for certain durst not have been, without secret compliance, if not compact with some superiors able to bear them out. Thus were their friends confiscate in their enemies, while they forfeited their debtors to the state, as they called it, but indeed to the ravening seizure of innumerable thieves in office; yet were withal no less burdened in all extraordinary assessments and oppressions, than those whom they took to be disaffected: nor were we happier creditors to what we called the state, than to them who were sepuestered as the state's enemies.

For that faith which ought to have been

kept as sacred and inviolable as any thing holy, 'the Public Faith,' after infinite sums received, and all the wealth of the church not better employed, but swallowed up into a private gulf, was not ere long ashamed to confess bankrupt. And now beside the sweetness of bribery and other gain, with the love of rule, their own guiltiness and the dreaded name of Just Account, which the people had long called for, discovered plainly that there were of their own number, who secretly contrived and fomented those troubles and combustions in the land, which openly they sat to remedy; and would continually find such work, as should keep them from being ever brought to that Terrible Stand of laying down their authority for lack of new business, or not drawing it out to any length of time, though upon the ruin of a whole nation.

And if the state were in this plight, religion was not in much better; to reform which, a certain number of divines were called, neither chosen by any rule or custom ecclesiastical, nor eminent for either piety or knowledge above others left out; only as each member of parliament in his private fancy thought fit, so elected one by one. The most part of them were such as had

preached and cried down, with great show of zeal, the avarice and pluralities of bishops and prelates; that one cure of souls was a full employment for one spiritual pastor how able soever, if not a charge rather above human strength. Yet these conscientious men (ere any part of the work done for which they came together, and that on the public salary) wanted not boldness, to the ignominy and scandal of their pastor-like profession and especially of their boasted reformation, to seize into their hands, or not unwillingly to accept (besides one, sometimes two or more of the best livings) collegiate masterships in the universities, rich lectures in the city, setting sail to all winds that might blow gain into their covetous bosoms: by which means these great rebukers of non-residence, among so many distant cures, were not ashamed to be seen so quickly pluralists and non-residents themselves, to a fearful condemnation doubtless by their own mouths. And yet the main doctrine, for which they took such pay and insisted upon with more vehemence than gospel, was but to tell us in effect that their doctrine was worth nothing, and the spiritual power of their ministry less available than bodily compulsion; persuading the magistrate to use it, as a stronger

means to subdue and bring in conscience, than evangelical persuasion: distrusting the virtue of their own spiritual weapons, which were given them, if they be rightly called, with full warrant of sufficiency to pull down all thoughts and imaginations that exalt themselves against God. But while they taught compulsion without convincement, which long before they complained of as executed unchristianly against themselves; these intents are clear to have been no better than antichristian: setting up a spiritual tyranny by a secular power, to the advancing of their own authority above the magistrate, whom they would have made their executioner to punish church-delinquencies, whereof civil laws have no cognisance.

And well did their disciples manifest themselves to be no better principled than their teachers; trusted with committeeships and other gainful offices, upon their commendations for zealous and (as they sticked not to term them) godly men; but executing their places, like children of the devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, and, where not corruptly, stupidly. So that between them, the teachers, and these, the disciples, there hath not been a more ignominious and mortal wound to faith, to piety, to the work

of reformation, nor more cause of blaspheming given to the enemies of God and truth, since the first preaching of reformation."

The attention of Milton to his Latin thesaurus was not productive of any very profitable result. The materials, which he had amassed, occupied in manuscript the bulk of three large folios: but they were left by him in too indigested a state to be fit for publication: it is said, however, that they were advantageously employed by the editors of the Cambridge dictionary,[p] to whom they were probably given by Philips. This work, for the execution of which his state of blindness must have peculiarly disqualified him, seems to have formed, till the hour of his death, a part of that change of literary exercise in which he delighted; and if we reflect upon the circumstance, we must certainly be astonished at the mind, which with all its energies could thus instantaneously pass from invention to compilation, from the luxurious sports of fancy to the dry and barren drudgeries of verbal recollection.

Of the third object, on which our author's powers were at this period exerted, his immortal epic, I shall forbear to speak till

[p] Published in 4to in 1693.

the time of its completion and publication. Some great production in the highest region of poetry had been, as we have observed, in his contemplation from the commencement nearly of his literary life. The idea accompanied him to Italy, where with a more defined object it acquired a more certain shape from the example of Tasso, and the conversation of Tasso's friend, the accomplished Marquis of Villa. From this moment it seems to have been immoveably fastened in his mind; and, though for a season oppressed and overwhelmed by the incumbent duties of controversy, its root was full of life and pregnant with vigorous vegetation. At the time, of which we are speaking, (the end of 1655 and the beginning of 1656) the mighty work, according to Philips, was seriously undertaken; and it is curious to reflect on the steadiness of its growth under a complication of adverse circumstances; and to see it, like a pine on the rocks of Norway, ascending to its majestic elevation beneath the inclemency of a dreary sky, and assailed in the same moment by the fury of the ocean at its feet, and the power of the tempest above its head.

In this variety of strong and effective intellectual exertion did Milton pass his hours during the usurpation of Cromwell, discharg-

ing of course the duties of his secretaryship, but neither engaging in controversy nor addressing the public on any topic of political disquisition. In 1655, he composed, in a strain of peculiar elegance, the manifesto issued by the Protector to justify his war with Spain: and in 1657, Andrew Marvell, a man of whom I shall say more in a note,[q] was associated in

[q] Andrew Marvell is a character of too much importance, in the history of Milton and in that of man, to be passed over without some particular attention. He was born in 1620, in the town of Hull, of which his father was the minister. Making an early discovery of talents and a rapid proficiency in learning, he was sent at the age of thirteen to Trinity College, Cambridge. On acquiring a considerable increase of fortune by the liberality of a Lady, in attending on whose only daughter his father had lost his life as he was crossing the Humber, young Marvell travelled through various parts of Europe, visited Rome, and resided for some time at Constantinople in the character of Secretary to the British Embassy. Soon after his return to England in 1653 he was appointed by Cromwell to be tutor to a Mr. Dutton, and in 1657 was associated, by the same powerful patron, in the office of Latin Secretary with Milton. In the parliament, which was summoned just before the event of the Restoration, he was elected as the representative of his native town, and so entirely did his public conduct obtain the approbation of his constituents that they continued him, with a liberal pension, in his seat to the hour of his death. Though it does not appear that he possessed the power of eloquence, or spoke frequently in the house, it is certain that his influence in Parliament was considerable; and that he preserved the respect of the Court, even when he was the most determined in his hostility to its measures. Charles indeed is said to have been much pleased with his conversation, and to have used every mean, though without effect, to gain him to the Court party,

the office of Latin Secretary; and that friend-

or to relax the vigour of his opposition. Of his writings in prose and verse, which are numerous and respectable, one of the most considerable is, "The Rehearsal transprosed," a satirical piece, named after the Duke of Buckingham's famous Rehearsal, and directed against the noted Dr. Parker, whose flexibility eventually raised him to the Episcopal bench, and who, with ability and learning, but faithless in friendship, and destitute of principle, might be regarded as the H——— of his age. The poetry of Marvell is strong, manly, and full of thought, and his lines, which were prefixed to the second edition of the Paradise Lost, are as reputable to his judgment and poetic talent, as they are to his friendship. He died in 1678 in his 58th year, when his constitution was yet entire and vigorous. From this circumstance, and from his obnoxiousness to the Court, as a member of the country party, his death has been imputed to the effect of poison. He was buried in the church of St. Giles in the Fields: and on his tomb, with the strictest adherence to truth, might have been inscribed," "Here lies a truly valuable man, the scholar, the wit, the firm and zealous friend, the disinterested, and incorruptible patriot."

I am tempted to lengthen this long note by adding to it, from the Biographia Britannica,* an interesting narrative respecting the death of this estimable man's father.

"Andrew Marvell, M. A. was vicar of Kingston-upon-Hull, in Yorkshire, in the 17th century. Some time before the beginning of the civil wars, he was unfortunately drowned in crossing the Humber. On that shore of the Humber opposite to Kingston, lived a Lady, whose virtue and good sense recommended her to the esteem of Mr. Marvell, as his piety and understanding obliged her to take a particular notice of him. This lady had an only daughter, whose duty, ingenuity, devotion, and general exemplary behaviour, had endeared her to all who knew her, and rendered her the darling of her mother; so that, she could scarce bear to let her child be ever out of her sight.

* Article, Marvell.

ship between him and Milton was ratified,

Mr. Marvell, desirous to increase the amity between the two families, asked her to let her beloved daughter come over to Kingston, to stand god-mother to one of his children, which she consented to. The young lady came over to Kingston, and the ceremony was performed. The next day, when she came down to the water side in order to return home, she found the wind very high and the water so rough as to render the passage dangerous, so that the waterman earnestly dissuaded her from all thoughts of crossing: but she, who from her birth had never wilfully given her mother a moment's uneasiness, and who knew how miserable she would be until she saw her again, insisted on going, notwithstanding all that could be urged by the waterman or Mr. Marvell, who earnestly intreated her to return to his house and to wait for better weather.

Mr. Marvell, finding her resolutely bent to venture her life rather than run the risque of disobliging a fond parent, thought himself obliged, in honour and conscience, to share the danger with her; and accordingly having persuaded some waterman to attempt the passage, they both got into the boat. Just as they put off, Mr. Marvell threw his gold headed cane on shore to some friends who attended at the water-side, telling them, that, as he could not suffer the young lady to go alone and as he apprehended the consequence might be fatal, if he perished, he desired them to give that cane to his son, and bid him remember his father. Thus he, armed with innocence, and his fair charge, with filial duty and affection, set forward to meet their inevitable fate: the boat was overset, and they were lost.

" The lady, whose excessive fondness had plunged her daughter and friend into this terrible condition, went the same afternoon into her garden, and seated herself in an arbour, from whence she could view the water; and while with no small anxiety she beheld the tempestuous state it was in, she saw (or rather thought she saw) a most lovely boy with flaxen hair come into the garden; who, making up directly to her, said, " Madam, your daughter is safe now." The Lady, greatly surprised, said, " My pretty dear, how didst thou know any thing of my daughter?"—Then bidding him stay, she arose

which, beginning at a somewhat earlier period, was terminated only with their lives.

In 1658, Milton published, with the title of, "The Cabinet Council" a manuscript of Sir Walter Ralegh's, consisting of aphorisms on the art of government: but his mind was now to be called from these amusements of the press to attentions of a very afflicting and embarrassing nature.

In the September of this year, amid the wretchedness of apprehension and remorse, the Protector finished his splendid but criminal career; supplying one awful and monitory example more, to the many which had already been exhibited to the world, (if human passion could be brought to attend to the lesson of example,) of the impotence of ambition with her richest rewards to compensate the forfeiture of integrity. The confusions, which ensued upon

and went into the house for a pretty piece of new money to reward him for his care: but returning into the garden, the child was gone, and no tidings of him could be heard. This gave her some suspicion of her misfortune; which was soon after confirmed, with the additional aggravation that her friend was involved in the same mischief, and of course his family great sufferers; she having lost her pleasure, they their support: and thinking herself bound by every tie to make all the reparation in her power, she sent for the son of her late friend, the celebrated Andrew Marvell, charged herself with the expence of his future education, and at her death left him her fortune."

his death, induced the people to regret the loss even of an usurper, whose vigorous authority had suspended those dissensions of which they were now the prey, and had controlled the licentiousness of the army by whose caprices they were now insulted and oppressed. After a reign of less than nine months, Richard Cromwell descended, in the conscious security of innocence,[r] and with a magnanimity which could disdain greatness when associated with guilt, from his high and giddy eminence to the safe level of a private station; and the council of officers, headed by Desborough and Fleetwood who had immediately contributed to Richard's abdication, summoned the relics of the Long Parliament to re-assume the guidance of the Commonwealth. A part of this renowned assembly, which still legally existed, convened on this invitation; and, soon displaying its accustomed energy and talent, became in a short time the object of just alarm to its military tyrants, and again suffered a forcible interruption of

[r] Richard Cromwell might have supported himself on his Protectoral throne if he would have consented to the assassination of Desborough and Fleetwood; or would have accepted in time the military assistance offered to him by his brother Henry, the amiable and popular governor of Ireland. The letters of Henry Cromwell, on this occasion, discover a clear head and an excellent heart.

its sittings. On this last excess of the army, under the influence of men, destitute alike of ability and of public feeling and equally incapable of providing for their own interests or for those of the community, the nation experienced a species of anarchy, and fell into the extreme of degradation under a military despotism. The Presbyterians, discontented since the triumph of the Independents, but crushed beneath the weighty sceptre of Oliver and acquiescing in the succession of his son, now openly avowed their disaffection to the ruling powers and united themselves heartily with the Royalists.

This extraordinary confusion and conflict of parties opened a field to Monk, who had been placed by Cromwell at the head of the forces in Scotland and was now the governor of that kingdom, for the display of his inconstancy, his cunning, and his perfidy. Peculiarly favoured by his situation, and solicited by the Presbyterians, the People, and the Parliament for aid against an insolent soldiery, who, like the blind giant of classical fable, possessed brutal power without the vision requisite to divert it from self-destroying exertion, this wavering and narrow-minded man, with mean talents but with deep dissimulation, was enabled to betray

all who confided in him, to abandon his old associates to the butchery of legal vengeance, and with a fearful accumulation of perjury on his head to surrender the nation, without a single stipulation in its favour, to the dominion of a master in whom voluptuousness and cruelty were confounded in a disgusting embrace. By every intelligent and reflecting man the restoration of the monarchy of England must be hailed as a most auspicious event: but it may be questioned whether the unconditional restoration of it, and this alone was properly the act of Monk, can be regarded as a benefit either to the prince or to the people;—to the former, whom it allured to those excesses which induced the final expulsion of his family from the throne; or to the latter, whom it immediately exposed to the evils of an injurious reign, and eventually subjected to the necessity of asserting, with the blood of two domestic wars, their right to civil and religious liberty.

While these strange transactions were passing in the space between the Protector's death and the return of Charles, the mind of Milton must necessarily have been agitated with very severe inquietudes. Under the usurpation of Cromwell he had seen the structure of liberty, which his ardent imagi-

nation had erected, dissolve like a vision into air, and leave not a vestige to intimate the place where the fanciful edifice had stood. In this bad case however there were circumstances to appease and console him. At home, religious freedom had been admitted in its most ample expansion; and, with the name of a commonwealth, many of the privileges of free men had been respected and permitted to remain. The personal character of the usurper had also in some measure covered the deformity of the usurpation. Magnificent in public, as the representative of a great nation, in private he was simple and plain. Impatient of those questions which pressed upon his own title, he admitted all others to unlimited discussion; and while the most equal justice was distributed under his auspices through all the ranks of the community, his vigorous arm controlled Europe and seated Britain as her queen upon the throne. His generous policy that protected the reformed churches against their catholic oppressors, (one exertion of which, for the Protestants of Piedmont, has already been mentioned,) was alone sufficient to soften the hostility, if it could not entirely engage the affection of Milton.

On the death of Oliver the usurper was

no more, but the usurpation survived; and for the vigour and liberality which he had been accustomed to respect, Milton saw nothing but the weakness and the selfishness of faction, trampling upon the rights and the patience of the nation, and precipitating itself, with the cause which it professed to support, into irretrievable ruin.

He was not however wanting to the community at this crisis of confusion and alarm. Apprehensive of returning intolerance from the increasing influence of the Presbyterians, he published two treatises, one called, "A Treatise of the Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes;" and the other, "Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church." In the first of these works, which he addressed to the Parliament convened by Richard Cromwell, he asserts the entire liberty of conscience, and with arguments drawn from the sacred writings he demonstrates that in matters merely of religion the interference of the magistrate is unlawful: in the second, which he inscribed to the Long Parliament on its revival by the army, he allows the propriety of a maintenance for the christian minister, but, arguing against the divine right as well as the political expediency of tithes, he is of opi-

nion that the pastor ought to be supported by the contributions of his own immediate flock. To the politician, who contemplates in this country the advantages of a church establishment and sees it in union with the most perfect toleration, or to the philosopher, who discovers in the weakness of human nature the necessity of present motives to awaken exertion and to stimulate attention, the plan recommended by our author would appear to be visionary or pernicious; and we should not hesitate to condemn it, if its practicability and its inoffensive consequence were not incontrovertibly established by the testimony of America. From Hudson's Bay, with the small interruption of Canada, to the Mississippi, this immense continent beholds the religion of Jesus, unconnected with the patronage of government, subsisting in independent yet friendly communities, breathing that universal charity which constitutes its vital spirit, and offering, with its distinct yet blending tones, one grand combination of harmony to the ear of its Heavenly Father.

Milton, as a political writer, had now been so long withdrawn from the public observation, and had so long been reposing under the shade of the Protectoral govern-

ment, that his republican admirers began to suspect him of alienation from their cause, and of hesitation in the race on which he had entered with so much spirit and effect. Their opinion of his consistency was restored however by the publications of which we have been speaking; and they now acknowledged him to be still the Milton of former times. In a letter, addressed to him on the subject of the first of these treatises by a Mr. Wall of Causham, dated May 29, 1659, that gentleman says, "I confess I have even in my privacy in the country oft had thoughts of you, and that with much respect for your friendship to truth in your early years and in bad times. But I was uncertain whether your relation to the Court, (though I think that a commonwealth was more friendly to you than a court,) had not clouded your former light: but your last book resolved that doubt."[s]

As the disorders and the disgraces of the year increased, while the earnest protestations of Monk and the existence of a Parliament, in which the royalists formed an inconsider-

[s] Transcribed from the original by Mr. Owen of Rochdale in Lancashire. Birch's Life of Milton, p. xlii. The whole letter is inserted in P. W. ii. 388, and the reader will find it to be deserving of his notice.

able party, still supported the hopes of the republicans against the visible and strong current of the national opinion in favour of monarchy, the solicitous apprehension of Milton for the general result, and his indignation at the outrages of the army are discovered in a letter to a friend, dated October the 20th, 1659; which with another paper, addressed, as it is believed, to Monk and entitled "The present Means and brief Delineation of a free Commonwealth," was first published by Toland, and is well worthy of the reader's attention.

After an interval of a few months, he inscribed to Monk, who now seemed to command the issue of things, "The ready and easy way to establish a free Commonwealth;" a piece intended rather to expose the evils necessarily consequent to the nation's relapse into its old vassalage under kings, and to demonstrate the preference of a republican to a monarchical government, than to propose any just model of a popular constitution. In this work, as well as in his "Brief Delineation," he shows himself to be fearful of an unqualified appeal to the people; and deems them incapable of determining with wisdom for their own interests. "Another way," as he says, "will be to *qualify* and *refine* elec-

tions;' not committing all to the noise and shouting of a rude multitude; but permitting only those of them who are rightly qualified to nominate as many as they will, and out of that number others of better breeding to choose a less number more judiciously, till, after a third or fourth sifting and refining of exactest choice, they only be left chosen, who are the due number and seem by most voices the worthiest." With the strong prepossession of a party-zealot, he deserts his general principle for the attainment of his particular object; and thinks that his own opinions ought to be enforced in opposition to those of the majority of the nation. Aware also that a frequent change of the governing body might be attended with inconvenience and possible danger, he decides against frequent parliaments, and in favour of a permanent Council. Into such inconsistencies was he betrayed by his animosity to monarchy, and his bigotted attachment to whatever carried the name of a republic. With all its defects however, and raised indisputably on a false foundation, this treatise exhibits many striking truths and places them in strong attitudes. Its description of the extravagancy

[1] P. W. iii. 416.

and corruption of a court has been cited by Toland; and I shall transcribe some of its passages, which must have been read with interest by the nation when suffering the disgraceful reign of Charles, and when subsequently indebted to a generous foreigner and to a small part of its own aristocracy for a restitution of its rights. But the people had now been wronged beyond their patience, and the persuasion of an angel's tongue would have failed in the attempt to bring their passions into any subordination to prudence.

"But admit, that monarchy of itself may be convenient to some nations; yet to us, who have thrown it out and received it back again, it cannot but prove pernicious. For kings to come, never forgetting their former ejection, will be sure to fortify and arm themselves sufficiently for the future against all such attempts hereafter from the people; who shall be then so narrowly watched and kept so low, that though they would never so fain, and at the same rate of their blood and treasure, they never shall be able to regain what they now have purchased and may enjoy, or to free themselves from any yoke imposed upon them: nor will they dare to go about it; utterly disheartened for the future, if these their highest attempts prove

unsuccessful; which will be the triumph of all tyrants hereafter over any people that shall resist oppression; and their song will then be, to others, how sped the rebellious English? to our posterity, how sped the rebels your fathers?"

"They had their longing, but with this testimony of God's wrath; "Ye shall cry out in that day because of your King whom ye shall have chosen, and the Lord will not hear you in that day." Us if he shall not hear now, how much less will he hear when we cry hereafter, who once delivered by him from a king, and not without wonderous acts of Providence, insensible and unworthy of those high mercies, are returning precipitantly, if he withhold us not, back to the captivity from whence he freed us? Yet neither shall we obtain or buy at an easy rate this new gilded yoke which thus transports us: a new royal revenue must be found, a new episcopal; for those are individual: both which being wholly dissipated, or bought by private persons, or assigned for service done, and especially to the army, cannot be recovered without general detriment and confusion to men's estates, or a heavy imposition on all men's purses; benefit to none but

to the worst and ignoblest sort of men, whose hope is to be either the ministers of court riot and excess, or the gainers by it: but not to speak more of losses and extraordinary levies on our estates, what will then be the revenges and offences remembered and returned not only by the chief person, but by all his adherents; accounts and reparations that will be required, suits, indictments, inquiries, discoveries, complaints, informations, who knows against whom or how many, though perhaps neuters, if not to utmost infliction, yet to imprisonment, fines, banishment, or molestation? if not these, yet disfavour, discountenance, disregard, and contempt on all but the known royalist, or whom he favours, will be plenteous. Nor let the new royalized presbyterians persuade themselves, that their old doings, though now recanted, will be forgotten; whatever conditions be contrived, or trusted on."

"This liberty of conscience, which above all other things ought to be to all men dearest and most precious, no government more inclinable not to favour only, but to protect, than a free commonwealth; as being most magnanimous, most fearless and confident of its own fair proceedings. Whereas kingship,

though looking big, yet indeed most pusillanimous, full of fears, full of jealousies, startled at every umbrage, as it hath been observed of old to have ever suspected most and mistrusted them who were in most esteem for virtue and generosity of mind, so it is now known to have most in doubt and suspicion them who are most reputed to be religious. Queen Elizabeth, though herself accounted so good a protestant, so moderate, so confident of her subjects love, would never give way so much as to presbyterian reformation in this land, though once and again besought, as Camden relates; but imprisoned and persecuted the very proposers thereof; alledging it as her mind and maxim unalterable, that such reformation would diminish regal authority. What liberty of conscience can we then expect of others, far worse principled from the cradle, trained up and governed by Popish and Spanish counsels, and on such depending hitherto for subsistence?"

"I have no more to say at present: few words will save us, well considered; few and easy things, now seasonably done. But if the people be so affected, as to prostitute religion and liberty to the vain and ground-

less apprehension that nothing but kingship can restore trade, not remembering the frequent plagues and pestilences that then wasted this city, such as through God's mercy we never have felt since; and that trade flourishes no where more than in the free commonwealths of Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries, before their eyes at this day: yet if trade be grown so craving and importunate through the profuse living of tradesmen, that nothing can support it but the luxurious expences of a nation upon trifles or superfluities: so as if the people generally should betake themselves to frugality, it might prove a dangerous matter, lest tradesmen should mutiny for want of trading; and that therefore we must forego and set to sale religion, liberty, honour, safety, all concernments divine or human, to keep up trading: if, lastly, after all this light among us, the same reason shall pass for current, to put our necks again under kingship, as was made use of by the Jews to return back to Egypt, and to the worship of their idol queen, because they falsely imagined that they then lived in more plenty and prosperity; our condition is not sound but rotten, both in religion and all civil prudence; and will bring us soon, the way we are marching, to those calami-

ties which attend always and unavoidably on luxury, all national judgments under foreign and domestic slavery: so far we shall be from mending our condition by monarchising our government, whatever new conceit now possesses us. However, with all hazard I have ventured what I thought my duty to speak in season, and to forewarn my country in time; wherein I doubt not but there be many wise men in all places and degrees, but am sorry the effects of wisdom are so little seen among us. Many circumstances and particulars I could have added in those things whereof I have spoken: but a few main matters, now put speedily in execution, will suffice to recover us and set all right: and there will want at no time who are good at circumstances; but men, who set their minds on main matters and sufficiently urge them in these most difficult times, I find not many. What I have spoken, is the language of that which is not called amiss "The good old Cause:" if it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing to backsliders. Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones; and had none to cry to but, with the prophet, "O earth, earth, earth!" to tell the very

soil itself, what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen (which thou suffer not, who didst create mankind free! nor thou next, who didst redeem us from being servants of men!) to be the last words of our expiring liberty." [u]

This production was made the subject of a sportive and a serious reply: the former, a ludicrous pamphlet affecting to issue from Harrington's republican club, was called "The Censure of the Rota upon Mr. Milton's Book, entitled "The ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth;" and the latter was styled, "The Dignity of Kingship asserted in Answer to Mr. Milton's ready and easy Way, &c."

These attacks were not calculated to occasion much disturbance to the republican author: but he could not feel equally easy on the near approach of that thunder-cloud, which was just ready to burst upon him and his party. His spirit however did not desert him; and, while there remained a possibility of upholding his falling cause, he was resolute and active in its support. Bold in the anticipation of

[u] P. W. iii, 421, 422, 428.

their triumph, the Royalists had already seised upon the press and the pulpit for the diffusion of their tenets and their resentments; and Dr. Matthew Griffith, one of the late king's chaplains, desirous of making a professional display of his loyalty at a crisis when it might be especially beneficial to him, published a sermon, which he had preached at Mercer's Hall, on (Proverbs xxiv. 21.) "My Son, fear the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change." On this provocation Milton instantly kindled; and, in a short but forcible commentary on the Doctor's sermon,[x] renewed his strong avowal of republicanism, at a time when this heresy in British politics was on the point of being finally proscribed. To these "brief notes," as Milton calls his remarks on Grif-

[x] Milton's severity, on this intrusion of the pulpit into the province of politics, reminds us of the asperity with which Mr. Burke reprehended a similar invasion by a modern divine. Dr. Price differed as essentially in his political principles from the chaplain of Charles, as Milton did from the Marquis of Rockingham's secretary: yet the two doctors experienced the same treatment, and the two statesmen concurred in the same sentiments of reprobation. The politics of the pulpit may, at all times, perhaps be liable to just censure; but they are never arraigned when they are not in opposition to our own. If they are convicted of the guilt of a complexion different from our's, they are certain of condemnation, and must not hope to be *allowed the benefit of clergy*.

fith's sermon, L'Estrange wrote a sharp reply, of which I know nothing more than its title of "No blind Guides:" and with this skirmish terminated the political controversies of the author of Paradise Lost.

Charles was now advancing, with the acclamations of the people, to sit upon the throne of his ancestors; and the Latin Secretary had acted too conspicuous a part in opposition to him and to his family not to be endangered by the event. By his friends therefore, who were solicitous for his safety, Milton was hurried from his house in Petty-France, where during some years he had been visited with respect by the great, the opulent, and the learned, and was secreted under the roof of a friend in St. Bartholomew's Close, near to West Smithfield.[y] Here his conceal-

[y] Mr. Warton, who occasionally collects curious anecdotes, relates, on the authority of Mr. Tyers, (whose authority also ought to have been stated,) that Milton's friends, for the purpose of suspending the pursuit of his enemies, made a mock funeral for him on the present interesting occasion; and that the trick, when it was afterwards discovered, became an object of the king's mirth. See Warton's Edit. of Milton's Juvenile Poems, p. 358. In Cunningham's History of Great Britain, the same fact is mentioned, and it is said that "the king applauded his policy in escaping the punishment of death by a seasonable show of dying." When he could not murder, this facetious monarch could still laugh.

ment was perfect; till the passing of the act of oblivion, in the exceptions of which he was not comprehended, ascertained his safety and re-instated him in society.

To whom he was indebted on this emergency for his preservation, has frequently been inquired, and has variously been explained. The forgetfulness or the clemency of Charles must necessarily be thrown out of the question; for of the former his benefactors only were the objects, and of the latter, those alone whom his prudence or his want of power prohibited him to punish. To what cause, then, are we to ascribe the impunity of Milton? In some points of view, his offence might be regarded as greater even than that of the immediate regicides; for they had only murdered the king, while he had insulted the office; their act was confined in its consequences to a small compass of time and of place, while his extended to unborn generations and touched the extremities of Europe. His guilt therefore, as we may be certain,

This story reminds us of the following lines of the Epigrammatist: but the suicide of Fannius was real, while that of Milton was happily fictitious.

Hostem cum fugeret, se Fannius ipse peremit.
Hic, rogo, non furor est *ne moriare mori?*
Mart. ii. 80.

could not be pardoned without powerful intercession. We may conclude that his friend, Andrew Marvell, the member for Hull, made what interest for him he could in the House; and we are told that Sir Thomas Clarges united his exertions with those of Secretary Morrice for the preservation of this valuable life. But Milton seems to have been saved principally by the earnest and grateful interposition of Sir William D'Avenant. When D'Avenant, who had been captured by the fleet of the Commonwealth on his passage from France to America, had been ordered by the Parliament, in 1651, to his trial before the High Court of Justice, the mediation of Milton had essentially contributed to snatch him from his danger; and, urged by that generous benevolence which shone conspicuously in his character, he was now eager to requite with a gift of equal value the life which he had received. For the existence of D'Avenant's obligation to Milton we have the testimony of Wood;[z] and for the subsequent part of a story, so interesting in itself and so honourable to human nature, the evidence is distinctly and directly to be traced in its ascent from Richardson to Pope, and

[z] Athenæ Oxon. ii. 412.

from Pope to Betterton, the immediate client and intimate of D'Avenant.

On the passing of the Act of Oblivion,[a] in the full grace of which he found himself included,[b] Milton left the retirement, where he had continued for nearly four months; and in which he had heard himself made by a vote of the Commons the object of a public prosecu-

[a] On the 29th of August.

[b] John Goodwin, a divine and a writer of no celebrity, who had justified, without ability or effect, the murder of the king, was not beneath the condescension of this act of the legislature. He was incapacitated by it from holding any public office: and he is said to have owed his life only to the circumstance of his Arminian principles, which had conciliated the favour of some of the leading clergy of the church of England. His obnoxious work, which was called "The Obstructors of Justice," had the honour of burning with Milton's superior publications.

Verum idem ex animo, (says Isaac Vossius speaking of Salmasius, in a letter to N. Heinsius, from Stockholm, dated on the 5th of April, 1651) gaudet librum Miltoni Lutetiæ publicè a carnifice esse combustum. Non opus est ut meum de hoc scripto interponam judicium: interim hoc scio, fatum esse bonorum ferè librorum, ut hoc modo vel pereant vel periclitentur. Homines plerumque propter scelera et pravitatem manus carnificum subeunt, libri vero virtutis et præstantiæ ergo. Soli fatuorum labores tales non metuunt casus, Sed sanè frustrà sunt, qui se hoc modo exstirpare posse existimant Miltoni et aliorum scripta, cum potius flammis istis mirum quantum clarescant et illustrentur. [Burm. Syll. iii. 621.] These are the remarks of a man who was sensible not only of the merit of Milton's work, but of the impotence of that vengeance, which the enemies of its great author attempted by this measure to inflict on it. By what caprice or mistake could Isaac Vossius be promoted in our church by the same hands which raised the dirty Du Moulin to one of its dignities?

tion, and his two great political works, the "Iconoclastes" and the "Defence of the People of England," condemned to be burnt by the hands of the hangman. By this last species of insult, he was probably no more affected on the present occasion than he had formerly been by its infliction on one of the same publications at Toulouse and at Paris: and he probably also only smiled when, for the purpose of increasing his unpopularity and, of course, his danger at this delicate crisis of his fortune, the malignity of his enemies published the abuse and calumnies which had been vented against him by the dying Salmasius. But those scenes of sanguinary execution,[c]

[c] I must here, with some shame and much regret, remark a circumstance which favourably distinguished the usurping government from the regular monarchy. During the usurpation men had been convicted of high treason, (for the Courts had properly determined that attempts against the actual representative of the state, (by whatever title he was called,) were high treason,—but simple death was the utmost infliction; and the axe or the halter put the speediest period to the existence of the criminal. But on the restoration of the monarchy, the old barbarity of the law was admitted in its full horror. Men were quartered alive: the bowels were torn from the yet breathing sufferer, and the public feeling was either disgusted or hardened by the spectacle of torture and ferocious punishment. The infliction of this abominable sentence in its full rigour is now, in fact, prohibited by the general sense of the community: but much, of course, must still be left to the discretion of the sheriff and the executioner. The correspondent punishment for females, that I mean of burning alive, has very properly been abolished by an act of

which he was soon destined to witness, must have carried the wound immediately to his heart.

That the clemency of Charles should be the theme of lavish panegyric with contemporary loyalty ought not possibly to excite our surprise: but, with reference to him, the time has long since elapsed in which praise, unsupported by truth, can be admitted on the plea of passion. If we reflect that Charles was not now reclaiming his royal rights as a con-

our Legislature in the 30th year of the present reign: and it is to be hoped that this ferocious punishment of quartering alive, will not be suffered much longer to pollute the pages of our criminal code. No man can deplore with more genuine sensibility than myself the sanguinary excesses and the opprobrious result of the French revolution: but when I reflect that it has banished the rack and the wheel, the red-hot pincers and the dismembering horse, I cannot forbear from thinking that it has made a considerable compensation to human nature for any violences which, in the paroxysm of its phrenzy, it may have offered to her.

Since this note was in print, it has been suggested to me that the use of torture, for extorting confession, has been revived in France. With the dreadful secrets of the dungeons of resuscitated despotism I pretend not to be acquainted; but no public exhibition or avowal of torture has yet shocked the community of France. The re-establishment however of this cruel and atrocious practice cannot be regarded as improbable in the new empire of the French; and, with the renovation of the slave trade and of negro slavery in the West Indies, it will form an act of legislation well worthy, in its double reference to humanity and to political wisdom, of the new imperial government of the august Buonapartes.

queror; that the nation was not trembling at his feet, and, like a city taken by storm, in a state to be thankful for every deed of brutal violence which was not committed, but that in truth he was an impotent exile, receiving gratuitously a crown from the very hands which had torn it from his family,—from a Parliament, a great majority of whose members had been active in the overthrow of the monarchy, and from an army, which had immediately conducted his father to the scaffold,—we may reasonably inquire by what acts could he have discovered a stronger propensity to cruelty than he did. In the first moments of power, conferred on him by his recent popularity, when his heart ought to have been softened by the unexpected influx of prosperous fortune, he eluded the proposition, which was made to him at Breda, for a general amnesty, and evidently discovered that his spirit brooded on revenge. When he was seated on his throne, he accepted those victims which the perfidiousness of party, in expiation of its own offences, was so base as to offer to him; and he glutted the nation, as far as he durst, with an effusion of blood, not more guilty than that of thousands perhaps who were present to behold it; for they who from their office were more personally

engaged in the trial and the execution of the king, were unquestionably not more criminal than were all shose who had voted for these violences in Parliament; or in the army had first planned, and then imperiously carried them into effect. More however than they who were regarded as the actual regicides were exempted from the benefit of the amnesty. Neither Vane, nor Peters, nor Lambert was immediately implicated in the murder of the king; yet the two former of these were slaughtered, (and Vane, in violation of the royal promise to the Parliament for his pardon,) while the last, the most guilty of the three, was indeed permitted to live, but to live only in a state of miserable exile.

But not limited to the sufferings of the living, the vengeance of Charles extended itself to mean and atrocious outrages on the dead. It broke the hallowed repose of the tomb, and exhibited that last infirmity of our mortal nature, the corruption through which it is doomed to pass into its kindred earth, to the derision and the disgust of impotent malignity. When we behold the bodies of the illustrious usurper[d] and of the

[d] It is well known that many doubts have existed respecting the place in which Oliver Cromwell was interred; and it has been advanced, on authority which cannot easily be controverted,

formidable Ireton torn from their graves,

that his corpse was removed, on the day succeeding that of his death, and buried in the field of Naseby. The account goes further and affirms that, suspicious of the indignities which would probably in a change of things be offered to the Usurper's body, his friends substituted for it in the coffin that of Charles; and that it was this corpse which was afterwards exposed on the gallows at Tyburn. To entertain my readers I will present them with a curious paper on this subject, preserved in Lord Somers's Collection. I must premise however that, as eleven years had nearly elapsed since the death of Charles, it is difficult to conceive how any distinction of countenance, or of seam about the neck could at this period be traced: unless indeed the process of dissolution had been suspended by the arts of embalming, the corpse, with the exception of the bones, must now have been resolved into its original elements. But the second fact, stated in the following document, is attested by less authentic evidence than the first; and one may be rejected while the other is received.

"A counter-interment of the aforesaid arch-traytor,* as averred, and ready to be deposed (if occasion required) by Mr. —— Barkstead, who daily frequents Richard's coffee-house, within Temple-Bar, being son to Barkstead, the regicide, that was executed as such soon after the Restoration, the son being at the time of the said arch-traytor's death about the age of fifteen years.

"That the said regicide Barkstead, being lieutenant of the Tower of London, and a great confident of the usurper, did among other such confidents, in the time of the usurper's sickness, desire to know where he would be buried: to which he answered, where he had obtained the greatest victory and glory, and as nigh the spot as could be guessed where the heat of the action was, viz. in the field at Naseby, county of Northampton; which accordingly was thus performed: at midnight (soon after his death) being first embalmed, and wrapped in a leaden coffin, he was in a hearse conveyed to the same field, the said Mr.

* Oliver Cromwell.

and made the subject of idle punishment,

Barkstead by order of his father attending close to the hearse, and being come to the field, there found about the midst of it a grave, dug about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side and the mould on the other; in which the coffin being soon put, the grave was instantly filled up, and the green sod laid exactly flat upon it, care being taken that the surplus mould was clean taken away.

Soon after, like care was taken that the said field was entirely ploughed up, and sown three or four years successively with wheat.

Several other material circumstances, relating to the said interment, the said Mr. Barkstead relates (too long to be here inserted) and, particularly, after the Restoration, his conference, with the late (witty) duke of Buckingham, &c.

Talking over this account of Barkstead's, with the Rev. Mr. Sm—, of Q——, whose father had long resided in Florence as a merchant, and afterwards as minister from King Charles the second, and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the Restoration, he assured me, he had often heard the said account by other hands; those miscreants always boasting that they had wreaked their revenge against the father, as far as human foresight could carry it, by beheading him whilst living, and making his best friends the executioners of the utmost ignominies upon him when dead. Asking him the particular meaning of the last sentence, he said, that Oliver and his friends, apprehending the restoration of the Stuart family, and that all imaginable disgrace on that turn would be put upon his body as well as memory, he contrived his own burial, as averred by Barkstead, having all the theatrical honours of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin, into which afterwards was removed the corpse of the martyr, (which, by Lord Clarendon's own account, had never truly or certainly been interred; and, after the Restoration, when most diligently sought after by the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, at the command of King Charles the second, in order to a solemn removal, could no where in the church where he was said to have been buried be found,) that, if any sentence should be pronounced,

we are less disposed to wonder than to smile at the cowardly and pitiful insult: but when we see subjected to similar indignities the mouldering remains of the noble-minded

as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the King. That, on that order of the Commons, in King Charles the second's time, the tomb was broken down, and the body, taken out of a coffin so inscribed as mentioned in the Serjeant's report, was from thence conveyed to Tyburn, and, to the utmost joy and triumph of that crew of miscreants, hung publickly on the gallows amidst an infinite crowd of spectators, almost infected with the noisomeness of the stench. The secret being only amongst that abandoned few, there was no doubt in the rest of the people, but the bodies, so exposed, were the bodies they were said to be; had not some, whose curiosity had brought them nearer to the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there; and that, on tying the cord, there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body. This being whispered about, and the numbers that came to the dismal sight hourly increasing, notice was immediately given of the suspicion to the attending officer, who dispatched a messenger to court to acquaint them with the rumour, and the ill consequences the spreading or examining into it further might have. On which the bodies were immediately ordered down to be buried again to prevent any infection. Certain is it, they were not burnt, as in prudence, for that pretended reason, might have been expected; as well as in justice, to have shewn the utmost detestation for their crimes, and the most lasting mark of infamy they could inflict upon them. This was the account he gave. What truth there is in it, is not so certain. Many circumstances make the surmise not altogether improbable: as all those enthusiasts, to the last moments of their lives, ever gloried in the truth of it."

Blake,* of the mild and the amiable Claypole, one of whom had strenuously opposed all the crimes of her father's ambition and the other had carried the thunder and the fame of his country to the extremities of the world, we are shocked by the infamy of the deed, and are tempted in the bitterness of our hearts to vent a curse upon the savageness of the perpetrators.

"Glows our resentment into guilt?—what guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! sacred is the dust
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine.

* Respecting the great Blake, whose name occupies the first place in our naval annals, and who, for integrity and a truly patriotic spirit, is unquestionably one of the first characters in our history, the reader can require no information.—Mrs. Claypole was the Protector's favourite daughter; and she had been uniform in her opposition to all the violences of his ambition. Her intercession for the life of the royalist, Doctor Hewett, had been so earnest, that her disappointment on its failure is supposed to have hastened the crisis of her death. The Protector's mother, whose relics were exposed to the same unworthy treatment, was equally adverse to his elevation and ambitious excesses. She was an excellent and amiable woman, and with her granddaughter, whom we have just mentioned, was entitled to the respect of all parties. Among the bodies torn on this occasion by brutal revenge from the sanctuary of the tomb, was that of May the continuator and translator of Lucan, and that of the celebrated Pym. The bodies, which were thus dug up and thrown together into a common pit, were more than twenty; and this detestable violation of the grave was stopped only by the popular indignation which it justly excited, and which the prudence of the government judged it proper to respect.

This heaven-assumed majestic robe of earth
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold.
When every passion sleeps, that can offend;
When strikes us every motive, that can melt;
When man can wreak his malice uncontroll'd,—
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will,—
Then spleen to dust!"—

Freed from immediate danger, Milton had now leisure to reflect on all these revengeful and dishonourable violences of the government; and the impression made on his mind by the sufferings of his party may be distinctly traced in some pathetic and animated strains in the Samson Agonistes.

"God of our fathers! what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course
Not evenly, as thou rulest
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandring loose about,
Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,
Heads without name no more remembered;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet towards these thus dignified, thou oft
Amidst their heighth of noon
Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service:

Not only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high;
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission:
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude.
If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty,
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases, and deform'd,
In crude old age;
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end."

Scarcely had Milton left his concealment when he was taken into custody, in consequence, as we may conclude, of the order for his apprehension which had been issued by the House of Commons on the 16th of June: but all our acquaintance with the transaction is derived from the following minutes in the Journals of that House.—

"*Saturday* 15*th Decem.* 1660.

"Ordered, that Mr. Milton now in custody of the Serjeant, attending this House, be forthwith released, paying his fees."

"*Mond.* 17*th Decem.*

"A complaint being made, that the Ser-

jeant at arms had demanded excessive fees for the imprisonment of Mr. Milton:"

"Ordered, that it be referred to a committee for privileges, to examine this business, and to call Mr. Milton and the Serjeant before them, and to determine what is fit to be given to the Serjeant for his fees in this case."

On his return to society, Milton took a house in Holborn near to Red Lion Square; which he occupied only for a short term, as we find him, in 1662, residing in Jewin Street. From this situation he removed to a small house in the Artillery Walk adjoining to Bunhill Fields, where he continued during the remaining part of his life. The circumstance of his lodging for some intermediate time, after he left Jewin Street, with Millington the celebrated auctioneer, who was accustomed to lead his venerable inmate by the hand when he walked in the streets, is mentioned by Richardson on the testimony of a person, who was acquainted with Milton and who had frequently met him abroad with his conductor and host. The fact therefore ought not to be rejected in consequence of its omission by the other biographers of our author.

In Jewin Street, on the recommendation of his friend Dr. Paget, a physician of emi-

nence in London to whom the lady was distantly related, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, the daughter of a gentleman of Cheshire. The domestic situation of Milton was now such as almost to compel him to seek for the aid and the protection of a wife. At fifty-four years of age, he was in a great degree submitted by his blindness to the power of others; and by his studious habits, from the indulgence of which all his resources of pleasure were derived, he was peculiarly disqualified for the management of a family. He had not indeed been wholly without the counsels and assistance of a female friend; for he had been indulged during this period with the intimacy of Lady Ranelagh, the favourite and accomplished sister of the celebrated Robert Boyle. This estimable Lady, who had placed her son under Milton's care, seems to have been assiduous in discovering her sense of his high worth by rendering to him every service, which his circumstances could require or her's would enable her to offer. In one of the four letters to his pupil, which were published with his familiar epistles, he speaks of her, at that time preparing to depart for Ireland, in terms of the most grateful affection: "The absence," he says, "of your most excel-

lent mother must be equally lamented by us both; for to me she has supplied the place of every friend whom I could want." But his infirmities were of a nature not to admit of substantial relief from any but a domestic friend; and for alleviation from the kindnesses of filial piety they unhappily solicited in vain. From the conduct of his daughters he experienced nothing but mortification and aggravated distress.

His nuncupative[f] will, which has lately been discovered in the Prerogative registry and was published by Mr. Warton,[g] opens a glimpse into the interior of Milton's house, and shows him to have been amiable and injured in that private scene, in which alone he has generally been considered as liable to censure, or rather perhaps as not intitled to affection. In this will, and in the papers connected with it, we find the venerable father complaining of his "unkind children," as he calls them, for leaving and neglecting him

[f] Nunc discedens in Hiberniam mater tua præstantissima, cujus discessu uterque nostrûm dolere haud mediocriter debemus, nam et mihi omnium necessitudinum loco fuit, has ad te literas ipsa perfert. Sept. 21, 1656. P. W. vi. 132.

[g] This will, with the deposition of the witnesses, is published as an appendix to the preface of Mr. Warton's 2d edit. of Milton's Juvenile Poems, and is well entitled to the reader's notice.

because he was blind; and we see him compelled, as it were, by their injurious conduct to appeal against them even to his servants. We are assured also, by the deposition on oath of one of these servants, that his complaints were not extorted by slight wrongs, or uttered by capricious passion on trivial provocations: that his children, with the exception probably of Deborah, who at the time immediately in question was not more than nine years old, would occasionally sell his books to the dunghill women, as the witness calls them:—that these daughters were capable of combining with the maid-servant, and of advising her to cheat her master and their father in her markettings; and that one of them, Mary, on being told that her father was to be married, replied that "that was no news, but if she could hear of his death that were something." [h]

A wife, therefore, was necessary to rescue him from such undutiful and almost dangerous hands; and in the lady, whom his

[h] Circumstanced as he was at this juncture, and with reference to his daughters, Milton might properly be regarded, like Lear, as

———— "a poor old man,
More sinn'd against than sinning;"

and might, perhaps, feel

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

friend selected for him, he seems to have obtained the assistant whom his circumstances demanded. In opposition to the unfavourable report made of her by Philips, and the hints on the subject of her temper suggested by Richardson, she appears to have been uniformly attentive and affectionate to her husband. She is the sole object of his regard in his will; and the general harmony of their union is attested by all the depositions to that instrument. If her temper ever deserted her, it was in consequence of her husband's inattention to the advancement of his worldly fortunes: and when an offer was made to him, soon after their marriage, of a restitution of his official situation, she is said to have pressed, with much earnest and troublesome importunity, his acceptance of the proffered benefit. But to be in office under the new government, and under Charles whom he saw polluted with the blood of his friends, was abhorrent from all his principles and his feelings, and he silenced the solicitations of the lady with, "You are in the right: you as other women would ride in your coach: my aim is to live and die an honest man."[1]

[1] The fact is mentioned by Richardson; and rests upon authority which seems to be decisive. Richardson received it

About the time of his marriage, or probably a little before it, he published a short treatise entitled, " Accidence commenced

from Henry Bendyshe (a grandson, I believe, of the Protector's) who was an intimate in Milton's house, and who had heard it mentioned by his family. No less doubtful testimony would induce me to admit so strong an instance of the placability of Charles. To Thurloe, however, it is certain that a similar offer was made; and we can only infer from these, what we may collect from other instances of his conduct, that Charles's prudence could sometimes prevail over his revenge; or that his inattention to business, in consequence of his unrestrained pursuit of pleasure, induced him to resign the management of these affairs into the hands of others, who were not actuated by his passions.

I am not surprised that Dr. Johnson should treat this circumstance as an obscure story; and place it among those " large offers and sturdy rejections," which his own feelings taught him to consider as the visions of romance, and to be classed with " the most common topics of falsehood." Any other language would have been inconsistent from the lips of the pensioned advocate of government in some of its most unconstitutional and unfortunate measures. Dr. Johnson's admirers must forgive me, if, with considerable respect for his moral and intellectual character, I am tempted to observe that he actually wanted the power to comprehend the greatness and elevation of Milton's mind.

Mrs. Milton survived her husband, in a state of widowhood, nearly fifty-five years, dying at Namptwich in her native Cheshire, about the year 1729. She related that her husband composed principally in the winter; and on his waking in the morning would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. On being asked whether he did not frequently read Homer and Virgil, she replied that, " he stole from nobody but the muse who inspired him." To a lady, inquiring who the muse was, she answered, " it was God's grace and the Holy Spirit that visited him nightly." (Newton's Life of Milton.)

Grammar," intended to facilitate the first weak step of the juvenile student; and remarkable only for its exhibition of a mighty mind stooping in dignified condescension to utility, and regarding nothing as high or nothing as low otherwise than as it referred to the discharge of duty and the good of his species. In the same year also he gave to the public another manuscript of the great Ralegh's, with the title of "Aphorisms of State."

By the publication of these inconsiderable works, and by his known losses from the change of government, it is probable that his enemies were encouraged at this juncture to insult over his poverty; and to speak of him as writing for his bread. Of these topics of their malignity the following lines, preserved by Richardson and eminent only for their malice, may be cited as an instance:

Upon JOHN MILTON's not suffering for his traiterous Book when the Tryers were executed, 1660.

"That thou escaped'st[k] that vengeance, which o'ertook,
Milton, thy regicides, and thy own book,

[k] When Milton complains of evil tongues, Dr. Johnson says "the charge itself seems to be false, for it would be hard to recollect any reproach cast upon him, either serious or ludicrous, through the whole remaining part of his life."—Besides the

Was clemency in Charles beyond compare:
And yet thy doom doth prove more grievous far.
Old, sickly, poor, stark blind, thou writest for bread:
So for to live thou'dst call Salmasius from the dead."

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llnes, which I have here cited, it would be easy to produce many more effusions of malevolence, of which Milton was the object during his life time; and which fully justify his complaints, and our execration of the malignity of party.

As a story, which I have seen in print, (but by whom told or on what authority I know not,) is in perfect harmony with the point and spirit of these verses, it shall be inserted for the amusement of my readers. It bears some internal marks of authenticity, and exhibits very justly the gay and the gloomy malignity of the two royal brothers, Charles and James.

"The Duke of York, as it is reported, expressed one day to the king his brother a great desire to see old Milton of whom he had heard so much. The king replied that he felt no objection to the Duke's satisfying his curiosity: and accordingly, soon afterwards James went privately to Milton's house; where, after an introduction which explained to the old republican the rank of his guest, a free conversation ensued between these very dissimilar and discordant characters. In the course however of the conversation, the Duke asked Milton whether he did not regard the loss of his eye-sight as a judgment inflicted on him for what he had written against the late king. Milton's reply was to this effect; "If your Highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king your father? The displeasure of Heaven must upon this supposition have been much greater against him than against me—for I have lost only my eyes, but he lost his head."

Much discomposed by this answer, the Duke soon took his leave and went away. On his return to Court, the first words which he spoke to the king were,—"Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue Milton hanged." "Why—what is the matter, James," said the King, "you seem

But the moderation of his wants still kept him at a distance from poverty; and they, who could suppose him to be unhappy, must have been ill acquainted with the consolations of conscious rectitude, or with the exquisite gratification to be enjoyed by a mind affluent in knowledge, and by an imagination which could range without controll through the spacious walks of the universe.

Soon after Milton's establishment in Jewin street, Ellwood the quaker was introduced to his acquaintance by Doctor Paget. Ellwood, who is one of the most considerable of the writers of his sect, has left behind him a history of his life; and, from his accidental intercourse with the author of Paradise Lost, he is raised into an object of our particular regard. He was the son of an Oxfordshire magistrate; and falling at an early period of life into the opinions of quakerism he incurred the displeasure of his family, and ex-

in a heat. What? have you seen Milton?" "Yes," answered the Duke, "I have seen him." "Well," said the King, "in what condition did you find him?" "Condition? why he is old and very poor." "Old and poor! Well, and he is blind too—is he not?"—"Yes, blind as a beetle." "Why then," observed the King, "you are a fool, James, to have him hanged as a punishment: to hang him will be doing him a service; it will be taking him out of his miseries—No—if he be old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough:—in all conscience, let him live!"—

posed himself to a variety of distressful incidents. To an ardent zeal for the tenets of his peculiar sect he united a strong passion for literature; which, having been removed prematurely from school by the œconomy of his father, he had hitherto been indulged with few opportunities of gratifying. With the hope of advancing himself in classical knowledge, he now solicited an introduction, in the character of a reader, to Milton; and in this great man, conciliated by the ingenuousness of his manners and by the goodness of his heart, Ellwood soon found a friend as well as an instructor. If the beneficial commerce indeed had not experienced frequent interruptions in consequence of those misfortunes, to which he was subjected as the member of a sect at that juncture the object of particular and violent persecution, the defects of the young quaker's education would probably have been soon and affluently supplied. For the purpose of being near to his new friend, Ellwood settled himself in a lodging in the vicinity of Jewin street; and attended on every afternoon, that of sunday excepted, to read such Roman authors as his patron was desirous of hearing.

In the commencement of this intercourse, Milton was studious to form his reader's

tongue to the foreign pronunciation of the latin, assigning, as a reason for his conduct, the impossibility of conversing with foreigners without this condescension to the habit of their ears. Whether the object were really of the magnitude attributed to it by Milton, I should be much inclined to question: but it was not, of course, disputed by Ellwood; whose perseverance, though with considerable difficulty, finally achieved it and succeeded in accommodating his accents to his master's taste. As he proceeded in reading the classics his tones would frequently betray his ignorance of what he read, and Milton would then stop him to explain the passage which seemed not to be understood. This reciprocality of service and reward was soon however suspended by a severe fit of illness, which obliged Ellwood to retire to the house of a friend in the country. On his recovery he returned to town, and resumed his situation as reader in our author's study, where he uniformly experienced the kindness of a friend and the instructions of a master. After a short interval, he was again separated from this beneficial connexion by the circumstance of his being seised in a quaker meeting by a party of soldiers, and detained for a considerable time with his associates in a succes-

sion of prisons. When he was liberated from these most iniquitous inflictions, he obtained admission into the family of an opulent quaker, at Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, in the quality of instructor to his son: and in this situation, when the plague was ravaging the metropolis, Ellwood was enabled to show his regard for Milton by hiring a small house for him at Chalfont St. Giles.

Here, after another period of absence occasioned by a second imprisonment, the young quaker called upon his friend, and received from him at their first interview a manuscript, which the author desired him to carry home and to read at his leisure. This manuscript was that of Paradise Lost. "After I had with the best attention read it through," says the respectable Ellwood, "I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it: which I modestly and freely told him; and, after some further discourse, I pleasantly said to him, Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise found? He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse: then broke off that discourse, and fell upon ano-

ther subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when afterwards I went to wait upon him, (which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions led me to London,) he showed me his second poem, called Paradise Regained, and in a pleasant tone said to me, this is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

The term of Milton's residence at Chalfont has not been precisely specified; but from the circumstances to which it was accommodated, the prevalence and the extirpation of the plague in the capital, we may infer that it extended from the June or the July of 1665 to the March or the April of the following year. In this period, as I fully concur in opinion with its editor, Mr. Dunster, was the poem of Paradise Regained not only begun, but brought to its conclusion. It was shown, as we have just been informed, to Ellwood on his first visit to London after the author's return from Chalfont; and there is nothing in the poem, whether we respect its length or the style of its composition, evidently marked with the characters of haste, which can induce us to reject as improbable

the fact of its production, by a mind like Milton's, in the space of ten months.

Though he was destined at this juncture of his party's disgrace to experience the neglect if not the enmity of his ungrateful countrymen, Milton still lived in the estimation of the learned and the illustrious of other nations; by whom his safety, in this fatal season, was acknowledged to be an object of solicitous interest. A rumour had been circulated of his having fallen under the desolating disease; and his foreign friends were anxious to have their apprehensions relieved, and to express their gratification on the event of his escape. Of this we possess authentic evidence in the last of his familiar epistles, written in answer at this time to Peter Heimbach;[1] a learned German, who had formerly, as it would appear, been assisted by our author's instructions, and who was now advanced to a station of dignity and trust in the Electoral government of Brandenburgh. The letter in question is of a

[1] I have seen a gratulatory address to Cromwell, written in Latin by this Peter Heimbach, and printed in London in 1656. Of this production I cannot speak in terms of high commendation. Violence of praise may be indulged to a professed panegyric: but the whole composition is stiff and inflated, and in a taste very different from that of his great correspondent.

nature to merit insertion, and fully to compensate the reader for its short interruption of the narrative.

Ornatissimo Viro Petro Heimbachio, Electoris Brandenburgici Consiliario.

Si inter tot funera popularium meorum, anno tam gravi ac pestilenti, abreptum me quoque, ut scribis, ex rumore præsertim aliquo credidisti, mirum non est; atque ille rumor apud vestros, ut videtur, homines, si ex eo quod de salute meâ soliciti essent increbuit, non displicet; indicium enim suæ erga me benevolentiæ fuisse existimo. Sed Dei benignitate, qui tutum mihi receptum in agris paraverat, et vivo adhuc et valeo; utinam ne inutilis, quicquid muneris in hâc vitâ restat mihi peragendum. Tibi verò tam longo intervallo venisse in mentem mei, pergratum est: quanquam, prout rem verbis exornas, præbere aliquem suspicionem videris, oblitum mei te potius esse, qui tot virtutum diversarum conjugium in me, ut scribis, admirere. Ego certè ex tot conjugiis numerosam nimis prolem expavescerem, nisi constaret in re arctâ rebusque duris virtutes ali maximè et vigere: tametsi earum una non ità bellè charitatem hospitii mihi reddidit: quam

enim politicam tu vocas, ego pietatem in patriam dictam abs te mallem, ea me pulchro nomine delinitum prope, ut ita dicam, expatriavit. Reliquarum tamen chorus clarè concinit. Patria est, ubicunque est benè. Finem faciam, si hoc prius abs te impetravero, ut, si quid mendosè descriptum aut non interpunctum repereris, id puero, qui hæc excepit, latinè prorsus nescienti velis imputare; cui singulas plane literulas annumerare, non sine miseriâ, dictans cogebar. Tua interim viri merita, quem ego adolescentem spei eximiæ cognovi, ad tam honestum in principis gratiâ provexisse te locum, gaudeo, cæteraque fausta omnia et cupio tibi, et spero. Vale.

Londini, Aug. 15, 1666.

To the most accomplished Peter Heimbach, Counsellor of State to the Elector of Brandenburgh.

"That, in a year so pestilential and so fatal as the present, amidst the deaths of so many of my compatriots, you should have believed me likewise, as you write me word, in consequence too of some rumour or other, to have fallen a victim, excites in me no surprise: and if that rumour owed its currency

among you, as it seems to have done, to an anxiety for my welfare, I feel flattered by it as an instance of your friendly regard. Through the goodness of God however, who had provided me with a safe retreat in the country, I still live and am well; and, would that I could add, not incompetent to any duty which it may be my further destiny to discharge.

But that after so long an interval I should have recurred to your remembrance, is highly gratifying to me; though to judge from your eloquent embellishments of the matter, when you profess your admiration of so many different virtues united in my single person, you seem to furnish some ground for suspecting that I have indeed escaped from your recollection. From such a number of unions, in fact, I should have cause to dread a progeny too numerous, were it not admitted that in disgrace and adversity the virtues principally increase and flourish. One of them however has not made me any very grateful return for her entertainment; for she whom you call the political, (though I would rather that you had termed her love of country,) after seducing me with her fine name, has nearly, if I may so express myself,

deprived me of a country. The rest indeed harmonise more perfectly together. Our country is wherever we can live as we ought.

Before I conclude, I must prevail on you to impute whatever incorrectness of orthography or of punctuation you may discover in this epistle to my young amanuensis; whose total ignorance of Latin has imposed on me the disagreeable necessity of actually dictating to him every individual letter.

That your deserts as a man, consistently with the high promise with which you raised my expectations in your youth, should have elevated you to so eminent a station in your Sovereign's favour gives me the most sincere pleasure; and I fervently pray and trust that you may proceed and prosper. Farewell!"

London, August 15, 1666.

In the middle of the year 1666, Milton, as we have seen, had completed his two sacred poems: but it was not till after the lapse of another twelvemonth that he committed either of them to the press. His contract for the copy-right of Paradise Lost, with Samuel Simmons the bookseller, is dated April 27, 1667; and in the course of that year, the first edition of this grand re-

sult of intellectual power was given to the world.[m]

Much surprise and concern have been discovered at the small pecuniary benefit, which the author was permitted to derive from this proud display of his genius, and on the slow and laborious progress with which the work won its way to public estimation. To us, in the utmost cultivation of taste and accustomed to admire the Paradise Lost without any reference to its author or to the age in which it appeared, it must certainly seem deplorable that the copy-right of such a composition should be sold for the actual payment of five pounds, and the contingent payment, on the sale of two thousand six hundred copies, of two other equal sums. But if we would regard ourselves as placed in the middle of the seventeenth century and immersed in all the party violence of that miserable period, we should rather be inclined to wonder at the venturous liberality of the bookseller, who would give even this small consideration for the poem of a man living under the heaviest frown of the times, in whom the poet had long been forgotten in

[m] It was first published without the name of the purchaser as its printer: but in the subsequent year it received a new title-page in which the name of S. Simmons was inserted in its proper place.

the polemic, and who now tendered an experiment in verse of which it was impossible that the purchaser should be able to appreciate the value, or should not be suspicious of the danger.

Our shame and regret for the slow apprehensions of our forefathers, with respect to the merits of this illustrious production, are still more unwarranted than those which have been expressed for the parsimony of the bookseller. Before the entire revolution of two years, at a time when learning and the love of reading were far from being in their present wide diffusion through the community, thirteen hundred copies of the Paradise Lost were absorbed into circulation. In five years after this period a second edition of the poem was issued; and, after another interval of four years, a third was conceded to the honourable demands of the public. As we may fairly conclude that, according to the original stipulation of the bookseller, each of these impressions consisted of fifteen hundred copies, we shall find that in the space of little more than eleven years four thousand five hundred individuals of the British community were possessed of sufficient discrimination to become the purchasers of the Paradise Lost. Before the expiration of twenty years the

poem passed through six editions, a circumstance which abundantly proves that it was not destitute of popularity before it obtained its full and final dominion over the public taste from the patronage of Somers, and still more from the criticism of Addison.

When the great epic was completely prepared for the press, its birth was on the point of being intercepted by the malignity, or rather perhaps by the perverse sagacity of the licenser;[n] whose quick nostril distinguished the scent of treason in that well known simile of the sun in the first book:

> ——— "As when the sun new-risen
> Looks through the horizontal misty air,
> Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
> In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs."

The press was certainly in safe hands when it was in those of the present licenser, Mr. Tomkyns; for an eye, which could dive

[n] The office of licenser, which had been abolished during the usurpation of Cromwell, had now been restored, for a limited time, by an act of parliament passed in 1662. By this act the press, with reference to its different productions, was placed under the dominion of the Judges, some of the Officers of State, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Poetry falling within the province of the latter, the fate of Paradise Lost was committed to the judgment of the reverend Thomas Tomkyns, one of the chaplains of Archbishop Sheldon.

so deeply and could discern so finely was not likely to be baffled by the most profound, or to be eluded by the most subtle and aërial mischief. In the present instance there were many points on which the licenser's suspicion would rest. "The sun new risen," was an apt representative of Charles, lately seated on his throne: "The horizontal misty air," by which he was "shorn of his beams," was the political atmosphere thickened with the breaths of republicans and levellers, who did what they could to diminish the king's glory: "the moon," by whose intervention the sun was eclipsed, might be the memory of Cromwell which darkened the fame of Charles, and, by bringing before the popular mind the man who acquired Dunkirk, would naturally place him in eclipsing opposition to the man who sold it. In the "disastrous twilight," which was "shed over half the nations," was clearly to be seen the tyranny of Charles, by which the Scots, the northern half of the nation, were reduced to a most calamitous condition; and finally, Charles was a monarch, and might perhaps be "perplexed with fear of change;" or, if the licenser's acuteness should discover in this last application of the simile a confusion of the cause with the effect, and should consequently

scruple to admit it, the monarchs whom the sun in eclipse thus perplexes might be the two archbishops, in gloomy and trembling apprehension on their metropolitan thrones, in consequence of their master's unpopular, and of course dangerous conduct. So far therefore are we from being surprised at the good licenser's hesitation in the case before us, that we are rather inclined to blame him for negligence of duty, when he permitted a passage so pregnant with political rancour to issue under his imprimatur into the world.

The time, during which this noble poem engaged the attention of its author, cannot be very accurately ascertained. We have already remarked, on the authority of Philips, that it formed a part of Milton's intellectual occupation immediately after the termination of his controversy with Morus, about the end of the year 1655; and Richardson, from some expressions in a letter* of the author's to Henry Oldenburgh in 1654, is inclined to refer its commencement to an earlier date. As it was certainly finished in 1665, we may venture to assign the term of ten or of eleven years as that within the limits of which it was composed. If we now reflect on the

* P. W. vi. 127.

poet's situation during one half of this time; if we consider that he was not only blind and advanced far towards old age, but was also the object of factious hostility and of popular neglect; that, deprived of part of his small fortune, he was saved from actual poverty only by the contraction of his wants; that he was "encompassed with dangers as well as with darkness;" and, though snatched, as it were by miracle, from the vengeance of the law, was still fearful of the assassin's [p] dagger;

[p] The fact is recorded by Richardson. "He was in perpetual terror of being assassinated; though he had escaped the talons of the law he knew he had made himself enemies in abundance. He was so dejected, he would lie awake whole nights, &c. This Dr. Tancred Robinson had from a relation of Milton's, Mrs. Walker of the Temple." (Richard. Remarks, &c. p. xciv.)

In his note on that line, "In darkness and with dangers compass'd round," the same writer observes, "This is explained by a piece of secret history for which we have good authority. Paradise Lost was written after the restoration when Milton apprehended himself to be in danger of his life, first, from public vengeance, (having been very deeply engaged against the royal party,) and, when safe by pardon, from private malice and resentment. He was always in fear; much alone; and slept ill. When restless, he would ring for the person, who wrote for him, (which was his daughter commonly,) to write what he composed, which sometimes flowed with great ease." Id. p. 291.

These apprehensions were not those of a weak mind, or felt without sufficient cause. The murder of Doryslaus and of Ascham, at the Hague and at Madrid, had shown to the world that royalist vengeance could assassinate; and the fate of Ludlow,

that he was unprovided with any assistance in his literary labours, but that of a girl, or of an occasional friend to read to him, and to hold the pen as he dictated,—we cannot be otherwise than astonished at the boldness which could undertake, and at the inexhaustible energy of mind which could carry to its accomplishment a poem so extended in its plan, and so magnificent in its execution as the Paradise Lost.

The origin of this great production, or the first spark which kindled the idea in the poet's mind, has been made the subject of curious, and perhaps over-anxious inquiry. On his visit to England in 1727, Voltaire suggested that the hint of the Paradise Lost had been supplied by the Adamo a poor drama, stuffed with bombast, conceit, and allegory, written by one Andreini a strolling player of Italy. This suggestion by the lively Frenchman obtained little regard at the time when it was offered; and it has since been contemptuously rejected by Dr. Johnson. From its adoption however by Mr. Hayley and Dr. Warton, it has acquired some new importance; and,

pursued with daggers into the heart of Switzerland, fully demonstrated that, at the time of which we are speaking party rancour had resigned no portion of its revengeful and sanguinary atrocity.

when fully examined, it appears by no means to be destitute of probability.

Paradise Lost, as we know not only on the testimony of Philips but from the author's MSS,[q] preserved in the library of Trinity coll. Cambridge, was first designed in the form of a tragedy, to be opened with the address of Satan to the sun, now inserted in the beginning of the fourth book of the poem. In the different schemes which we possess of this projected drama, we observe various allego-

[q] These MSS, of which we have before had occasion to speak, were found among some papers belonging to Sir Henry Newton Puckering, who was a great benefactor to Trinity Coll. library. They were subsequently collected, and bound by the care and at the expence of Mr. Clarke, at that time a fellow of Trin. Coll. and afterwards one of the King's Counsel. These MSS consist, in the author's own hand, of two draughts of his letter to a friend who had pressed him to engage in some profession; several of his juvenile poems, a few of his sonnets, and a variety of dramatic schemes, some on the subject of Paradise Lost, and many on other subjects taken from sacred or profane history. In these MSS are numerous interlineations and corrections; stops are seldom used; and the verses frequently begin with small letters. Among these papers are copies of some of the sonnets, composed after the author's loss of sight, which are written by different hands.

Dr. Pearce, who was afterwards bishop of Rochester, in the preface to his remarks on Bentley's edition of the Paradise Lost, supposes that Milton derived the hint of his poem from an Italian tragedy called Il Paradiso perso; which Dr. Pierce, however, had not seen, and which we know of no person who has seen. Preface to Remarks, &c. p. 7.

rical beings introduced among its persons, and on comparing them with those in Andreini's production, which, as Mr. Hayley properly remarks, is not so contemptible a work as we have been taught to consider it, we shall find it difficult to refer the strong resemblance, which will strike us, to the effect of chance, or to believe that Milton could have drawn the schemes in question if he had never seen the Adamo of Andreini. As we are assured however, by the passages which we have noticed in the Damon, that Arthur or some other British hero was intended by the author after his return from Italy for the subject of his epic muse, it seems not improbable that he was fostering this idea at the time when he was revolving the plan of his sacred drama; and that he thus meditated the execution of two great and distinct poetic compositions. It is uncertain in what happy moment he determined on assigning to the Paradise Lost the honour of being his chief work, and of placing this divine theme upon the summit of the Aönian mount.

For the adoption of blank verse, as the instrument of his muse, he had not only the example of Trissino's Italia Liberata, of which probably he never thought, but that also of

Tasso,[f] by which it is fair to conclude that he was principally influenced, if the successful attempt in his own language of the illustrious Surrey should not be allowed to have impressed him with the determining bias.

It does not belong to the plan of the present work to enter into a regular examination of the beauties and the defects of the Paradise Lost; and they have so frequently undergone the investigation of acute and powerful minds, that nothing more can be expected on the ground than a few straggling ears after a well gathered harvest. If any part of this admirable poem has still reason to complain of defective justice, it is that of its diction and its numbers. These seem to be considered by Addison rather as the subjects of apology and defence than of praise; and Johnson has shown himself to be wholly unqualified for the task of appreciating their worth. From the power of Milton the English language has obtained a sublimity adequate to the loftiest conceptions of the hu-

[f] Tasso is celebrated by his friend and biographer, the Marquis of Villa, for the introduction of blank verse into the Italian poetry. Tasso wrote a poem without rhyme on the Creation.

The Earl of Surrey translated into blank verse the second and the fourth book of the Æneid.

man mind; and a variety and a richness of harmony on which his poetic successors, including the great Dryden himself, have been utterly unable to improve.

One of the principal defects of the poem is occasioned by the ambitious attempt of the poet to give sensible action to the negative idea of spirit. It is an opinion, in itself most probable and entertained by many eminent divines, that the Deity is the only perfectly disembodied spirit in the universe. Limited agency indeed seems to be incompatible with a substance which, occupying no space, is without locality; which is consequently every where and entirely present, and which therefore must necessarily be capable of acting every where at the same instant with an equal and undivided force. The highest intelligences then, who approach the most nearly to the throne of the Supreme, must be supposed to be invested with bodies, and may consequently without impropriety or inconsistency be introduced into the action of dramatic or of epic song. But Milton was resolved to make his angelic beings spirits, in the higher acceptation of the word spirit, and has of course been led into difficulties and contrarieties. With bo-

dies defined, though not restrained as to dimension and shape, operating with successive action, obnoxious to corporeal pain and to impressions from external matter, these superhuman agents are declared to be "incorporeal spirits;" and are, on some occasions, endued with the peculiar properties of spiritual substances.[s] In the sixth book this embarrassment more evidently or rather more strikingly occurs; and I agree with Dr. Johnson, who has remarked the incongruity, in placing this book, astonishingly sublime as are many of its passages, among the least happy of the twelve which constitute the poem.

On the introduction of the persons of Sin and Death, and the action which is attributed to them, I must confess myself to dissent in opinion from the able critic whom I have just named, as well as from Addison; to whose taste, if not to whose power of intellect, I feel much more inclined to bow in submissive deference. When he formed these personages and blended them with the agents of his poem, the poet appears to me to have

[s] When Satan in the toad affects the mind of Eve, and presents what pictures he pleases to her imagination, he is evidently spirit which can blend with spirit, and act immediately upon it without the intervention of the bodily organs.

availed himself of an indisputable privilege of his art; and, having endued them with consistent action, to be no more censurable for their creation than for that of Moloch or of Belial, with whom in fact they exist in equally substantial being. The whole of the machinery of Homer has been explained into allegory; and the Grecian bard, when he desolates the camp of the Greeks with the arrows of Apollo, is as open to reprehension as the English, when he opposes the progress of Satan with the dart of Death: in the first instance, the plain fact to be related is the ravage of a pestilence; and in the last, the danger of annihilation to which the adventurous Archangel was exposed by the attempt to break from his prison. If any authority were wanted to support Milton in this particular exertion of his poetic prerogative, it might easily be obtained from the sacred scriptures. In these, Sin is in more than one place distinctly personified; and Death is not only described as the last enemy whom the Son of God is to vanquish, but, in a dreadfully sublime passage in the Apocalypse, is invested with specific and formidable agency, "mounted upon a pale horse, with all hell following in his train."

With Addison, I have always regretted

the discontinuance of the story in vision, at the commencement of the twelfth book; and have regarded the circumstance, whether resulting from apprehended difficulty or from error in the great poet's judgment, as forming a blemish in the work and conducting it with abated vigour to the goal. But to suggest the defects of this glorious poem would be a short labour, while a display of its beauties would occupy a volume. With respect to grandeur of conception, it must be regarded as the first, and to the general exhibition of intellectual power, as unquestionably the second among all the productions of human genius; while, in the subordinate excellences of composition, it will be found to yield the precedency only to the wonderful Iliad,[u] or to the august and polished Æneid. If we reflect indeed on the greatly inferior language, in which the English poet has been compelled to embody the creatures of his brain, we shall be much more surprised at the approach in perfection which he has made to the poetic diction of the two mighty masters of heroic song, than at his

[u] When I make this assertion I am not ignorant of the great and daring imagination of Dante, of the sportive and affluent fancy of Ariosto; of the powerful yet regulated and classic genius of Tasso.

acknowledged inability to exalt the beauty and harmony of his muse into a doubtful competition with theirs.

In the second edition of the Paradise Lost, which was published, as we have already suggested, in 1674, the author divided the seventh and the tenth book, for the purpose of breaking the length of their narration, each into two; and thus changed the original distribution of his work from ten into twelve books. On this new arrangement, the addition of a few lines became necessary to form a regular opening to the eighth and the twelfth book; and these nine verses,[x] for such is their number, with six

[x] *The additional Lines are the following ones included between the inverted commas* "

Book VIII.

" The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
" So charming left his voice, that he awhile
" Thought him still speaking; still stood fix'd to hear:
" Then as new waked" thus gratefully replied."

Book XII.

" As one who on his journey bates at noon
" Though bent on speed: so here th' Archangel paused
" Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world restored:
" If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
" Then with transition sweet, new speech resumes"—

Book V. v. 637.

They eat, they drink, and " in communion sweet
" Quaff immortality and joy, secure

others, inserted partly in the fifth book and partly in the eleventh, constituted all the alterations deemed necessary by the poet in that mighty production of his mind, on which his fame with posterity was principally to rest and which formed the great and the crowning exploit of his life. The Paradise Lost therefore may be contemplated with more wonder as springing, like another Pallas, in a state of full maturity from the head of its mighty father, and proudly relinquishing every subsequent demand on him for the assistance of parental affection. I notice this circumstance indeed, which has been remarked before me by Fenton, rather for its curiosity than to detract from the merit of those, who make their advances to relative perfection by frequent and laborious revision. The final excellence of the work is all with which the world is concerned; and the existence of the mental power, which

" Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess," before th' all-bounteous king, &c.

Book XI. v. 484.

" Demoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,"
" And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy.
" Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence."

——— v. 551.

Of rend'ring up, " and patiently attend
My dissolution," &c.

eventually accomplishes the object, is all that respects the reputation of the writer.

That, under the disadvantage of blindness, the poet should be able to preserve entire the combination of such a poem as the Paradise Lost, is indeed a just subject of surprise. In compositions of any length, in which strict unity of design is required, the author, after the first construction of his fable, has his papers before him to correct those accidental deviations from his course, into which he may unwarily have been betrayed. But without this resource against error, and with a very inadequate substitute for it in the occasional readings of a friend, Milton must have retained in his memory all the intricacies of his fable; and have seen them all, during the time of composition, in one strong point of concentrated vision. Through the whole extent of his poem no incongruity is to be detected; and all the various lines are drawn with infallible rectitude to their just[y] point.

[y] A modern French critic (Le Harpe in his Lyceum, vol. xiv.) calls the Paradise Lost a shapeless production,—a poem which has neither course nor plan; and which joins to many other faults that of terminating at the end of the fifth *canto*, so that it is impossible to wade through what follows without languor!!! To what cause are we to impute this strange language of the critic? It seems to argue the most entire ignorance of his subject in union with the most consummate conceit: but it may

Bentley indeed imagined that he had discovered inconsistency in the relations, in different parts of the poem, of the expulsion of the rebel Angels from heaven: but the acuteness of the great critic, which had been so illustriously displayed in a variety of preceding instances, failed him in this; as it did in almost every other when it was exercised on the Paradise Lost.[z] In the sixth book, the apostate Angels are certainly driven into the deep by the sole might of the Messiah: but although the army of the faithful, which had before been engaged in the combat,

> ——" silent stood,
> Eye-witnesses of his Almighty acts,"

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proceed from nothing more than the wish of propitiating popular regard by the sacrifice of a majestic foe on the altar of national vanity.

[z] The great Bentley, when he undertook the editing of Milton, was far advanced in age, and soon after this work, which formed his last publication, his faculties discovered very evident decline. In many of his former works he has displayed a vigour and sagacity of mind, an extent and accuracy of erudition which are truly wonderful, and which, perhaps, have never been exceeded. But his edition of Milton, though it exhibits many characters of the great critic, must be pronounced to be altogether an egregious failure. To the critical sagacity of Bentley may be applied what Virgil says of the sword of Metiscus.

> " Idque diu dum terga dabant palantia Teucri
> Suffecit: postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum,
> Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu
> Dissiluit."

and advanced to meet him on his returning from the victory, it is not asserted that his immediate ministers, the "ten thousand thousand saints"[a] who attended him from the throne of God, did not pursue the enemy in their fall, and "hang on their broken rear:" the contrary, indeed, seems to be implied when it is said that

> "Eternal wrath
> Burnt after them to the bottomless pit."

When Satan therefore in the first book observes,

> "But see the angry victor hath recall'd
> His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
> Back to the gates of heaven:"

and when Chaos, in the second, declares that he saw as,

> "Heaven
> Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
> Pursuing."——

no contradiction is necessarily intimated.

But admitting that these accounts were irreconcileable with the fact, as it is related by Raphael, the difficulty would vanish when we considered the persons by whom the varying circumstances are mentioned. Could an accurate report of such an event be expected from a personification of Chaos, to

[a] Par. Lost, vi. 767.

whom the uproar and the tumult of a rout which "incumbered him with ruin," and made him sensible of "tenfold confusion," must have been the leading if not the sole object of regard? or from beings under the overwhelming astonishment attributed to the rebels at this tremendous crisis of their fate, when "ten thousand thunders infixed plagues in their souls," when they were "pursued with terrours and with furies," and when their senses were so confounded that they lay for nine days in a state of complete oblivion on "the fiery surge which received them falling from the precipice of heaven?" Their overthrow however is uniformly ascribed to the thunders of their adversary, with the power of whose "dire arms" they were till then unacquainted; and whose "red right hand" had been exerted "to plague them." The coherency therefore of the fable in this wonderful poem must be allowed to be perfect; and as a cause of surprise, with reference to the particular situation of the author, to be exceeded only by an equal consistency discoverable in the Iliad;—if in truth that mighty intellectual effort be as certainly the work of a blind, as it was of a single man.[b]

[b] This is spoken with reference to some extravagances, though not perhaps absolute novelties of opinion, which have lately

Much has been said on the unequal flow of Milton's genius; and by some it has been represented as under the influence of particular seasons, while by others it has been regarded as the effect of immediate and positive inspiration. Philips declares that his uncle's poetic faculty was vivid only in the winter, and Toland assigns the spring as the season of its peculiar activity; while Richardson, with a proper respect to the ardent character of the author's mind,[c] expresses a doubt whether such a work could be suffered for any considerable period to stand absolutely still.

Philips, to whom his relation was accustomed to show the poem in its progress, informs us that, in consequence of not having

been supported by a few German scholars. These learned men, who are endued with microscopic vision,

"To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven,"

would wish us to believe that the Iliad was composed at different periods by different rhapsodists, and was not originally committed to writing. By any person capable of comprehending the full force of the internal evidence suggested by the Iliad, these fancies must be immediately rejected as utterly unworthy of attention.

[c] In one of his letters to his friend Deodati, Milton says that when he was engaged in any study, he was urged to prosecute it with his full vigour and application, and was impatient of interruption in his pursuit. "Meum sic est ingenium, nulla ut mora, nulla quies, nulla fermè illius rei cura aut cogitatio distineat, quoad pervadam quo feror, et grandem aliquam studiorum meorum quasi periodum conficiam." *

* P. W. vi. 114.

seen any verses for some time on the advance of summer, he requested to know the cause of what appeared to him to be extraordinary, and was told in reply by the poet, that " his vein never flowed happily, but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal; and that what he attempted at other times was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy ever so much."[d] In opposition to this, and in support of his own opinion, Toland adduces the information given to him by a friend of Milton's and the testimony of the bard himself, who in his beautiful elegy on the arrival of spring speaks of this delightful season as renovating and invigorating his genius.[e] While

[d] On this passage from Philips Dr. Johnson, forced as he is to admit the unequal and uncertain flow of the human imaginatin, insults over the weak fancies of Milton, and the still weaker credulity of his biographers. This, Dr. Johnson was at liberty to do:—but he goes rather too far when he charges Milton with holding an opinion, respecting the general decay and old age of Nature, which Milton has himself expressly contradicted. [See his Latin verses with the title of " Naturam non pati senium."]

[e] I will insert the passage in question from Milton's beautiful elegy, with a translation of it by him to whose memory I have indulged myself by inscribing the present work. I had asked my admirable son for a version of the entire elegy: but his diffidence had induced him to refuse what my acquaintance with his talents and taste had impelled me to request. Among his papers however was found after his decease a considerable part of the translation, executed in such a manner as to make the circumstance of his not having completed it a subject of real regret. Though the

the former part of this evidence cannot be

last polishing touches of his pen are evidently wanting, I persuade myself that my readers will perceive sufficient beauty in the lines, which I submit to them, to justify me for thus bringing forward what the modesty and fine taste of the writer unquestionably destined to oblivion.—I transcribe only that part of his translation which relates immediately to my subject: but what remains of the imperfect work is in a style of equal merit.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos:
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam;
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires;
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest; iterumque vigescit ab illo;
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat;
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt:
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu;
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intûs agit.
Delius ipse venit: video Peneide lauro
Implicitos crines:—Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli;
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm:
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo;
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies? quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo:
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituis modulos dum silet omne nemus.

poised against that of the author's confidential

Urbe ego, tu silvâ simul incipiamus utrique;
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris, io! rediere vices: celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING.

Now Time brings back on ever circling wing
Young Zephyrs, soft companions of the Spring:
And Earth revived in transient verdure glows,
Wooed by their whispers, and forgets her snows,
Am I deceived with kindred warmth imprest?
Or does new genius swell within my breast?
Yes! 'tis Spring's bounty that now prompts my tongue
To ask a subject worthy of my song.
Entranced in strange delight I wander o'er
The sacred regions of poetic lore,
Castalia's spring, Parnassus' forked height;
My daily vision, and my dream by night.
Some rage divine my laboring bosom fires:
Some inward voice with thrilling notes inspires.
He comes! great Phœbus comes! I see from far
The floating radiance of his laurell'd hair.
My mind exulting spurns its mortal clay;
And springs aloft to seek the realms of day;
To drink the new-born beam;—with wondering glance
To range the azure waste and starry dance.
O'er cavern'd rocks, Religion's pale abode,
And fanes, still murmuring with the inspiring God,
Amazed she roams, and looks all nature through;
And heaven and hell hide nothing from her view.
But what portends this swell? this rage divine?
This ardent soul which burns along my line?
My grateful verse shall praise the bounteous Spring,
Who waked my breast and taught me how to sing.
Now Philomel essays her plaintive throat,
While raptured Silence listens to the note.

pupil and nephew, the latter must be considered as too weak and uncertain to be intitled to any great regard.

When he celebrates the inspiration of spring, Milton seems to be only following the example of his poetic predecessors, and to be writing with the taste of a classic rather than from his experience as a man. This season, when nature starts from her slumber and appears to exult in a species of new life, has always supplied the Muse with a favourite topic of description and panegyric. Even in our northern climate, this prime of the year has sufficient charms to allure the susceptible imagination of the poet; but under the glowing skies of Greece and Italy it is accompanied with so many striking and fascinating beauties as to be possessed of irresistible attraction. We are not therefore surprised when we see it in the classic page displayed with so much delightful imagery, and find its vivifying efficacy extended from the vegetable and the animal races to the intellectual and imperial dynasty of man.

In praise of Spring, sweet bird! you charm the plains:
In praise of Spring I tune my civic strains.—
The blushing year in triumph comes along!
Haste! haste! to pay the tributary song.

CHARLES SYMMONS, jun.

By man indeed subsisting in an absolute state of nature, if we can imagine him in such a state, its influence would probably be very sensibly felt; and the same genial virtue, which awakens the music of the woods and kindles the desires of the field, would excite, as it is likely, the torpid instincts and faculties of the human savage. On artificial man however, withdrawn as he is from nature by institution and by habit, we do not believe that the seasons, otherwise than as they may incidentally affect the health, can be productive of the slightest consequence. With respect to his body, we are not sensible of any change which they effect, and it is inconceivable that they can come into contact with the mind through any other medium than that of his corporeal organs. The complete independence of the human intellect, on the vicissitude of the seasons and the varying aspect of the external world, seems to be fully established by the experience of mankind, which has assured us that the imagination has taken her loftiest flights, and has painted her most brilliant scenery in the close retirement of the writer's study, when substituted light and heat have supplied the absence or the deficiency of the sun.

We are satisfied therefore that the information which Toland followed was erroneous, and we have only to consider with what limitation we shall receive the account given by Milton himself, as it is communicated to us by his biographer and kinsman, Philips.

That Milton's poetic power was subject to those inequalities of flow, to which the human fancy in its strongest or its weakest existence is inevitably liable, cannot for an instant be doubted. Like every man, who has ever solicited this faculty of the mind, the author of Paradise Lost would find it sometimes disobedient to his call, and sometimes preventing it. Labour would often be ineffectual to obtain what often would be gratuitously offered to him; and his imagination, which at one instant would refuse a flower to his most strenuous cultivation, would at another shoot up into spontaneous and abundant vegetation. In the intercourse with the fancy this has been uniformly experienced; and, without the information supplied by Richardson, we should have concluded that with Milton some days would elapse undistinguished by a verse, while on others the great poet would dictate thirty or forty lines under the impulse, as it were, of instant in-

spiration. This must be admitted therefore not only as credible, but as certain; and, proceeding a step farther, we may reasonably suppose that, during the augmented heats of summer, in the close streets and under the oppressive atmosphere of a large city, these luminous moments would occur more rarely and would glow with less efficacious splendour.

Of the summer season then, during which he was so seldom sensible of the sparkling influences of fancy, he might be allowed to speak as of a period in which "his vein never flowed happily:" though we cannot believe that for the whole interval between the vernal and the autumnal equinox his power of poetic composition was suspended and his work absolutely at rest. Even if his fancy were inert, his judgment would still be in action; and when no part of the finishing could be happily executed, the subject might be revolved and the plan digested. In the least brilliant instant the canvass might be prepared to receive the future births of the pencil.

Richardson, who records with affectionate reverence the minutest circumstance which he could discover respecting the object of his biography, relates that the author of

the Paradise Lost, when he composed and dictated in the day, was accustomed " to sit, leaning backward, in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it:" that he frequently composed in the night,[f] when his unpremeditated verse would sometimes flow in a torrent, under the impulse as it were of[g] some strange poetical fury; and that in these peculiar moments of imagination his amanuensis, who was generally his daughter, was

[f] The account given by his widow (see note p. 506) agrees with this of Richardson's, respecting the circumstance of Milton's composing in the night, and dictating a number of lines in continuity.

Observing on what is here related by Richardson, Dr. Johnson says, " That in this intellectual hour Milton called for his daughter to secure what came, may be questioned; for unluckily it happens to be known that his daughters were never taught to write."

It is unfortunate for Dr. J. that we have Aubrey's authority in opposition to his. Aubrey, who possessed in this instance every mean of the most authentic information, expressly tells us that Milton's youngest daughter was his amanuensis. This Dr. J. must have known: but, though truth was dear to him, the depreciation of Milton was still dearer. When he passed without notice the information given on this subject by Aubrey, the Doctor availed himself of the very doubtful testimony of Mrs. Foster.

[g] " With a certain Impetus and Œstro" are the words of Richardson; whose language is too quaint, and frequently too incorrect to be admitted without some modification into any neat page. Of the two Latin words, which in this passage he has rather inaccurately connected with " flowed," one is mispelt: Œstrum being written by him Æstrum.

summoned by the bell to arrest the verses as they came and to commit them to the security of writing.

During the supposed inattention of the public to the merits of his poem, Milton has been represented as reposing in the conscious dignity of worth, and appealing without emotion from the injustice of his contemporaries to the impartial award of posterity. The magnanimity of Milton, which had been ascertained on a variety of occasions, would not, as we are confident, have deserted him under this species of trial. In this instance however its exertion was not demanded; for the fortune of his work was such as to preserve him from the shock of disappointment, if not to elevate him with the transport of success. The applauses of the few, whose judgment he most valued, seem to have been sufficiently warm and unanimous to assure him that he had fully accomplished his object; and might patiently await that louder plaudit which could not finally be withheld.

We are ignorant of the precise time when the celebrated epigram of Dryden was written: but the encomiastic verses of Andrew Marvell, and of Barrow the physician were prefixed to the second edition of the Paradise Lost, and were probably composed soon

after its first publication. To Lord Buckhurst, who subsequently became Earl of Dorset, is ascribed the honour of introducing it to general notice; for accidentally meeting with it in Little Britain, where he was in the pursuit of rare books, and being struck with some of its passages, he immediately purchased and sent it to Dryden, with a request for his opinion. Dryden's answer discovered the strong feeling of one great poetic mind excited by the exhibition of another. "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too:"[h] and soon afterward, as Aubrey informs us, the Laureat called upon Milton, and solicited his permission to construct a drama upon his epic; a permission which the old bard readily gave, declaring that he had no objection to the scheme "of tagging his lines." In the preface to this drama, or, to speak with more precision, to this opera, called "The State of Innocence and the Fall of Man," which was not published during Milton's life, Dryden is sufficiently liberal

[h] This anecdote, which is related by Richardson on authority not easily to be questioned, has lately been discredited by Mr. Malone, in his Life of Dryden, [p. 113, 114.] But the arguments adduced on this topic by Mr. M. are in themselves very weak, and of no power against the testimony which they are brought to overthrow. From the reply of Dryden in this instance no inference can be drawn against his previous acquaint-

in his acknowledgments to the majestic and venerable poet, with whose materials he had

ance with the Paradise Lost and its author. Dryden might have been intimate with this great Epic from its first embryon existence, or with Milton from his cradle, and yet have said, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too;" and what is imputed to the bookseller, as spoken by him on this occasion to the noble peer, is by no means inconsistent with the fact as it is established, of the general sale of the Paradise Lost: for the bookseller only tells Lord Buckhurst that "they," the copies of the poem which were in his shop, "lay on his hands as waste paper." There happened, as it seems, to be no sale for the Paradise Lost in the neighbourhood of Little Britain, and the twenty or thirty or fifty copies perhaps which this bookseller had purchased, (and these copies by the bye would be reckoned by the publisher among the thirteen hundred which had passed off his hands, though not, as this account demonstrates, into circulation,) still remained unsold. I am sorry to remark that in the present instance Mr. Malone has not observed his usual accuracy of statement; for in his citation from Richardson he has been guilty, inadvertently as I make no doubt, of a very egregious mistake. The words of Richardson are, "for *they* lay on his hands as waste paper:" but Mr. Malone has changed "they" for a word of more specific import, and made the bookseller say "the *impression* lay on his hands as waste paper." On this misquotation, corrected, or rather still more perverted into "*almost the whole impression*," Mr. Malone founds the whole strength of his pretended refutation. The other anecdote recorded by Richardson, of Sir John Denham's having brought into the House of Commons a leaf of the Paradise Lost from the press and made it the subject of his high eulogy, I have forborne to insert in my page. But, though the arguments advanced, in the first instance by Dr. Johnson and since by Mr. Malone, against the probability of this asserted fact are rather more specious than those which I have been considering, still are they far from being convincing or of a nature to be opposed to the evidence of Sir George Hungerford, who reports what he saw and what he heard.

constructed his own beautiful, but very unequal edifice.

Minutely to trace all the subsequent fortunes of the Paradise Lost, through its various editions and translations, till it became fully established in its proper rank as a British classic and the pride of modern Europe,[i] would probably rather fatigue than be amusing to my readers. I will only therefore observe that Milton lived to obtain the whole fifteen pounds for which he had conditionally stipulated, that his widow sold[k] for eight pounds the copy-right of the work which he had bequeathed to her; and that

[i] Notwithstanding the strange specimen of French criticism, which we have lately noticed, (p. 535 in the note), the fame of the Paradise Lost seems to be extending in France. A version of it, with a life of its author, abridged principally from that by Mr. Hayley, has been published at Paris by a M. Monneron, a member of the Legislative Body: and, what is of more consequence, a translation of our great epic has just been given to the world by L'Abbè Delille. Though this translation be much inferior to that of Virgil by the same elegant and spirited pen, and may not be altogether equal to the high fame of Delille, it contains many beautiful passages; and, though made, as it would appear, without a sufficient intimacy with the language of the original, it exhibits on the whole to the French reader a very fine poem. But of all the great poets Milton is perhaps the most difficult to be brought under the yoke of French prosody; and, happily adapted as it is to the common intercourse of society, the French must be allowed by its greatest admirers not to be the language of the more sublime Muse.

[k] On the 21st of December, 1680, as appears by her receipt.

Samuel Simmons, who in this instance also was the purchaser, disposed of what was thus wholly transferred to him, for twenty-five pounds, to Brabazon Aylmer the bookseller; from whom it passed, at a considerable advance of price, to old Jacob Tonson. The thirteenth edition of this poem, in 1727, ought to be mentioned with distinction, as it was prefaced with a life of the author by the respectable Elijah Fenton, who was at once a scholar, a poet, and a man of worth.[l]

In 1670 Milton published his history of England, a work of which our notices have already been sufficiently ample. In the following year he sent into the world the Paradise Regained and the Samson Agonistes,[m] poems of unequal merit, which require us to pause in the narrative for the purpose of making them the subjects of our transient observation.

[l] In 1786 a gentleman, possessing the first edition of Paradise Lost, communicated to the public, through the channel of the Gentleman's Magazine, some lines on Day-break, written, as he said, in a female hand on the two first leaves attached to the title page of the volume, and subscribed—"Dictated by J. M."—This testimony, united with that which is supplied by the verses themselves, will not suffer us to doubt of their being a production of our author's. They may be found in Mr. Todd's Life of Milton, p. cxx. of the 1st ed. or p. 118 of the 2d.

[m] They had been licensed in the preceding year on the 2d of July.

That considerable disappointment was felt on the first appearance of the Paradise Regained, and that the author's sensibility [n] was hurt by the very inferior rank assigned to this with reference to his former poem, are facts which are very generally known. The Paradise Regained possessed no charms for the multitude; and it seems to have fallen immediately into that state of disregard from which it has not had the power or the good fortune to emerge. Struck indeed with the beauties which occur in it, with the weight of sentiment and the knowledge which it every where displays, some superior men have endeavoured to conciliate the public regard in its favour, and even to assert for it the higher honours of heroic song. Jortin, whose remarks uniformly bear testimony to the peculiar rectitude of his mind, speaks of it in terms of just and appropriate praise; and Warburton, who with all the science and the acuteness, wanted the fine and sensitive perception of an accomplished critic, extravagantly pronounces it to be "a charming

[n] Milton certainly did not *prefer* the "Paradise Regained," but "he could not hear with patience" (these are Philips's words) the former "censured to be much inferior" to the latter. This surely is sufficient proof of the incompetency of an author to decide on the relative merits of his own works; and requires no aggravation from any mistatement of the fact.

poem, nothing inferior in the poetry and the sentiments to the Paradise Lost."

The opinion however of these great men seems to have been without influence on that of the public; and a very able and laboured attempt in the present day, to lift into popularity this second birth of Milton's epic muse, has terminated equally in failure.

In 1796 an edition of this poem was published by Mr. Dunster; in whom unquestionably are united the leading requisites of a critic, extensive reading with an acute and discriminating intellect. Combining the zeal of an editor with the ingenuity of an advocate, he has not only ascertained with precision the genuine beauties of the Paradise Regained, but, having first persuaded himself, he is solicitous to persuade us to discover charms in its blemishes, and fecundity in its dearth. In the judgment of this critic, the absence of poetic imagery and of poetic numbers, in the Paradise-Regained, results from the profundity of taste and the most refined artifice; is a chaste reserve of ornament, a learned style of writing, to be relished indeed only by the few, but by the favoured and initiated few to be acknowledged as the pride of composition and the last happy effect of consummate and victorious art.

If my plan would admit of any particular discussion of this editor's opinions and remarks, it would be easy, as I conceive, to convict them of essential and radical error: but to account for their ill success with the public, no minute or subtle disquisition will be necessary.

The first purpose of poetry is to please, and that poem which does not obviously please, which does not flatter the ear and make its immediate appeal to the imagination or the heart, has imperfectly accomplished its design, and must not hope for any extensive controll over the popular mind. In a composition, in which the charm and fascination proper to poetry are generally prevalent, criticism may explain the causes of those effects which are delightful to us, and may establish or extend the fame of the author: but to a poem, of which the beauties are so coy and retreating as to require to be anxiously sought and forcibly dragged into light, the services which the friendliness of criticism can render are very unimportant. It is in vain to tell us that we ought to be, if we are not pleased; and, if our understandings can be brought into subjection by the critic, our fancies revolting from his authority will assert their freedom, and, turning from the

object of subtle and laboured panegyric, will seek their peculiar luxuries wherever they may be found.

On the fate of the Paradise Regained the voice of the public, which on a question of poetic excellence cannot for any long time be erroneous, has irrevocably decided. Not to object to the impropriety of the title, which would certainly be more consistent with a work on the death and the resurrection of our blessed Lord, the extreme narrowness of the plan of the poem, the small proportion of it which is assigned to action and the large part which is given to disputations and didactic dialogue, its paucity of characters and of poetic imagery, and, lastly, its general deficiency in the charm of numbers must for ever preclude it from any extended range of popularity. It may be liked and applauded by those who are resolute to like and are hardy to applaud: but to the great body of the readers of poetry, let the critics amuse themselves with their exertions as they please, it will always be "caviare."* It is embellished however with several exquisite passages, and it certainly shows, in some of its finer parts, the still existing author of the Paradise Lost.

* Shakspeare, in Hamlet.

On the merits of the "Samson Agonistes"[p] there has fortunately been no important contrariety of opinion. By the universal suffrage it has been pronounced a manly, noble, and pathetic drama, the progeny of a mind equally exalted, sensitive and poetic. Its delineation of character, though not various, is discriminate and true; its sentiments are uniformly weighty and dignified; its diction is severe, exquisite, and sublime; and over the whole is thrown an awful and majestic gloom, which subdues at the same time that it elevates the imagination.

With reference however either to its conduct or to its execution, it cannot be considered as a faultless piece. On the subject of its conduct, I must concur with Dr. John-

[p] Αγωνιστης (Agonistes) Certator, Qui certat gymnica certamina, Athleta, Pugil. (Step. Thes.) A contender in those public games of Greece, which were peculiarly called Αγωνες (Agones); and given with admirable propriety to Samson, as the hero of this drama, the catastrophe of which results from the exhibition of his strength in the public games of the Philistines. It is strange that this most obvious meaning of the title should have escaped Dr. Newton. "Samson Agonistes—that is," he says, "Samson *an actor*, Samson *being represented in a play!!*" Dr. N. has perversely adopted the second, and least strictly proper sense assigned by Stephens to Αγωνιστης—that of histrio, actor scenicus. This is admitted without any remark or correction by Mr. Todd into his first edition of Milton's Poet. Works: but in his second, (published more than two years after this note had appeared,) he produces a note by Mr. Dunster, in which the error of Dr. N. is noticed and rectified.

son in thinking that it is destitute of a just poetic middle;—that the action of the drama is suspended during some of its intermediate scenes, which might be amputated without any injury to the fable. In the inferior department of execution, the author seems to have been betrayed into error by his desire of imitating the choral measures of ths Greeks. He perceived that the masters of the Grecian theatre united in their choruses verses of all descriptions, either without any rule, or without any which modern critics had been able to ascertain; and his fine ear could not be insensible to the harmonious consequence of this apparently capricious association. He was hence unwarily induced to imagine that a like arbitrary junction of verses in his own language would be productive of nearly a like effect; and, without perhaps reflecting on the rich variety of the Greek metres, or on the genius of the English language and the habits of the English ear, he threw together in the choral parts of his drama a disorderly rabble of lines of all lengths, some of which are destitute of rhythm, and the rest modifications only of the iambic. The result, as might be expected, has been far from happy; and the chorus, instead of giving to his piece the charm of

varied harmony, has injured and deformed it with jarring and broken numbers.

By the Grecian dramatists the chorus was admitted not on choice but from compulsion. It was the root from which the drama incidentally sprang; and, preceding the dialogue, continued for some time after the sprouting of that engrafted and alien branch to form the chief part of the piece. When the dialogue was advanced by Æschylus to the prime honours of the scene, the chorus, which could not be wholly expelled from a stage of which it was the first occupant and proprietor, was skilfully employed to entertain with variety, to relieve the attention with musical modulation, and to serve as a vehicle of pure poetry on which the Muse might ascend to her most lofty and adventurous elevation. Though in some respects therefore an incumbrance on the dramatist, the chorus was thus compelled to yield him a compensation in that display of his own powers which it admitted, and in that diversity of pleasure with which it enabled him to gratify his audience. The Greek drama was certainly in a state of wide separation from nature; but no poetic reader would wish the intervening distance to be lessened by the abolition of its chorus, from which his fancy and his ear derive so much

exquisite delight. That the chorus is capable of effects almost equally advantageous upon the English stage, has been fully proved by the Caractacus of Mr. Mason: but in the Samson Agonistes, in consequence of the erroneous taste with which it has been constructed, it must be allowed egregiously to have failed.

The year, succeeding the publication of this grand and solemn poem, witnessed a second instance of the literary condescension of Milton. We have already noticed the Latin accidence which he published for the use of children; and he now, in 1672, supplied the young but more advanced student with a scheme of logic, digested on the plan of Ramus, or, in its Latin title, "Artis logicæ plenior institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata."

In this book, it has been suggested as doubtful whether[q] "he did not intend an act of hostility against the Universities: for Ramus was one of the first oppugners of the old philosophy, who disturbed with innovations the quiet of the schools." It is probable indeed that, as he advanced in life, Milton did not contract more fondness than he had formerly entertained for the modes of education adopted by these venerable guar-

[q] Johnson's Life of Milton.

dians of literature: but the eye which can assume to trace this hostility in the work now before us must be at least as presumptuous as it is malignant.

Without any reference to the rebellion of his philosophy, there was much in the history of Ramus to conciliate the affection of Milton. De la Ramée, or Ramus, had emerged from a low station of life, (for his father was a peasant,) by the force of intellectual industry and the powerful efficiency of character. By the publication of some attacks [r] on the inviolable supremacy of Aristotle, he threw the university of Paris into disorder, and exposed himself, as a kind of confessor in the cause of philosophic freedom, to the persecuting enmity of the old zealots of the school. The consequences of their intolerance compelled him to take refuge among the Huguenots; and he closed, in the memorable massacre at Paris on the fatal eve of St. Bartholomew, a life as remarkable for its learned labour as it was for the vicissitude of its fortunes. If any circumstances therefore in the personal history of Ramus can be supposed to have influenced Milton to select him for a guide in any province

[r] His Institutiones dialecticæ; and his Aristotelicæ animadversiones.

of literature, the probity, the fortitude, the perseverance, and the misfortunes of the man may fairly be admitted as the causes of the partiality, in preference to his resolute, or, as some may style it, his factious opposition to systems made venerable by the hoariness of time.

The ardour of composition in Milton was not extinguished by the damp of age. In 1673 by publishing a short treatise entitled, "Of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, &c." he showed that the great interests of man were uniformly the leading objects of his regard. In this piece he strongly inculcates the duty of mutual forbearance and of union among those Christians of every denomination who appeal to the holy scriptures for the rule of their faith; and he would exclude from his scheme of ample toleration the church of Rome alone, whose idolatry was an offence to the Christian name, and whose tenets were as incompatible with the safety of any government as they were with the existence of any body of dissentient Christians.[s]

[s] These are Milton's sentiments, not mine; and in his time they were justified by the still formidable and menacing aspect of the Papal hierarchy. Though deprived of much of its ancient power and with its capacity of mischief very considerably narrowed, the Church of Rome, with an opulent and splendid court,

"Let us now inquire," he says, "whether popery be tolerable or no. Popery is a double thing to deal with, and claims a twofold power, ecclesiastical and political, both usurped, and the one supporting the other.

But ecclesiastical is ever pretended to political. The pope by this mixt faculty pretends right to kingdoms and states, and especially to this of England, thrones and unthrones kings, and absolves the people from their obedience to them; sometimes interdicts to whole nations the public worship of God, shutting up their churches; and was wont to drain away the greatest part of the wealth of this then miserable land, as part of his patrimony, to maintain the pride and luxury of his court and prelates; and now

and with two thirds of the population of Christian Europe under its banners, continued in the 17th century to be an object of reasonable terror. In the 17th century, it could still hope for the recovery of its lost dominion: and if it could not overturn thrones and distress nations by its excommunications and interdicts, it could disturb establishments and throw communities into disorder by its machinations and intrigues. In our days the state of things is happily quite changed: the conclave of the Vatican is overturned from its foundations; the Pope is shrunk into a bishop of the French empire, and the Catholics are now only a sect of Christians, who profess some articles of belief not in harmony with our's, but who are without the means, if we can suppose them to retain the desire of injuring us, and against whom the principle of self-defence will no longer support us in any measure of oppressive or discriminating policy. The offence of their idolatry indeed remains: but this cannot be a just object of legislative vengeance or precaution.

since, through the infinite mercy and favour of God, we have shaken off his Babylonish yoke, hath not ceased by his spies and agents, bulls and emissaries, at once to destroy both king and parliament; perpetually to seduce, corrupt, and pervert as many as they can of the people. Whether therefore it be fit or reasonable to tolerate men, thus principled in religion toward the state, I submit it to the consideration of all magistrates, who are best able to provide for their own and the public safety. As for tolerating the exercise of their religion, supposing their state-activities not to be dangerous, I answer, that toleration is either public or private; and the exercise of their religion, as far as it is idolatrous, can be tolerated neither way: not publicly, without grievous and insufferable scandal given to all conscientious beholders; not privately, without great offence to God, declared against all kind of idolatry, though secret." [t]

But even toward Papists he would not exercise any personal severity. "Are we to punish them," he asks, "by corporal punishments, or fines in their estates on account of their religion? I suppose it stands not with the clemency of the Gospel, more than what appertains to the security of the state." [u]

[t] P. W. iv. 264. [u] Ib. 265.

The author's chief purpose in this publication was to check the growth of popery, at this juncture particularly and alarmingly rapid in consequence of the avowed patronage of the Duke of York and the secret countenance of the king. The danger, which at this instant awakened the fears of Milton, became not long afterward so palpable and striking as to excite the nation, united in one great effort for its safety, to depose the catholic bigot who occupied and abused the throne.

In the same year our author published a second edition of his youthful poems, in one volume with his "Tractate on Education," and included in it some small pieces, not comprehended in the edition of 1645. On this occasion however the sonnets to Fairfax, to Vane, and to Cromwell, with the second to Cyriac Skinner, were for some unexplained reason omitted, and were first given to the world, as we have before mentioned, by Philips in his life of his uncle.

In 1674, in which year he was destined to complete his laborious and honourable course, Milton published his familiar letters and some of his university exercises; the former with the title of "Epistolarum Familiarium Liber unus," and the latter with that of "Prolusiones quædam oratoriæ in

Collegio Christi habitæ." These letters, of which we have offered to our readers more than one specimen and which are addressed principally to foreigners of literary eminence, are possessed of peculiar interest, and contain, as (Morhoff justly remarks,) many characters of ancient and modern, of foreign and domestic authors which are worthy to be read and understood. His college exercises are valuable chiefly for their exhibition of early power and proficiency.

The next exercise of his pen, as it is affirmed, was to translate into English the declaration of the Poles, on their elevating the heroic John Sobieski to their elective throne: but I must profess myself to be doubtful of the fact.[s] It is more certain that in some part of the same year he wrote "A Brief History of Muscovy," which was published at a period of about eight years posterior to his death.

With this work terminated his literary labours,[t] for the gout, which had for many

[s] The Latin document could arrive in England only a very short time before Milton's death, and the translation bears no resemblance to his character of composition. These circumstances induce me to express a doubt where none of Milton's preceding biographers, as far at least as I know, have intimated any.

[t] An answer to a libel on himself, and a system of Theology called, according to Wood, "Idea Theologiæ," are compositions of Milton's which have been lost. The last was at one time in

years afflicted him, was now appointed to terminate his exemplary life. He was summoned to his final account, for which no one of his species perhaps had ever been better prepared, on the [n] eighth of November, (1674), when he expired without pain, and so quietly that they who waited in his chamber were unconscious of the moment of his departure. "The funeral was attended," as Toland informs us, "by all the author's learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar;" and his body was deposited, by the side of his father's, in the upper part of the chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate.

In consequence of an alteration made in that part of the church, the stone, inscribed on this occasion with his name, was removed in the course of not many years, and was never replaced. But this unintended injury

the hands of Cyriac Skinner, but what became of it afterwards has not been traced. Another work of our author's is mentioned by Mr. Todd. It is entitled "An Argument or Debate in Law of the great Question concerning the Militia, as it is now settled by Ordinance of Parliament, by J. M. (London 1642.)" In the copy of this work, which Mr. Todd saw in the collection of the late Duke of Bridgewater, the second Earl of Bridgewater, who had acted the elder Brother in Comus, has written the name of Milton as the author.

[n] Wood says, on the ninth or the tenth. The day of Milton's burial is ascertained, by the parish register, to have been the twelfth.

has in our days been amply compensated by the erection, in the same church, of a marble bust of the great poet, by the hand of Bacon and [x] the liberality of the late Mr. Whitbread. The honourable example had been given by Mr. Benson, one of the Auditors of the Imprest, who in 1737 introduced

[x] In 1793. The late Mr. Whitbread was a man whose virtues reflected honour on his species. I have been informed by a gentleman, whose opportunities of knowing the fact and whose high integrity of character render his authority unquestionable, that the charities, which this excellent man distributed with silent and sagacious beneficence, amounted annually to no less a sum than 10,000l.!—happy with the means of such extended good, and still happier with the heart to employ them. His virtues seem to have descended, with undiminished force and lustre, to his son, the present representative in parliament of the town of Bedford.

"When the inscription," says Dr. Johnson, in his biographical libel on Milton, "for the monument of Philips, in which he was said to be soli Miltono secundus, was exhibited to Dr. Sprat then dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it; the name of Milton was in his opinion too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion. Atterbury, who succeeded him, being author of the inscription, permitted its reception." I know of no other testimony for the fact in question but this of Dr. Johnson. If it be authentic, it is of a nature to cover the name of Sprat with eternal dishonour. The reason is not less unhappy than the act, which it is brought to justify, was brutal. From the repository of regal and of prelatical ashes, the name of the republican and the puritan Milton might consistently be excluded: but it is strange that the name of one of the most religious of men, whose bosom from the opening to the close of his life glowed with the most pure and ardent devotion, should be regarded as "too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion."

a similar memorial of Milton into Westminster Abbey, to the walls of which venerable building his very name had been considered, only a few years before, as a species of pollution. The lines,[y] which Dr. George, the provost of King's college, Cambridge, wrote for the inscription on this monument, are elegant and nervous: but the apology, which they intimate, could derive its propriety only from that illiberal and impotent malice which had previously been exerted against the name and memory of MILTON.[z]

[y] Some of these verses I have inserted in my title-page, but I will here give them entire. They are by no means faultless, and they have certainly received their full share of praise.

Augusti regum cineres, sanctæque favillæ
Heroum! vosque O venerandi nominis umbræ!
Parcite quod vestris infensum regibus olim
Sedibus infertur nomen; liceatque supremis
Funeribus finire odia, et mors obruat iras.
Nunc sub fœderibus coëant felicibus unà
Libertas et jus sacri inviolabile sceptri.
Rege sub Augusto fas sit laudare Catonem.

Ashes of regal and of holy fame,
Forgive the intrusion of a hostile name!
Cease human enmities with human life!
And Death, the great composer, calm your strife!
Lo! now the king's and people's rights agree:
In freedom's hand the hallow'd sceptre see!
No jealous fears alarm these happier days:
And our AUGUSTUS smiles at CATO's praise.

[z] In the August of 1790, the grave, as it was imagined, of the great poet was opened; and his remains exposed for some time to the public view. The popular respect for Milton was on

In the July preceding his decease, Milton had requested the attendance of his brother, Christopher, and in his presence had made a disposition of his property by a formal declaration of his will. This mode of testament, which is called nuncupative and under certain precise regulations is admitted by the ecclesiastical courts, was in the present instance ineffectual. After a full hearing of the cause, on a suit instituted against it by the daughters, the nuncupative will of Milton was found destitute of some of the essential requisites for the establishment of its validity; and was accordingly set aside by a decree of Sir Leoline Jenkins, the judge at that time of the Prerogative Court. This will gave the whole of the testator's actual possessions to his widow, assigning nothing to his daughters but their mother's marriage portion, which had not yet been paid, and

this occasion discovered to be approaching to religious veneration. The people pressed from all quarters for a sight of the bones; and happy was the man who, availing himself of the mercenary spirit of the parish-officers, could become the possessor of any portion of the sacred reliques. This profanation of the ashes of the illustrious dead was warmly resented by some of the writers of the day: but, much curiosity having been excited on the subject, the skeleton was subjected to a very accurate inspection, and proved to be that of a female. This fact, showing that the coffin of Milton was yet unviolated, relieved the uneasiness of his admirers, whose fondness for the man extended itself to the smallest piece of dead matter, which had once contributed to form his mortal residence.

the sums which he had expended on their education."[a] The property, exclusive of the goods, which was thus bequeathed to the widow, is said to have been about fifteen hundred pounds.

Disinterestedness and a contempt of money had uniformly distinguished the elevated mind of Milton. It is at least doubtful whether he received any pecuniary compensation from his pupils; and of his small patrimony he is stated to have lost two thousand pounds by an injudicious confidence. Of an equal sum, which he had saved from the emoluments of his office and had placed on government security, he was deprived by the change of things at the Restoration; and his paternal house in Bread Street was consumed by the great fire of London in 1666. But, with his few wants, it was difficult to sink him into indigence; and after all his losses he was enabled, as we have seen, to leave nearly three thousand pounds, (including the 1000l. still remaining in the hands of the Powells,) for the subsistence of his family.

[a] In some of the depositions attached to his will, it is stated that he had frequently declared, "that he had made provision for his children in his life-time, and had spent the greatest part of his estate in providing for them." The depositions were made before Doctor (afterwards Sir William) Trumbull, who was Secretary of State and the friend of Pope.

We are not told, and it would be idle to conjecture what sum was raised by the sale of his books; a measure which was taken previously to his decease, and to which he was probably induced by the persuasion that his executrix would be less likely than himself to obtain their just value. In his days the purchasers of books were few, when compared with those in our's; and the number of the affluent, who expended large sums in literary curiosities, was still perhaps proportionably less. The sale in the present times of such a library, as Milton's may reasonably be supposed to have been, would alone produce a large part, if not the whole of the property which he bequeathed. Of this collection, an Euripides is now in the possession of Mr. Cradock, of Gumley in Leicestershire; and a Lycophron, (as Mr. Todd, on the authority of Mr. Walker, informs us,) is preserved in the library of the Earl of Charlemont. The margin of the Euripides is inscribed with many observations and corrections by Milton's pen; among which Dr. Johnson, who was not deep in Grecian literature, affirms that he found nothing remarkable; but of which some have been adopted in Barnes's edition, and others inserted in Mr. Jodrell's illustrations of this Athenian dramatist.

The concurring voices of all his early bio-

graphers, who were personally acquainted with him, will not allow us to doubt that the harmony of Milton's features and form seemed to make his body a suitable residence for his superior soul.[b] At Cambridge, the fineness of his complexion occasioned him to be called "the lady of Christ's college;" and the ruddiness, which lingered on his cheek till the middle of life, gave to him at that period an appearance of remarkable juvenility. His eyes were dark grey; and their lustre, which was peculiarly vivid, did not fade even when their vision was extinguished. His hair, which was light brown, he wore parted at the top, and "clustering," as he describes that of Adam, upon his shoulders. His per-

[b] I borrow the expression and the thought from Aubrey. "His harmonical and ingenuous soul," (says this biographer) dwelt in a beautiful and well-proportioned body."

The personal beauty of Milton has given occasion to a little romantic story, which is pleasing to the imagination. As the youthful bard was asleep under a tree, an Italian lady, accidentally passing near the place, was struck with his charms, and alighted from her carriage to contemplate them. After gratifying her curiosity and feeding her love with the spectacle, she dropped a paper, intimating the occurrence and professing her passion, and then, withdrawing without awaking him, she proceeded on her journey. This event, as the story further relates, determined him to cross the Alps, for the purpose of discovering the fugitive fair one among the beauties of Italy. It is unnecessary to say that his search was unsuccessful: but in the voice and the charms of Leonora Baroni, he found an ample compensation for the loss of his imaginary mistress.

son was of the middle height, not fat or corpulent, but muscular and compact. "His deportment," (I use the words of Wood, from whom nothing but a respect for truth could have extorted any favourable account of his great contemporary,) "his deportment was affable, and his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness."

In his earlier life, he was fond of robust exercises; and, excelling in the management of the sword,[c] he wanted neither strength nor resolution to repel the insults of any adversary, however eminent for his skill or his bodily force. When blindness, and the gout, with which he was early afflicted, confined him in a great degree to his house, he contrived a swing for the purposes of exercise; and to exercise in one form or other, as the essential preservative of health, he regularly allotted one hour in the day.

Having injured his constitution in his youth by night studies, whence immediately proceeded those pains in his head of which we have before spoken, and that weakness in his eyes which terminated in the loss of

[c] Doctor Johnson thinks that Milton's weapon was not the rapier, but the broad sword. It was the weapon however, as Milton tells us himself, which he commonly carried by his side; and I suspect that gentlemen, who were not of the military profession, very seldom, (if ever,) wore any weapon but the small sword.

sight, he corrected this erroneous practice as he advanced in years, and retired to his bed at the early hour of nine. The moments however which he gave to sleep in the beginning of the night, he took from the drowsy power in the morning, rising in summer generally at four o'clock and in winter at five. When, contrary to his usual custom, he indulged himself with longer rest, he employed a person to read to him from the time of his awaking to that of his rising.

The opening of his day was uniformly consecrated to religion. A chapter of the Hebrew scriptures being read to him as soon as he was up, he passed the subsequent interval till seven o'clock in private meditation. From seven till twelve, he either listened while some author was read to him, or dictated as some friendly hand supplied him with its pen. At twelve commenced his hour of exercise, which before his blindness was commonly passed in walking, and afterward for the most part in the swing. His early and frugal dinner succeeded; and when it was finished he resigned himself to the recreation of music,[d] by which he found his

[d] "In relation to his love of music," says Richardson, "and the effect it had upon his mind, I remember a story I had from a friend, I was happy in for many years; and who loved to talk of Milton, as he often did. Milton hearing a lady sing finely,

mind at once gratified and restored. Of music he was particularly fond, and both with its science and its practice he was more than superficially acquainted. He could compose, as Richardson says that it was reported; and with his voice, which was delicately sweet and harmonious,[e] he would frequently accompany the instruments on which he played, the bass viol or the organ. His musical taste had, beyond question, been fostered by his father; and the great author's love of this delightful art is discovered in every part of his writings, where its intimation can in any way be made compatible with his subject.

From his music he returned, with fresh

'Now will I swear,' says he, 'this lady is handsome.' His ears were now eyes to him." Rich. Remarks on Milton, p. vi.

In his Tractate on Education, as we have seen, Milton advises for the students this recreation of music after meals, as peculiarly salutary to the mind: and it may be remarked that the same indulgence has been recommended by Sir William Jones from his own experience, as favourable to mental exertion, and producing the good effects without any of the disadvantages of sleep.

I feel gratified by any opportunity of bringing forward the name of the admirable Sir William Jones; whose life, like that of Milton, was one continued and ardent struggle for the acquisition of knowledge; and who sought to advance all his species to that perfection, after which he himself was perpetually straining.

[e] "He (Milton) had a delicate tuneable voice," says Wood, "an excellent ear, could play on the organ," &c. Fast. Oxon. p. 626.

vigour, to the exercise of his intellect, to his books or his composition. At six he admitted the visits of his friends: he took his abstemious supper at eight; and at nine, having smoked a pipe and drunk a glass of water, he retired, as we have before observed, to his repose.

It is not pretended that this precise and uniform distribution of the day could at all times be maintained without interruption. When he was in office, many of his four and twenty hours were unquestionably engaged by business; and, as a table was allowed to him by government for the entertainment of learned foreigners, the scheme of life which we have noticed could at this juncture have been very imperfectly followed. During the fourteen years, which intervened between his dismission from office and his death, the arrangement of his time would experience little disturbance; though his solitude was far from complete, and he was still followed by the attentions of the world.

When he was in a great degree deserted by his thankless countrymen, he continued to be gratified with the notices of illustrious strangers; to whom, on their visits to our island, he still formed the principal object of

curiosity and regard.[f] Under the usurpation of Cromwell, many had been allured from the continent by the sole wish of seeing the two extraordinary, but unequal and dissimilar characters who held, with so much ability and effect, the sceptre and the pen of Britain; and some, as Wood assures us, had visited with a feeling almost of religious veneration the house in Bread Street, which had been hallowed as it were by the birth of the renowned literary defender of the republic.[g]

Of this great man the manners are universally allowed to have been affable and graceful; the conversation, chearful, instructive and engaging.[h] In his whole deport-

[f] Several of these visits of persons eminent for their talents or their quality he is said to have received, as he was sitting before his door, in a grey coat of coarse cloth, in warm sultry weather to enjoy the fresh air: and Richardson, who relates this circumstance, proceeds to tell us,—"And very lately I had the good fortune to have another picture of him from an ancient clergyman in Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright. He found him in a small house, he thinks but one room on a floor: in that up one pair of stairs, which was hung with rusty green, he found John Milton, sitting in an elbow chair, black cloaths, and neat enough, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones. Among other discourse he expressed himself to this purpose, that was he free from the pain this gave him, his blindness would be tolerable." Richard. Remarks, &c. p. iv.

[g] Fast. Oxon. p. 266.

[h] His youngest daughter, Deborah, (Mrs. Clark,) when speaking of him, many years after his death, to the numerous in-

ment, however, there was visible a certain dignity of mind; and a something of conscious superiority, which could not at all times be suppressed or wholly withdrawn from observation. His temper was grave, without any taint of melancholy; sanguine and bold in the conception of his purposes, impetuous yet persevering in their execution. Ardent in kindness and vehement in resentment, he was inflexible only in the for-

quirers whom his fame brought to her, affirmed that "he was delightful company; the life of the conversation, not only on account of his flow of subject but of his unaffected cheerfulness and civility." * Francis Junius, the author of De Picturâ Veterum, says, as we have already noticed,† that Milton, with whom he was intimate, was affable and polite; and N. Heinsius mentions the general report of his being a man of a mild and courteous disposition.

The whole passage which occurs in a letter of this great scholar's to his friend Gronovius, (dated from Leyden on the 14th of August 1651,) is worthy of insertion, as it speaks the general sentiment of the learned at that time in Europe respecting our great author. Ludimagistrum vocat (Salmasius, here called Scribonius,) passim Miltonum: qui tamen et nobili loco natus, et in re lautâ constitutus, variis peregrinationibus, assiduisque studiis privatus ætatem, quam quadraginta annis grandiorem vix numerat, exegisse narratur: donec a consilio statûs Anglici ad scribæ provinciam in isto collegio suscipiendam invitatus est. *Virum esse miti comique ingenio aiunt,* quique aliam non habuisse se causam profitetur *Scribonium* acerbè insectandi, quam quod ille et viros è maximis celeberrimisque multos nihil benignius exceperit, et quod in universam Anglorum gentem convitiis atrocissimis injurius valde fuerit. [Burm. Syll. iii. 276.]

* Richard. Remarks, p. xxxvi. † P. 396.

mer; and his friendships were permanent while his enmities were transitory. Of the facility and the heartiness with which he could forgive, his conduct to the Powells exhibits a memorable instance; and no circumstance of his life can be adduced to convict him of that severity and moroseness, of which he has been rashly or maliciously accused. The brutal ferocity of his political assailants offers a full justification of the means which he employed in his defence; and if his weapons were more sharp or were wielded by a more vigorous arm, their's were aimed with all the deadliness and were infected with all the venom which their inferior powers could supply. In a contest with the insolent Salmasius, with the dastardly and scurrilous Du Moulin, the common war of polemics "seemed but a civil game;" and the man who, involved in it, could content himself with the arms of the legitimate controversy of the present day, might well be regarded as not less ignorant of his opponents, than wanting to himself and to his cause.

In his domestic intercourse, Milton has not been suspected of deficient tenderness to his wives: to his first his conduct seems at least to have been exempt from blame; to his two last to have been distinguished by

uniform kindness and affection. His supposed rigour to his daughters, which has always been asserted on very defective or very questionable testimony, has of late been entirely disproved by the attestations attached to the nuncupative will of which we have already spoken. From the whole of the evidence, old and new, which is now before us, we know that[i] two of Milton's daughters were taught to read several languages, without understanding what they were reading, for the purpose of being useful to him, and that one of them was frequently employed as his amanuensis; that, on their expressing their dislike of these occupations in the service of their blind father, he dispensed with their assistance, and, expending a large part of his moderate income on their education,[k] dismissed them to tasks better adapted to their inclinations and their sex;[l] that with peculiar inhumanity

[i] The eldest, Anne, was excused from reading on account of an imperfection in her speech.

[k] "Further this deponent saith, that she hath several times heard the said deceased, (John Milton,) since the time deposed, declare and say, that he had made provision for his children in his life-time, and had spent the greatest part of his estate in providing for them, &c." (See Nunc. Will of Milton, Appen. to Warton's 2d ed. of his Juvenile Poems, p. xxxvii.)

[l] The working of embroidery in gold and silver is specified on this occasion by Philips:—an art which, at that time, formed one of the chief employments of females of rank and fortune.

they neglected him in his blindness,[m] and were capable even of defrauding or robbing[n] him; that with all these provocations the injured father complained, it is true, of his children, but complained of them without passion;[o] and seems never to have treated them with harshness. After the intervention of many years, the youngest of these ladies, Mrs. Clarke, spoke of her father with great tenderness, and, on being shown a portrait which strongly resembled him, she exclaimed with transport, "'Tis my father! 'tis my dear[p] father!" an expression of affectionate remembrance not likely to break from the lips of a child sensible of injuries, and irritated by causeless severity. She is reported indeed to have been her father's favourite; and she had not perhaps been so deep in undutifulness as her sisters: but it must be recollected that on the testimony of this daughter's daughter alone, (Mrs. Foster I mean,) has been supported all that charge of domestic tyranny, with which an attempt has been made to sully the memory of Milton.

Of his erudition so much has necessarily been said in the progress of this work, that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon the

[m] Wart. ib. p. xxxiii.
[n] Wart. ib p. xxxix.
[o] Wart. ib. p. xxxiii.
[p] Richards. Remarks, &c.

subject. To Doctor Ward, the rhetoric professor of Gresham College, Mrs. Clarke related that extraordinary circumstance of her and her sisters (it ought with strict accuracy to have been sister) having been accustomed to read to their father in eight different languages. The languages are not specified; and, unless we separate the two dialects of the Hebrew and the two also of the Spanish, we can reckon, without including the English, only six of them: but with Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish we know that Milton was intimately conversant; and that, by unremitting study, he improved this large acquaintance with language into the mean of the most ample knowledge. If his Greek learning must be allowed to have been less accurate than that of a few of his contemporaries or of some of the illustrious scholars of the present day, it was unquestionably not less extensive; and it gave him full dominion of the historians, the poets, the orators, the philosophers of that favoured country, in which the human intellect seems to have attained its highest stature, its keenest vision, and its most comprehensive embrace. Among the Greeks, his favourite authors are said to have been Euripides, Demosthenes, Plato, and Homer, whose long poems he could

nearly recite by memory. Of the Latins, Ovid, as we are certain, possessed a prime place in his regard; and, from the circumstantial eulogy which he pronounces, in one of his familiar epistles,[q] on the merits of Sallust, we may infer the superior value which he assigned to the weighty and pregnant compression of that admirable historian. He zealously however followed the precept of the Roman critic, and sedulously formed his taste on the great models of Greece. But we must not imagine that Milton's knowledge was confined within the pale of classical erudition. His active and strong intellect traversed the whole circle of the sciences, and there was scarcely one of them which he had not penetrated deeper than the surface.

For those political opinions, by which he was steadily actuated from the beginning to the termination of his career, some apology has always been expected, when in truth none can be necessary. From his own to the present times, the republicanism of this great man has uniformly been regarded as throwing a shade over his character, which the most affectionate of his biographers have rather hoped to extenuate than been ambitious to remove.

[q] Henrico de Bras, P. W. vi. 135.

To the sagacious and unprejudiced eye, which contemplates the constitution of England, as it was established at the Revolution in 1689; to the eye, which can command this admirable system of liberty in all its beautiful complexity; which sees it diffusing through the whole subordination of its community more equal freedom than has ever yet resulted from any other plan of political institution; which observes it extending the controll of law to its highest subject and the protection of law to its lowest; which views it every where jealously checking and balancing its trust of power; which beholds it opening all its emoluments and honours, with the exception of one unattainable dignity, to the exertions of ability and virtue, and thus uniting the animation of a commonwealth with the tranquillity and the executiveness of a monarchy; which surveys it, in short, as it efficiently combines democratic energy with hereditary power in its legislature, and democratic feeling with legal wisdom on its tribunals,—to such an eye, a republic in all its visionary perfection can present only relative deformity, and can suggest nothing more than an occasion of envy or of glory in the fortunate inheritance of Englishmen.

But in Milton's days the political pros-

pect was far less alluring; and, from the spectacle before him, a wise and a good man might very justifiably surrender himself to the impulse of different impressions.

Some of the great component parts of the British constitution, (for the liberties of England are not the creatures of yesterday,) had long before been in existence: the Parliament, with all its pre-eminences of power, could boast in fact of its Saxon pedigree; the common law of England subsisted in its mature vigour; and the trial by jury, with an origin to be traced to the remotest times, offered its equal justice to the criminal and the innocent. A concurrence of unfortunate circumstances had however disordered the machine, and reduced it in the middle of the seventeenth century to little more than a ruin and a name. The impetuous power of the Tudors, springing from the disastrous consequences of the wars between the factions of York and Lancaster, had overleaped every barrier of the constitution; and the ambition of the Stuarts, at a period less favourable to the exertion of lawless prerogative, had diligently followed in the track of their insolent and tyrannical predecessors. On whatever side he looked, Milton saw nothing but insulted parliaments, arbitrary tax-

ation, illegal and sanguinary tribunals, corrupted and mercenary law, bigotted and desolating persecution. With that ardent love of liberty therefore, which always burns brightest in the most expanded and elevated bosoms, and fresh from the schools of Greece and Rome which had educated the master-spirits of the world, it was natural for him to turn with delight from the scene in which he was engaged, to those specious forms of government, the splendid operations of which were obvious while the defects were withdrawn in a great measure by distance from the sight. He preferred a republic, (and who can blame him?) to that unascertained and unprotected constitution, which on every quarter was open to successful invasion, which gave the promise of liberty only, as it were, to excite the pain of disappointment, and which told men that they had a right to be free in the very instant in which it abandoned them to oppression.

With Milton, the idea of liberty was associated with that of the perfection of his species; and he pursued the great object with the enthusiasm of benevolence, and with the consciousness of obedience to a high and imperious duty. Against tyranny or the abuse of power, wherever it occurred and by what-

ever party it was attempted, in the church or the state, by the prelate or the presbyter, he felt himself summoned to contend. From his continuance in office under the usurpation of Cromwell, he has been arraigned of inconsistency and a dereliction of principle. But, not to repeat what has already been advanced upon the subject, his office did not in any way blend him with the usurpation; he had no connexion with the confidence or the counsels of the Protector; and he conceived, with the most perfect truth, that he was the servant of his country when he acted as the organ of her intercourse with foreign states. We have seen his magnanimous address to the usurper; and from some of his private letters we may collect his acute feelings of mortification and disappointment in consequence of the afflicted state of the commonwealth, and the abandonment of that cause which was always the nearest to his heart.

But sanguine, or, if it must be so, rash and blind as was his affection for liberty, he was not prepared to receive it from the government of the multitude; or to believe that, what he considered as the offspring only of wisdom and virtue, could ever be generated by the ferment of an uneducated and

unenlightened rabble. From his prose-writings and his poems many passages might be adduced to prove that, drawing the just line between liberty and licentiousness, he regarded the latter as the ignorant and destructive demand of the many, while to love and cultivate the former was the privilege of the favoured and gifted few. His liberal and elevated sentiment seems to have been precisely the same with that of the excellent Sir William Jones: "that the race of man, to advance whose manly happiness is our duty, and ought of course to be our endeavour, cannot long be happy without virtue, or actively virtuous without freedom, or securely free without rational knowledge."

Though no doubt can exist of the sincerity and fervour of Milton's Christian faith, some questions have resulted from the peculiarities of his religious [r] opinions and practice. In the early part of his life he zealously adhered, as we know, to the system of Calvin, and classed himself with those severer religionists who were then indiscriminately branded with the name of Pu-

[r] Not of his theological opinions, for these, as far as it appears, were orthodox and consistent with the creed of the Church of England. The peculiarity of Milton's religious opinions had reference to Church government and the externals of devotion.

ritans. Disgusted, subsequently, with the intolerance and the spiritual domination of the Presbyterians, he passed into the ranks of the Independents; and latterly, as Toland asserts, he ceased to be a professed member of any particular sect, frequenting none of their assemblies, and using none of their peculiar rites in his family.

From this assertion of Toland's, and from the general silence of Milton's biographers respecting his use either of family or of closet prayer, some inferences have been deduced to the disadvantage of his devotional character. It has been insinuated that, without the existence of external rites, religion would insensibly slide even from such a mind as Milton's; that in these instances of omission he was probably acting without his own approbation, and that death perhaps intercepted him in his daily resolutions to reform a scheme which his reason must [s] have condemned. The greater part of the premises, from which these conclusions are not after all very fairly drawn, rests upon nothing more than the weakness of negative evidence.

The fact of Milton's not frequenting in the latter period of his life any place of pub-

[s] Johnson's Life of Milton.

lic worship, may possibly, though still with caution, be admitted on the single testimony of [t] Toland: but the cause of this fact will more properly be sought in the blindness and infirmities, which for some of his last years confined the great author to his house, than in any disgust, with which he had been affected by a nearer insight into the imperfections of the contending sects. On any determination of this question, narrow must be the mind of that man who can suspect the devotion of Milton, merely because it was not exercised within the consecrated precincts of a church. We are fully aware of the usefulness and the duty of public worship, and in us the omission of it would be criminal: but the degree of the obligation must be measured by the standard in the bosom of the individual; and we believe that a good man may offer his homage to God, with as strong an assurance of acceptance,

[t] When I speak of the diffidence with which Toland's testimony in this instance ought to be received, I refer to those unhappy prepossessions on the subject of religion, with which this respectable biographer is known to have been biassed; and which would naturally induce him to lessen the distance as much as he possibly could, in this essential respect, between Milton and himself. If it could be proved that Milton in his latter days had contracted a general indifference for religion, a great point would be carried for the cause of infidelity.

in the Lybian desert as in the cathedral of St. Paul's.

For Milton's disuse of all prayer, in his family or by himself, no evidence is pretended but what results from the silence of his biographers; and for a part of the alleged fact no evidence could have been obtained without that admission to the privacies of his closet, which would be denied to the most privileged friendship. The first hours of his day were regularly devoted, as we are assured, to religious reading and meditation; and of the time, thus appropriated to devotion, it is but reasonable to conclude that a part was assigned to petition and thanksgiving immediately addressed to the great Father of Mercies. With respect to his family, we know that he carefully initiated his pupils into the principles of Christian theology, and we cannot without violence bring ourselves to believe that he would withhold from his children that momentous instruction, which he so sedulously imparted to persons more remotely connected with him. On the supposition therefore, which is by no means supported by sufficient testimony, of his having neglected to summon his family to regular and formal prayer, I am far from certain that he can be convicted of any violent omission of

duty; for, having impressed their minds with a just sense of the relation in which they stood to their Creator, he might allowably withdraw his interference, and leave them to adjust their homage and their petitions to their own feelings and their own wants.

From the materials, which have been left to us on the subject, we have now completed the history of JOHN MILTON;—a man in whom were illustriously combined all the qualities that could adorn, or elevate the nature to which he belonged; a man, who at once possessed beauty of countenance, symmetry of form, elegance of manners, benevolence of temper, magnanimity and loftiness of soul, the brightest illumination of intellect, knowledge the most various and extended, virtue that never loitered in her career nor deviated from her course;—a man, who, if he had been delegated as the representative of his species to one of the superior worlds, would have suggested a grand idea of the human race, as of beings affluent with moral and intellectual treasure, who were raised and distinguished in the universe as the favourites and heirs of Heaven.

The greatness of Milton imparts an interest to every thing which is connected with

him, and naturally points our curiosity to the fortunes of his descendants. Of the three daughters whom he left, and who were by his first wife, Anne, the eldest, who with a handsome face was deformed, married a master builder, and died with her child in her first lying-in: of Mary, the second, we know only that she discovered the least affection for her father, and died in a single state; and Deborah, the youngest, leaving her father's house in consequence of some disagreement with her step-mother three or four years before his decease, accompanied a lady of the name of Merian to Ireland, and afterwards married Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spitalfields. The distress, into which she fell, experienced some late and imperfect relief from the liberality of Addison, and the less splendid munificence of Queen Caroline; from the former of whom she received a handsome donation, with a promise, which death prevented him from accomplishing, of a permanent provision; and from the latter a present, improperly called royal, of fifty guineas. She strongly resembled her father's portrait, and possessed good sense with genteel manners. By the affection also, which she discovered for her father many years after his death, she

seems to have been intitled to that partial regard with which he is reported to have distinguished her.

Of her seven sons and three daughters, two only left any offspring; Caleb, who, marrying in the East Indies, had two sons whose history cannot be traced; and Elizabeth, who married Thomas Foster, of the same profession with her father, and had by him three sons and four daughters, who all died young and without issue. In penury and age, she was discovered in a little chandler's shop, and brought forward to public notice by the active benevolence of Doctor Birch and Doctor Newton. In consequence of this awakened attention to the grand-daughter of Milton, Comus was [u] acted for her benefit, and Johnson, associated at that time as he was in the injurious labours of the infamous Lauder, did not hesitate to supply the occasional prologue. The produce of this benefit was only one hundred and thirty pounds; and, with this small sum between her and her former wretchedness, she relapsed into indigence and the obscurity of her shop. She died, as I am informed by a paragraph [x] in one of

[u] April 5th 1750.

[x] This paragraph which is preserved in the "Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, Esq. (v. i. p. 114.) shall here be transcribed.

the contemporary newspapers, on the 9th of May, 1754; and with her, as it is highly probable, expired the last descendent of the immortal Milton.

Some of the little information, which she supplied respecting her grandfather and his family, seems to have been erroneous. For the fact of his second wife dying in childbed we have the testimony not only of Philips, but of Milton himself, who in the sonnet on her death makes a direct [y] allusion to its cause; and yet Mrs. Foster affirmed that this lady died of a consumption, at a period of more than three months after her lying-in. When Mrs. Foster mentioned France as the birth place of our author's father, she was also mistaken; and she was again unquestionably wrong if she affirmed, as it is said, that her mother and her aunts had not been taught and were unable to write. When she mentioned however that her grandfather seldom went abroad during the latter years of his life, and was at that time constantly visited by persons of distinction among his

" On Thursday last, (May 9, 1754) died at Islington, in the 60th year of her age, after a long and painful illness which she sustained with Christian fortitude and patience, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, granddaughter of Milton."

[y] " Mine, as whom, wash'd from spot of childbed taint,
Purification in the old law did save," &c. Son. xxiii.

countrymen and foreigners, her relation is supported by its probability and by the concurrence of his contemporary biographers. She spoke of three portraits of her illustrious ancestor, which had been painted at different periods of his life; the first, when he was at school; the second, when he was about the age of twenty-five, and the last, when he was advanced in years.

The first of these portraits is that painted in 1618 by Cornelius Janssen, which we have noticed in one of the first pages of our work. It is a half-length picture of the boy Milton; and, having been first purchased from the executors of Milton's widow by Mr. Charles Stanhope, at the sale of his effects it became the property of the late Mr. Thomas Hollis; by whom being bequeathed to Mr. Brand, it has subsequently been transmitted by the will of this last gentleman to the reverend Doctor Disney; and with him it at present remains. Of the two other portraits, unless the last be that crayon drawing by Faithorne, for which Milton sate in his sixty-second year and which is reported to have the most strongly resembled him,[z] I can communicate no particular intelligence.

[z] On the production of this portrait it was that Mrs. Clarke, affected by the resemblance, broke out into those affectionate exclamations, of which we have spoken.

They, who are desirous of minute information respecting the portraits of this great man and the numerous engravings which have been made from them, may find it in the edition of his juvenile poems published by Mr. Warton,[a] and in the "Memoirs of Thomas Hollis."[b]

On the back of the miniature picture by Cooper, (which was purchased by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is said, though, as I conceive, very erroneously, to be of Milton,) is written, "This picture belonged to Deborah Milton, who was her father's amanuensis." I adduce this circumstance as an additional attestation of a fact, which I have related on the authority of Aubrey and Wood.

Milton's armorial bearings were, argent, a spread eagle, with two heads gules, legged and beaked sable. A small silver seal with these arms, with which he was accustomed to seal his letters, is still preserved. On the death of Foster, the husband of Milton's grand-daughter, it passed, through one intermediate hand, into the possession of Mr. T. Hollis who purchased it in 1761. Accompanying the rest of the Hollis property in its transits, it at present forms one of the curiosities in the cabinet of the liberal Doctor Disney.

[a] P. 529. in the note. [b] Vol. i. p. 113. 117.

APPENDIX.

AD PATREM.*

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen,
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina censûs,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio;
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen;
Quo nihil æthereos ortûs et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethëæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ:
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.

* For the reference to this poem see p. 47.

Nos etiam, patrium tunc cûm repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis;
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nûnc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cùm nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia, vates,
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actûs, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensûsque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus;
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ; simulacraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas: habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti,
Cognatas artes studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,

Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures:
Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et, quæ Jovis ora decebant,
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultûs;
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit:
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currûs, et fræna diei,
Et circùm undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars, quamlibet ima, catervæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo;
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul, vigiles Curæ, procul este, Querelæ,

Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictûs;
In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego: securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusûs,
Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco;
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

TO MY FATHER.

O! that, descending from the two-fold hill,
Pieria's fountain would my bosom fill;
Through all its depths, in limpid fancy, roll,
Blend with my thought and sparkle in my soul:
That thus my song might happily aspire
From meaner themes to hail my honour'd sire.
The Muse, thou best of parents! fain would twine
A wreath to crown paternal worth like thine.
The gift, though small, my sire will not refuse:
Nor know we how, without the according Muse,
To find what we may offer, you receive,
In fond requital of the love you give:
To form the just requital of your love,
Poor would the Muse with all her offerings prove:
To absolve my mighty debt her gifts how vain—
A tuneful nothing, and a barren strain.
But in my numbers all my wealth resides;
I own no means of recompense besides:

My sole exchequer fill'd by Clio's smile;
The regal maid, who crowns my faithful toil:
Who, as beneath her laurel shade I dream,
Visits my slumbers in a golden stream.
Nor slight the treasures of the harmonious Nine,
Who greatly speak the source of man, divine:
Show that he caught a sparkle from above;
His breast still glowing with the fire of Jove.
Heaven's ear is charm'd with song: controlling verse
With thrilling force dire Tartarus can pierce;
With chains of triple adamant compell
The dusky hosts, and bind the powers of hell.
In verse the priestess shakes the Pythian cave:
Rapt into verse, the pale-eyed Sybills rave:
Verse smooths the sacrificer's holy prayer
At the dread altar, as his hands prepare
To strike the bull that threats in gaudy state;
Or in the breathing entrails grope for fate.
We too, when raised to our celestial land,
Where time in one stupendous pause shall stand,
Crown'd with pure gold shall tread the eternal fane,
Attuning to the lyre the numerous strain:
While the pleased stars, that gem the vaulted sky,
Catch the soft tones, and ring in sweet reply.
The guardian Power, who, throned on every sphere,
Wheels the vast orb, and guides its proud career,
Pours, as he circles through the starry throng,
The unutterable notes of angel-song.
Fierce Ophiuchus hears with mute delight;
And stern Orion checks the threaten'd fight;
While Atlas, as the lays abstract his soul,
Exults, unconscious of the incumbent pole.
When yet the social board, by reason graced,
Disdain'd subservience to the glutton taste;
When modest Bacchus gave the frugal cheer,
The feasts of monarchs own'd the Muses dear.
There sate the bard in state above the rest,
His unshorn locks with oaken wreaths compress'd:

His the high deeds of heroes to rehearse,
And bid the great examples live in verse:
His with sublimer spirit to recite
The world first rising from essential night;
And infant deities with acorns fed,
Unarm'd as yet from thund'ring Ætna's bed.
Nor aught avail the melodies of tone
To words unwedded, and the Muse unknown.
'Twas not the harp of Orpheus, but the song
That held the floods, and drew the trees along;
Touch'd the hard breasts of spectres with consent;
And made their eyes in stony showers relent.
Nor you affect to scorn the Aönian quire,
Bless'd by their smiles, and glowing with their fire:
You, who, by them inspired, with art profound
Can wield the magic of proportion'd sound:
Through thousand tones can teach the voice to stray,
And wind to harmony its mazy way,
Arion's tuneful heir!—then wonder not
A poet-child should be by you begot.
My kindred soul is warm with kindred flame,
And the son treads the father's track to fame.
Phœbus controlls us with a common sway;
To you his lyre commends, to me his lay:
Whole in each bosom makes his just abode;
With child and sire the same, though varied God.
Yet that you hate the Muse is but profess'd:
Her secret love is cherish'd in your breast.
Else why not urge my steps where fortune lies
In the prone path, and vaunts her gaudy prize:
Why not condemn me, with the bar's hoarse throng,
To gather affluence from a nation's wrong:
Why rather seek with intellectual gold
To deck my mind, and to my sight unfold,
Withdrawn in shades from lucre's noisy band,
The beauteous vision of the Aönian land:
Give me through all its bloomy wilds to stray,
The bless'd companion of the God of day.

I pass the endearing fatherly caress,—
And in the greater kindness lose the less.
When by your bounty, sire, the words, that hung,
In strength and sweetness, on the Latian's tongue,
I now had learn'd; and, what even Jove could speak,
The full sonorous accents of the Greek;
Your love persuasive press'd me to advance,
And glean the flowers that strew the page of France:
To win Italia's modern Muse, who shows
The base pollution of barbarian foes;
And read the native strains of hallow'd lore,
Taught by heaven-tutor'd Palestine of yore.
Nor yet content, you led my curious eye
To scan the circling wonders of the sky:
Of air the lucid secrets to reveal,
And know what earth's and ocean's depths conceal.
Thus brought to science in her inmost seat,
You broke the cloud that veil'd her last retreat;
And offer'd, in her plenitude of charms,
The naked goddess to my youthful arms:
And, if your power had match'd your will to bless,
Now should my arms the heavenly fair possess.
Mad worshippers of gold!—and will ye dare
With mine your glittering treasures to compare?
Mine wealth intangible,—and haply your's—
All that the sun in India's lap matures.
Say could a father more than mine have given,
If Jove that father, and reserved his heaven?
Had it been safe, the boon less precious far,
When Hyperion lent his blazing car;
Sent forth his boy in all the god's array,
And crown'd him with intolerable day.
Now deck'd with ivies and immortal bays,
One, though the meanest of the sons of praise,
High shall I keep the tenor of my state
O'er the base crowd, and lifted from their fate.
Hence, wakeful Cares, and pining Sorrows fly!
Hence leering Envy, with thy sidelong eye!

Slander in vain thy viper-jaws expand!
No harm can touch me from your hateful band!
Alien from you, my breast, in virtue strong,
Derides the menace of your reptile throng.
Since then, dear sire, my gratitude can find,
For all your gifts, no gifts of equal kind:
Since every prouder wish my powers confine—
Accept, for all, this fond recording line:
O! take the love that strives to be express'd!
O! take the thanks that swell within my breast!
And you, sweet triflings of my youthful state,
If strains like you can hope a lasting date:
Unconscious of your mortal master's doom,
If ye maintain the day, nor know the tomb,
From dark forgetfulness, as time rolls on,
Your power shall snatch the father and the son:
And make them live to teach succeeding days,
How one could merit, and how one could praise.

Speaking of this translation of mine, (and of no other translation in my volume does he intimate even a suspicion of the existence,) Mr. Hayley says, "This translation has considerable merit: but my opinion of the respectable author's taste and candour is such, that I persuade myself he will agree with me in thinking the blank verse of Cowper, in expressing the same ideas, has more happily caught the sweetness and spirit of the original."[c]

To a compliment of this description I shall not make any reply. If I could with

[c] See the preface to Cowper's translations of Milton's Latin and Italian Poems, p. xvi.

propriety transcribe in this place the entire subject of Mr. Hayley's preference, I should confidently leave to my readers the easy task of deciding on that Gentleman's candour and taste: but I must content myself with making a short extract from the version in question; and for the sole purpose of subjoining a remark on it.

> "The fiery spirit pure,
> That wheels yon circling orbs, directs himself
> Their mazy dance with melody of verse,
> Unutterable, immortal, hearing which
> Huge *Ophiuchus* holds *his hiss* suppress'd,
> Orion soften'd drops his ardent blade,
> And Atlas stands unconscious of his load."
>
> (COWPER's Trans. &c. p. 60.)

In my translation of this verse in the original,

> "Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila SERPENS,"

I assumed the liberty of substituting one constellation for another, Ophiuchus (the serpent-holder, or Hercules strangling the snakes,) for the serpent. This license, though venial, I regarded as bold; and I was consequently rather surprised when I discovered in the version, published by Mr. Hayley, the very same substitution, accompanied with the whimsical impropriety of having the hisses of Milton's serpent attributed to the man, who

had been obtruded into the serpent's place. In a note, I shall extract from Mr. Hayley's publication a few other passages in which the likeness to some of my lines must be allowed to be striking. If these translations in their published state are truly and verbally as they came from Mr. Cowper's pen, the resemblance in every case must be acknowledged to be fortuitous: for their respectable author died before I thought of translating any of Milton's Latin poems; and my work issued from the press more than two years before these versions of Mr. Cowper's (with the exception of those small portions of them which were inserted in Mr. Hayley's biography) made their appearance in the world. To those critics, who may either adopt Bishop Hurd's canons on the marks of imitation or form others for the regulation of their own judgments, the matter of my note may suggest a subject of curious speculation.[c]

[c] On some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years cause,
Thunder the Norman gibberish of the laws.
Cowper, p. 10.

Pompous and pregnant with a ten years cause,
The prating, puzzled pleader of the laws.
S. p. 66.

There virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
What love is know not, yet unknowing love.
Cowper, p. 10.

My friend, the reverend Francis Wrang-

There a new feeling oft the maiden proves;
Knows not 'tis love, but while she knows not, loves.
S. p. 66.

And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools,
And face once more the warfare of the schools.
Cowper, p. 13.

And, (fix'd my visit to Cam's rushy pools,)
To bear once more the murmur of the schools.
S. p. 69.

Another Leonora once inspired
Tasso, with fatal love to phrenzy fired.
Cowper, p 42.

Another Leonora's charms inspired
The love that Tasso's phrenzied senses fired.
S. p. 140.

And Hecaërge with the golden hair.
Cowper, p. 70.

And Hecaërge with the golden hair.
S. p. 154.

Won by his hospitable friend's desire,
He soothed his pains of exile with the lyre.
Cowper, p. 71.

Would sing, indulgent to his friend's desire,
And cheat his tedious exile with the lyre.
S. p. 155.

Ah! blest indifference of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen or preferr'd.
Cowper, p. 80.

How blest, where, none repulsed and none preferr'd,
One common friendship blends the lowing herd.
S. p. 190.

ham, having favoured me with a complete translation of the ode to Rouse, but at a period too late to stand in its proper station in my work, I am induced to insert the entire composition in this place, that the reader may see its beauties in the integrity of the whole piece. Of the few verbal alterations, which occur in the present copy, some were made for the purpose of uniformity: for, not emulous of the licentious vagrancy of the original, the translator has constructed his ode on the more correct scheme of the Roman and the English Muse.

TO

JOHN ROUSE,

The Librarian of the University of Oxford.[d]

STROPHE I.

With one informing mind
Though looking with a twofold face,
Go, Book! and, dressed with simple grace,
Unlaboured, speak what once the youth design'd:
While midst Ausonia's classic shade
Reclined, or in some native glade,
Yet guiltless of his country's ire
He struck or Rome's or Albion's lyre;
Or roused the thunder of the Tuscan chord,
And spurning earth's low tracts through fields empyreal soar'd.

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[d] See p. 276

ANTISTROPHE I.

What robber's guileful hand—
When, at the call of friendship sent,
To Thamis' source thy steps were bent,
Filch'd thee, dwarf Volume, from thy brother-band?
To Thamis' source,—their limpid store
Where the Pierian sisters pour;
And, while the tide of choral song
Flows her sweet shades and flowers among,
Blazon'd for many an age long past by fame,
For many an age to come shall glitter Oxford's name.[e]

STROPHE II.

Would but some heavenly Power,
In pity on our sorrows smile,
(If sorrows yet have purged our isle,
And woe's atoning pang hath had its hour,)
Quell the fierce crowd's unhallow'd roar,
And back to their loved haunts restore
The banish'd Nine, who drooping roam
Without a comforter or home;
Wing his keen shaft against the noisome race,
And far from Delphi's stream the harpy-mischief chase.

---

[e] Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cùm tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugitèr obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris;
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsûs redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum?

ANTISTROPHE II.

But thou rejoice, dear Book,
Though late purloin'd by pilfering hand,
Or wandering from thy kindred band
Thou lurkest now in some inglorious nook;
In some vile den thy honours torn,
Or by some palm mechanic worn,
Rejoice! for, lo! new hopes arise
That thou again may'st view the skies;
From Lethe's pool oblivious burst to day,
And win on "sail-broad vans" to highest heaven thy way.

STROPHE III.

Thy strains to Rouse belong:
Thou, his by promise, art deplored,
As wanting to his perfect hoard,
By Rouse, firm guardian of eternal song—
Rouse, who a nobler treasure keeps,
Than that on Delphi's craggy steeps,
In honour of Latona's child
By Grecia's pious bounty piled,
(Where Attic Ion watch'd the sacred door,)
Tripod, and votive vase, and all the holy store. [f]

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[f] Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculi, numeroque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse;
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virùm monumenta curæ:
Teque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,
Æternorum operum custos fidelis;
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris
Quàm cui præfuit Iön,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iön, Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

For the other stanzas of the original Ode see p. 277, 278, 279, 280.

ARISTROPHE III.

'Tis thine to hail the groves,
Her vale's green charms where Oxford spreads:
Thine her fair domes and velvet meads,
Which more than his own Delos Phœbus loves
Than Pindus more;—and thine, proud choice!
(Since thou by friendship's partial voice
Art call'd to join the immortal band,)
Midst bards of giant fame to stand;
Bards of old Greece and Rome the light and pride,
Whose names shall float for aye on time's o'erwhelming tide.

EPODE.

And ye, my other toils,
Not toil'd in vain, some distant day
From Envy's fang shall speed your way,
Where Rouse protects and favouring Hermes smiles.
There nor the rabble shall revile,
Nor factious critics pour their bile:
But, hoarded to a happier age,
A purer race shall scan the page;
With heart unwarp'd your humble worth regard,
Trample on Spleen's pale corse, and bless the patriot bard.

Mr. Warton, the late Laureat, having been frequently mentioned in the preceding pages, and not always with that respect which his friends imagine to be due to him, let me openly avow, in this unconnected place, that whatever credit for probity and worth I am disposed to attribute to him as a man, I can discover no superior merit in him as a writer; and am compelled to class him with those, who have accidentally been raised into cele-

brity by the caprice of the day, above the rightful claim of their intellectual endowments or their literary acquisitions. Some of his poetry may be allowed to be pretty: but his learning was confined and superficial; and his criticism, at all times weak, was almost uniformly erroneous. He was not perhaps an unuseful labourer in the leaden mines of Gothic and English antiquity; and his brother antiquarians, who can learnedly descant on the classification of the various species of fools that have formerly flourished in our happy land, may approach him with the reverence of the knee, and may assign to those, who refuse to unite in the silly worship, what opprobrious epithets they please: but unable with any efforts to add to their own stature, or to breathe the breath of life into their idol, they will still continue to be little, and he to be uninformed with a sparkle of the Divinity.[c]

Like all the small men in the world of

[c] See Douce's "Illustrations of Shakspeare," or rather the article on this work in the British Critic, for August 1808—[V. xxxii. 160.] Mr. Douce is a respectable writer and a gentleman: but his friendly Critic has exceeded him in his generous zeal for Mr. Warton's reputation, and has involved all, who refuse to seat this author by the side of Aristotle and Homer, in one rush of condemnation as "sciolists and slanderers." I know nothing of the offences of others against the fame of the late Laureat: but I know that the anger of his friends is too indiscriminate in its expressions, and cannot be of any use to their cause. Its scribble however will be little read and less regarded.

letters, Mr. Warton would sometimes indulge himself with an attack upon the great. Of the many blows which he aimed at Milton, and to which he was incited, no doubt, by the zeal of his tory virtue, some have been noticed in the course of the present work: but other favourites of the Muse could not escape him. For borrowing two or three expressions from Il Penseroso and the Comus, Mr. W. could thus speak of Pope: "But Pope was a gleaner of the old English poets; and he was here *pilfering* from *obsolete* English poetry without the least fear or danger of being detected[d]!!!" A few years, however, will sweep this acute and candid detector of plagiarism to oblivion; and will leave the laurel of Eloisa's poet without the vestige of a stain. The Laureat's brother, the late most respectable and amiable master of Winchester school, certainly possessed more liberality of sentiment and a finer taste: but I am assured, by those who knew them and are more competent to decide upon the question than myself, that on the whole he was the inferior man. It may be so, and I stand corrected; and whenever again I may have occasion to speak of them, Thomas shall be placed in the sentence before Joseph.

[d] Wart. ed. of Milt. Juv. Poems, p. 193.

In Lord Teignmouth's elegant biography, a work which ought to be placed in the hands of every young man of talents and ambition, we find a letter,[d] addressed by the great and amiable Sir William Jones to the Countess Dowager Spencer, in which the writer speaks of Forest-hill, near Oxford, as of a place in which Milton "spent some part of his life;" which he chose for his retirement soon after the event of his first marriage; where he wrote L'Allegro and Il Penseroso; and where tradition still preserves the memory of the poet's residence, and points to the ruins of his chamber.

To those, who have perused the preceding volume, it will be superfluous to remark that this relation is founded altogether upon error. No biographical circumstances can be ascertained with more precision than are the various residences of Milton. By Edward Philips, who must have been acquainted with the facts which he assumes to relate, for he was then an inmate with his uncle, we are informed that Milton, about Whitsuntide, (in 1643,) after a month's absence from his house in Aldersgate Street, returned home with his wife, Mary Powell; that the Lady, when she had cohabited for a month with

[d] Memoirs of the Life of Sir William Jones, p. 67.

her husband, deserted him, and did not again see him till the memorable period of their reconciliation, about the middle of 1645; that she was then lodged, in the first instance, at the house of a female relation, and was soon afterwards settled with her husband in his new mansion in Barbican; that under this protecting roof her parents and their family almost immediately sought an asylum, which they continued to enjoy till 1647; and that the Powells then returned to Forest-hill, unaccompanied, (as is evident from the negative testimony of the biographer,) by Milton; whose numerous and weighty occupations, indeed, must necessarily have exacted his presence in town. We may be certain therefore that Milton never saw Forest-hill after his departure from it on his marriage, nor ever resided there longer than during the month of his courtship. In this interval indeed it is possible, though, as I think, not probable that he wrote L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, and if to the impression of Forest-hill and its scenery we are indebted for the production of these exquisite pieces, we may forgive it for its offence as the seat, and perhaps the birthplace of the proud and the paltry Powells. The letter, to which I refer, is so admirably written, and offers so much pleasure to the imagination, that every reader must lament with me the circumstances of its

being destitute of the requisite ground of fact. As no doubt can be entertained of the truth of the story as far as Sir W. Jones's immediate responsibility in it extends, we must account for the tradition, of which he speaks, by supposing that Milton's subsequent celebrity attached so much consequence to the house which he had casually inhabited for a month, as to consecrate it, in the neighbourhood, to fame. The discovery in the ruined mansion of " papers in Milton's own hand," is mentioned by Sir W. Jones only as a report: but, allowing the information to have been correct, the existence of papers in a place, where the writer had certainly resided and which belonged to his immediate connexions, can easily be conceived without incurring the necessity of drawing from it any more extensive inference. To oppose such a circumstance to that direct and strong evidence, on which the leading events in the preceding narrative are recorded, would be idle and unjustifiable in the extreme.

Having had occasion more than once in the preceding pages to mention the name of Lauder, I conceive it to be proper to give some account of this unfortunate man's conduct as it is connected with the history of

Milton, and has justly stampt the character of this enemy of our great poet with indelible infamy.

In the year 1747, William Lauder, a teacher of the Latin tongue and a man certainly possessing both talents and learning, excited general attention by publishing in the Gentleman's Magazine, for the months of January, February, and March, a paper, signed with the initials W. L. which he called "Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns;" intended to prove that our illustrious epic bard had been considerably indebted to some modern Latin poets of very inferior fame, from whose works extracts, in support of the alleged discovery, were produced. To this essay, of which the malevolence was discernible through the moderation of its language, three answers were given in the same periodical pamphlet, and Milton was defended against the charge of plagiarism, without the intimation of any doubt respecting the authenticity of Lauder's quotations.

Emboldened by his escape from detection and now seemingly confident of ultimate success, the impostor in the beginning of the year 1750 published, under the same title, that larger essay which he had promised.

Though the intemperate language of this work would no longer suffer it to be a doubt, notwithstanding the strong assertion of probity in its concluding paragraph, whether malice or the love of truth was the writer's actuating motive, Mr. Samuel Johnson, who, from his known connexion at this period with Cave, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, may fairly be concluded not to have been unassociated with Lauder's former publication, did not scruple to ornament it with a preface and a postscript, and thus to make himself an accomplice in the malignity, if candour obliges us to admit his ignorance of the frauds of its author. This essay, the assertions [e] of which, extending far beyond its

[e] To gratify the curiosity of my readers I will transcribe for them some of the passages from this malignant publication,—premising that they are taken, without any very curious selection, from many others stampt with equal or with greater rancour.

P. 59.—

"The case is exactly the same," (says Lauder speaking of a passage, which he had himself fabricated for Grotius, and which, as he affirms, Milton "borrowed without any intention of making an acknowledgment,) "in a thousand other places, where much false incense has been offered on the wrong altar, and many lavish encomiums unjustly prostituted."

P. 71.—

"The State of Innocence or Fall of Man," is a proof how readily Milton's poem, which was founded on a tragedy, "(the

pretended proofs, affected the entire over-

Adamus exul of the juvenile Grotius,)" may be reduced to a tragedy again. But there is this remarkable difference between the two authors, that Dryden, though never reputed a man of the strictest morals, frankly acknowledged to whom he stood obliged, while Milton, notwithstanding his high pretensions to integrity, most industriously concealed his obligations."

P. 72, 73.

" He" (Grotius) " has as much reason to complain of ungrateful usage at Milton's hand, as the prince of the Latin poets when he exclaimed with indignation, from a consciousness of injury done him by Bathyllus,—

" Hos ego versiculos feci,—tulit alter honores."

P. 74.

After ridiculing the honours, which had been paid to Milton on the false supposition of his originality, and of the truth with which he asserts that his song

. . . . . pursues
" Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,"

Lauder says, with reference to one of the vindicators of the great poet, " But I must take the liberty to inform him that my notions of morality taught me quite another lesson than to bestow the praise due to ingenuity and integrity on persons of a different character."

P. 77.—

" 'Tis true Ramsay's poem has been lately called a cento from Virgil; but I hope to shew (and I think I have partly done it already) that Milton stands infinitely more exposed to that censure, being compiled out of all authors, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, who had any thing in their works suitable to

throw of Milton's poetical and indeed moral

his purpose: nor do I blame him for this unlimited freedom, but for his industriously concealing it.

P. 86.—

"By this time, I hope, the mist of delusion begins to disperse: for though Milton has been so long in possession of Paradise that he may even plead prescription in his favour, yet I have ventured (and I think successfully) to call his title in question; as unjustly acquired at first, and which therefore, no length of time can make valid;—according to that known and approved maxim, quod ab initio vitiosum est tractu temporis non convalescit."

P. 115.—

"And here I could produce a whole cloud of witnesses, as fresh vouchers of the truth of my assertion, with whose fine sentiments, as so many gay feathers, Milton has plumed himself; like one who would adorn a garland with flowers, secretly taken out of various gardens; or a crown with jewels, stolen from the different diadems, or repositories of princes; by which means he shines indeed, but with a borrowed lustre—a surreptitious majesty."

P. 133.

"In the sixth book (the greatest part of which, I have already observed, is ungenerously copied from this young German." (Taubman,) &c.

P. 138.

"This elegant work," (Taubman's Bellum Angelicum,) "among many others, has enabled Milton to reach the summit of Parnassus more truly than that extraordinary poetical inspiration which the deluded world has imagined him possessed of."—

reputation, was inscribed by Lauder to the two Universities; and the cause, between the accuser and the numerous admirers of the British Homer, was now brought to a decisive issue. In this state of things, the indignant and agitated public was under the necessity of acquiescing for the space nearly of a twelvemonth; during which period the forger and his auxiliary were permitted to triumph,

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P. 161.

The circumstance of Milton's refusing to instruct his daughters in the languages, which he taught them to read to him, was a contrivance, according to Lauder, to keep them in ignorance of his thefts. "Milton well knew" (says this strange man,) "the loquacious and incontinent spirit of the sex; and the danger, on that account, of intrusting them with so important a secret as his unbounded plagiarism: he, therefore, wisely confined them to the knowledge of the words and pronunciation only, but kept the sense and meaning to himself." Lauder strictly observes the precept of the critic,

——————— servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet.

The essay concludes in the same inveterate and rancorous spirit—with a solemn assertion of the author's purity of motive in the love of truth, and with an apology for his not having "confined himself within the bounds of decency and moderation," drawn from the asperity of the controversial language of Milton himself, "who liberally dealt his thunder on all with whom he happened to be engaged; and

SUA QUISQUE EXEMPLA DEBET ÆQUO ANIMO PATI.

To this work be it for ever remembered that Samuel Johnson gave his deliberate and unqualified sanction!!!

one for his gratified animosity to the fame of the great poet, and the other for the success of his fraudulent contrivances.

About the end of the same year, (1750,) Mr. Douglas, the rector of Eaton Constantine in Shropshire, (who lately died[f] with the mitre of Salisbury on his brow,) addressed to the Earl of Bath a letter intitled, "Milton vindicated from the charge of plagiarism brought against him by Mr. Lauder."—Having in this pamphlet first clearly proved that Lauder's quotations, allowing them to be authentic, would not support the charges, urged with so much indecent vehemence against Milton, of plagiarism and an immoral concealment of truth, the acute and able critic proceeds to show that, with impudence unparallelled in the annals of literary imposture, the passages, which had been cited from Masenius, Staphorstius, Taubmannus, and the other obscure writers presented on this occasion to the public notice, had been adapted to the forger's design by the interpolation of lines either immediately fabricated for the purpose, or transcribed without alteration from Hogg's translation of the Paradise Lost.

[f] On the 18th of May, 1807, in his 86th year—universally beloved and lamented.

On this complete and irresistible evidence of Lauder's defective morality, they, who in any way had been connected with his publications, thought it expedient to clear themselves from the suspicion of any participation of his crimes. In this measure of prudence or of probity, his booksellers, (Payne and Bouquet in Paternoster Row,) very honourably took the lead. On the appearance of Mr. Douglas's pamphlet, they instantly acquainted Lauder that he must either disprove the charge, now brought against him, of forgery, by placing in their hands those editions of his authors from which he had made his extracts, or that they would "publicly disclaim all connexion with him, and expose his declining the only step left for his defence." On his impudently avowing to them his dishonest practices, they hastened to execute their threat, and to vindicate their conduct to the world. Their advertisement on this occasion is candid, manly, and explicit; and it is remarkable for advancing, in extenuation of their credulity, the same excuse which was afterwards urged, with less propriety and a smaller probability of truth, by Lauder's literary accomplice,[s] that

[s] Johnson is reported to have said that he thought "the man too frantic to be fraudulent."

" the man's want of capacity to contrive and execute a fraud precluded a suspicion of abuse and interpolation." From the booksellers, who saw the violence of Lauder and were unable to appreciate his powers, this apology might very well be received; but it certainly came with an ill grace from the mouth of Johnson, who had been connected with the impostor, as is highly probable, for more than two years, and who could not on any supposition be a stranger to the acuteness of his intellect or the malice of his heart. In this exigency however, it was requisite for Johnson to be active in disavowing his association with falsehood; and accordingly he wrote for Lauder a letter of penitence and confession, and induced him to address it as his own to Mr. Douglas. The fate of this ill-starred letter seems to have been singularly unfortunate. It failed to satisfy the public, and, while it hurt the feelings, it promoted none of the purposes of Lauder: by Lauder indeed it was subsequently disowned, with some intimation of doubt respecting the good faith of his officious friend, on whom he professes to have reposed with the most perfect confidence.

The cause of Lauder's hostility to Milton, as it is assigned in this publication, is of a na-

ture too curious to be suppressed. Lauder, as it seems, had edited, for the use of schools, a translation of the psalms into Latin verse by Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician; and had pleased himself with the prospect of an income from an annual edition of the work: but his hopes of profit had been intercepted by a wicked couplet[h] of Pope's in the Dunciad, which had thrown the Scotch translator into contempt, and had consequently checked the sale of his production. "I had no particular pleasure," (says Lauder, or rather Johnson for him,) "in subverting the reputation of Milton, which I had myself once endeavoured to exalt, and of which the foundation had always remained untouched by me had not my credit and my interest been blasted, or thought to be blasted by the shade which it cast from its boundless elevation." Then follows the story which I have related, and which the letter-writer thus concludes: "On this occasion it was natural not to be pleased; and my resentment,

[h] Speaking of Benson, the poet says,

"On two unequal crutches propp'd he came,
Milton's on this—on that one Johnston's name."

The unprincipled Lauder assigned afterwards other reasons for his conduct: but he seems principally to have been actuated by a wish of calling the public attention to those obscure Latin poets of which he was then meditating an edition.

seeking to discharge itself somewhere, was unhappily directed against Milton"!!!

The contrition, which Lauder had been made to express in this letter, was soon discovered to be altogether fictitious. In 1754 he published another malignant pamphlet; in which he shows that his former design was not dropped, and threatens to "reinforce the charge of plagiarism against the English poet, and to fix it upon him by irrefragable conviction in the face of the whole world."—This new publication was intitled, "King Charles vindicated from the charge of plagiarism, brought against him by Milton, and Milton himself convicted of forgery and a gross imposition on the public:" and its object was to prove that Milton, for the purpose of bringing discredit on the Icon Basilikè, had interpolated this supposed production of royal authorship with Pamela's prayer from the Arcadia of Sidney. Though this unspecious falsehood was afterwards deemed of sufficient consequence to be revived, with a notable and hardy contempt of truth, by the great literary patron of Lauder, it was now unable to obtain that degree of regard which was requisite to render it of any use to its author: and, failing in this attempt to conciliate the protection of the high royalist party,

he was compelled to retire before the popular resentment to the West Indies; where he is reported to have perished under the oppression of penury and contempt. The fate of his coadjutor was far more prosperous—

——— Ille crucem tulit—hic diadema.—

Johnson survived the disgrace of his infamous alliance to enjoy the opportunity of attempting, with much deeper though not more effectual wounds, the impassible reputation of Milton.

To vindicate him from the imputation, to which he became exposed by his intercourse with Lauder, it has been urged by Johnson's friends that the zeal with which he espoused the necessities of Milton's descendant, Mrs. Foster, and the praise which he has assigned to the great poet's muse place him above the suspicion of being actuated, in this instance of his conduct, by malice. I must be forgiven if I remark that this offer of vindication is both irrelevant and defective;—irrelevant, as benevolence to the living, allowing it to be unalloyed with any base mixture of ostentation or interest, may unite in perfect consistency with enmity to the dead;—defective, as the praise, to which the appeal has been so confidently made, is

evidently penurious, reluctant, compelled by the demand of the critic's own character, and uniformly dashed and qualified with something of an opposite nature:

——— medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.

While he was depreciating the fame of the illustrious ancestor, Johnson could not act more prudently, or in a way more likely to lead him to his final object, than by acquiring easy credit as the friend of the distressed grandchild; and the prologue which he wrote for her benefit, and which is little more than a versification of what he had before attached to the pamphlet sullied with Lauder's malignity and forgeries, has fully answered the writer's purposes by the imputed liberality which it has obtained for him, and the means with which it has thus supplied him of striking, during the repose of suspicion, the more pernicious blow. Avowed hostility generally defeats its own object; and the semblance of kindness has commonly been assumed by the efficient assassin for the perpetration of his design. Whether, in short, in the instance before us, Johnson indulged, as his friends would persuade us to believe, the charitable propensities of his

own heart, or availed himself of the opportunity to provide for the interests of his own character, the measure may be allowed to have been good, or to have been wise, but cannot be admitted, in opposition to the testimony of formidable facts, to have been demonstrative of his favourable disposition toward Milton.

If Johnson's conduct, as a critic on the poetic works of our great bard, be made the subject of our attention, we shall examine it in vain for the proof of that regard which it is said to exhibit for the reputation of the author of Paradise Lost. Let us recollect that the smaller poems of our illustrious writer were pronounced by Johnson to be "peculiar without excellence, and, if differing from the verses of others, differing for the worse;" that in Milton's Latin poetry the critic saw nothing but what was inferior to the Latin compositions of Cowley and of May; that he made the Lycidas the object of his perverse censure, and affected to hold its admirers in contempt; that his applause of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso was formal and jejune; that he detracted, as much as a sense of decency would permit him, from the merit of the Comus; that his strictures on the Samson Agonistes were severe; and that his high and splendid panegyric on the

Paradise Lost was connected with a remark, which, on its admission, would at once lay the lofty edifice of praise in the dust, and by proving that this glorious epic was destitute of the first great requisite of poetry, the power of pleasing, would demonstrate it, with all its imputed excellences, to be an indifferent poem:—let us recollect all this, and then let the most candid among us seriously determine whether the critic be superior to the suspicion of wishing for an opportunity to blast the laurels of Milton.[i] In Johnson's defence it is idle to adduce the elevated terms in which he has occasionally mentioned our epic bard: Lauder himself has extolled him with panegyric equally lofty;[k] and the result of

[i] If we are desirous of positive and precise testimony respecting the existence, at the period in question, of malevolence to the fame of Milton in the breast of Johnson, we have only to turn to the 276th page of Sir John Hawkins's life of this author. "While the book" [Lauder's Essay) "was in the press, the proof sheets," says this biographer, "were submitted to the inspection of our club by a member of it who had an interest in its publication, and I could all along perceive that Johnson seemed to approve not only of the design, but of the argument, and seemed to exult in a persuasion that the reputation of Milton was likely to suffer by this discovery."—To this assertion made by a person immediately conversant with the fact, and not interested to misrepresent it—by a person, who was the intimate of Johnson throughout his life, and was appointed one of his executors by his will, nothing has been or can be opposed but the futile evidence of that praise with which Johnson, as a critic, has occasionally spoken of the poetry of Milton.

[k] For the proof of this assertion I will not ransack Lauder's

strong censure, or even of cold praise, would have been more injurious to the critic than to the poet. The Paradise Lost was unquestionably a noble poem: but if it could have been shown to be the produce of theft, the

first papers in the Gentleman's Magazine, where it might be found, but will transcribe his epitaph on the author of Paradise Lost.

Virorum maximus, JOHANNES MILTONUS, Poeta celeberrimus;—non Angliæ modo, soli natalis, verùm generis humani ornamentum:—cujus eximius liber, Anglicanis versibus conscriptus, vulgo PARADISUS AMISSUS, immortalis illud ingenii monumentum, cum ipsâ ferè æternitate perennaturum est opus!—Hujus memoriam Anglorum primus, post tantum, proh dolor! ab tanti excessu poetæ intervallum, statuâ eleganti in loco celeberrimo, cœnobio Westmonasteriensi, positâ, regum, principum, antistitum, illustriumque Angliæ virorum cæmeterio, vir ornatissimus Gulielmus Benson prosecutus est.

The remarks, which Lauder makes on this evidence of his veneration for Milton, are worthy also of our notice. "A character as high and honourable as ever was bestowed upon him by the most sanguine of his admirers! and as this was my cool and sincere opinion of that wonderful man formerly, so I declare it to be the same still, and ever will be, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, occasioned merely by passion and resentment; which appear however by the "Postscript" to the Essay, to be so far from extending to the posterity of Milton, that I recommend his only remaining descendant in the warmest terms to the public."

Here are panegyric and benevolence, of which Milton and his granddaughter are the objects, of as high and ardent a nature as any which have been expressed by Dr. Johnson. In diction and imagery the Scotch schoolmaster is evidently inferior to the English critic and moralist:—but in admiration of the deceased poet, and in charity toward the survivor of the poet's family, the notorious Lauder refuses to be outdone by the celebrated Johnson.

fabricator's proud name would have been annihilated, and the purposes of his enemy accomplished. The hostile attempt was certainly made; and its failure could not have been witnessed without painful disappointment by the writer of that Life of Milton, which was unhappily sent into the world under the sanction of the booksellers of London. Of the radical and pervading malignity of this work no doubt can for an instant be entertained by any dispassionate reader, and it may justly be questioned whether, as the writer of the Rambler and of the Life of Milton, Dr. Johnson has evinced more friendliness or more enmity to the cause of truth, has effected more good or offered more injury to the great interests of his species. By a party among my contemporaries I am aware that this doubt will be strongly, and perhaps acrimoniously resented: but, if a page like mine may hope to survive to a distant age, I feel assured that, by the judgment of a generation remote from the prejudices of the present, I shall be absolved from the charge of wounding truth to gratify passion, even though I should assert that the delinquency of the libellous biographer is ill compensated by the merit of the monotonous and heavy-gaited morality of the gloomy and dogmatic essayist.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAD pleased myself with the hope of producing this edition of my Life of Milton in a state of complete typographical correctness: but, with the general fate of human hopes, mine has been disappointed. Having been called into a distant part of the island, while the sheets were passing through the press, some of my corrected proofs never came to the Printer's hand; and a little inaccuracy has been the inevitable consequence of their miscarriage. A few trifling errors have also escaped my own eye, which is not always minutely correct when exercised in the literal revision of my own compositions; and I have not been in a situation to avail myself of the assistance of a friend. In p. 60 in the first line of the note a superfluous, " a," has accidentally fallen between, " nocenda," and " numina." In l. 5 from the bottom of p. 62, " Calorum," is printed for " Carolum." In the note at p. 114, the scholar will find " ἐνέσταξε" divided into two words. In l. 15 of p. 121 instead of, " in only," it should be, as it was in the first edition, " only in." Of page 216 the last word (in the note) should be " three" and not two." In the 15th l. of p. 219 " Concialitory" is printed for " Con-

ciliatory." In l. 5 from the bottom of p. 367 "augustum" is substituted for "angustum." In the note of p. 407, "*Du* Tarn should properly be *the* Tarn." At p. 428 in the note, the last word of Sarrau's first distich is printed, êoles, instead of "coles:" and in the line preceding this distich, "least," ought to be "most." I will beg that for, "reciprocality," in the 511th page, may be read "reciprocation:" and in the note of p. 535, that la Harpe may be written instead of "Le Harpe." If the learned reader should observe that the nice accentuation of the Greek is not always very punctiliously executed, he is desired to forgive it, from the almost insuperable difficulty of having so delicate a business accurately conducted without the immediate and constant superintendence of the author's eye in the very office of the Printer. I must now acknowledge and correct errors in which the Printer has no participation. In the last line of page 149, for, "without any other reference than to that of metre" I would write, "with reference only to metre:" and in the 22d line of page 154, I am desirous of substituting, "the *sisters*," for, "the *fathers* of the Druid line," as a change which is required by the conclusion of the paragraph. Chorea is a ring or set of dancers without any res-

pect to their sex: but it is evident by what follows that these bearers of the Druid-offerings to Apollo were intended by Milton to be females; and it is extraordinary that this effect of my inadvertency should not occur to any one of my public or my private critics; or to myself, till my translation had passed twice through the press.

On the subject of errors which I am solicitous to rectify, let me not omit to refer to one which may be regarded as of no trifling moment. In a letter to an eminent bookseller in London, which the writer desired his correspondent to communicate to me, Mr. J. Cooper Walker, whose name is known with so much distinction in the literary world, mentioned that "there was in the library of the college of Dublin a collection of Milton's pamphlets, bound in one volume, with an inscription in his own hand-writing to his friend Junius, to whom the book had been presented." Not doubting that this Junius was the kinsman of Isaac Vossius, and the writer of the treatise, "De Picturâ Veterum," who passed some time in England and was a friend of Milton's, I stated the fact according to my conception of it, and adduced Mr. C. Walker as my authority for the satement. Subsequently however, suspicious of the information which I had given, I wrote to Dr.

Butson, the bishop of Clonfert, whose talents, erudition, and moral worth make me proud to challenge him as my friend, for some more specific intelligence on the topic in question; and to the kindness of this most respectable prelate am I now indebted for the power of correcting the mistake of which I have been guilty in the note to p. 396. The person, to whom is inscribed the volume preserved in the library of Trin. Coll. Dublin, was Patrick Young, the librarian of Charles I. The words and the arrangement of the inscription are the following:

Ad doctissimum virum
Patri: Junium, Johannes
Miltonus, hæc sua,
unum in fasciculum
conjecta, mittit, paucis
hujusmodi lectoribus
contentus.

Patrick Young, who was a prebendary of St. Paul's, was probably Milton's neighbour, when the latter resided in St. Bride's Churchyard; and this circumstance, with the natural effect of learning to conciliate its votaries, might be sufficient to cement a friendship between these two great scholars, notwithstanding the opposition of their political principles. In the pure sunshine of Athens or of Rome, the republican Milton and the royalist Young might meet and entertain each

other, without attending to the gloomy and pestilential atmosphere which, in that disastrous season, covered and diseased their native island.

For these errors of oversight or misapprehension which I have acknowledged, and for many more of a similar nature which may have escaped my detection, I will entreat the pardon of my readers; and will hope that, imitating the candour of the great Roman critic and poet, while they see my faults they will suggest the venial cause of them in the common imperfection of the mind of man.

> Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.
> Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et mens;
> Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum:
> Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.
>
> HOR. De Art Poet. 347.

But if, refusing the indulgence which I solicit, my readers will be strict in remarking the imperfections of my page, I can only address them in the terms, in which the great and the modest Locke addressed Bishop Stillingfleet: "I see that you would have me exact, and without any faults; and I wish that I could be so, the better to deserve your approbation."

More than half of this volume had passed

the press, before I obtained a sight of Mr. Todd's second edition of the poetical works of my author; and to this circumstance must be imputed my apparent inattention to this respectable publication. To Mr. Todd I have formerly professed obligations for the information with which he has supplied me; and had I been able to avail myself, at the proper period, of this new edition of his biographical and editorial labours, I might possibly have had more obligations of a similar nature to acknowledge. Of some of the new matter however, with which his industrious researches have enabled him to enlarge his biography, I was already possessed; and much of the rest I should not perhaps have been very solicitous to employ. With respect to his edition of our great poet, I must think that the variorum notes are much too numerous, and that their bulk might very advantageously have been diminished. In two instances, which have occurred to me on a hasty glance through the volumes, the commentary (the general character of which is redundancy) proves to be deficient. On that place in the 2d book of Paradise Lost, 592—

> A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog,
> 'Twixt Damiata and mount Casius old,
> *Where armies whole have sunk:*

the classical prototype is not cited; and we are referred to Herodotus and Lucan, in none of whose pages is to be found any authority for the assertion in the line distinguished by italics. The passage to which Milton immediately points on this occasion is in Diodorus. After describing the lake Serbonis, this historian says, *διὸ καὶ πολλοὶ τῶν ἀγνοούντων τὴν ἰδιότητα τῦ τόπυ, μετὰ ςρατευμάτων ὅλων ἠφανίσθησαν, τῆς ὑποκειμένης ὁδῦ διαμαρτόντες.* "Wherefore many, wandering from the proper road, and not previously acquainted with the nature of this place, have, *with their whole armies*, been swallowed up in it." Dio. Sic. 1. 35. ed. Wessel. 1746.

The other instance of omission, to which I allude, is in the 7th book of the Paradise Lost, l. 142—

> ——— "by whose aid,
> This inaccessible high strength the seat
> Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
> He trusted to have seised, &c.

In this passage, "us," by the invariable rule of the English Grammar ought to be, "we;" and yet the error is not noticed in the commentary. But it is not intended to throw trifles of this nature into the scale to weigh against the general merit of the edition. Of more consequence however is the neglect

throughout these volumes of the proper poetic orthography; or the indiscriminate and unsystematic excision of the e, in the inflected tenses and the perfect participle of the verb. By this inconsiderate conduct of the Editor much mischief has been done; and if a page of his Milton were to be read according to the invariable rules of English pronunciation, the ear would be frequently outraged with barbarous sounds, occasioned by the erroneous shortening of the penultimate vowel, or the equally erroneous hardening of the penultimate consonant, when it happened to be c, or g. In the following lines for instance—

"If thou beest he: but O! how fallen! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine, &c."

the g in "chang'd" is hard as in clang or rang, and the o in cloth'd is short as in clot or plot.—In these lines however the Editor has deviated from his usual practice by leaving the e of the inflexion in "beest" and "fallen," in the latter of which words it happens to be of very immaterial consequence. It is strange that a principle of poetic orthography which is so obvious, and has more than once been publicly explained, should yet not be followed: but if the editors of our poets are inflexibly bent on retaining their

mumpsimus, the evil is irremediable, and their perverse fancies must be indulged at the expence of principle and consistency. Mr. Todd in this instance is not more blameable than the multitude of his brother-editors; and I only lament that he should be involved in their common error. As an editor of our great poet, he is certainly entitled to praise from the public; and he seems also to be a most estimable, candid and amiable man. He is indeed, if such a thing can be, too good-natured and benevolent; and his eulogy is lavished with so indiscriminate a hand as to be depreciated considerably in its currency. By his sentence, almost every writer on his subject is excellent and admirable: in his pages Hayley is animated and——interesting and acute. My share of attention from him, though not of a size to oppress me with obligation, is sufficiently ample; and fully adequate to my claims. On some occasions, the Editor and I do not seem to understand each other. With the opportunity of correcting my error if he had made me sensible of it, I have suffered the note, (p. 372,) on the Bishop[1] of Landaff's crimination of Milton, to remain, in all its words, syllables, and letters, as it

[1] See Todd's Life of Milton, 2d ed. p. 78, 79, 80.

was; and if it should not refute the worthy Prelate's 30th of January charge against my author, it will stand as the record of my own confused apprehension.

With respect to Mr. Warton's insufficiency as a critic, my opinion is formed on too large an acquaintance with that gentleman's productions ever to be retracted. When [m] I censure him for his attack upon Pope, it is not the substance but the manner of the annotator's remark which excites my reprehension. I require not to be told that Pope gleaned poetic expression from every page in which it was to be found: but I may be allowed to resent a charge brought against the great bard of Twickenham for *pilfering* from *an old poet*, because he *thought he could pilfer without being exposed to detection*. Pope borrowed poetic phraseology from many of our old poets: but he borrowed it from Dryden, who was in every person's hand, more largely than from all our old poets together. He was too affluent and powerful to *pilfer* or *to be in dread of detection:* but, like his master, Dryden, before him, he took by the right of genius whatever he could appropriate to his own purposes; and the seizure was made under the full eye of the sun. If, during the life-

[m] Id. p. 163.

time of the dreaded satirist Mr. Warton had expressed himself in the language which I have reprehended, it is probable that he would have obtained a place among the divers in Fleet-ditch; and instead of the muse, in whose arms his admirers now fancy that he reposes, would have been a successful rival of Smedley's, and strained to the oozy bosom of a mud-nymph. Mr. Warton's treatment of others is unquestionably not such as to make him the subject of any peculiar lenity. Tickell and Elijah Fenton, each of them in talents and general respectability of character at least his equal, experience his severity on innumerable occasions, and are always certain, whenever they occur to him, of being felled by his unmerciful buffets. He frequently supplies, as I have acknowledged, very useful information: but in criticism he is uniformly unfortunate; and if every note of his, in which opinion and critical remark are hazarded, were to be erased from this variorum edition of Milton's poetry, the work would be improved by the circumstance. But with Mr. Todd and his literary community, the late Laureat is one of Apollo's assessors on the forked hill: and there let him remain for me, and be the oracle of those who may chuse

to resort to him for inspiration, and gratefully to fumigate him with incense.

Of Mr. Todd, let me repeat that my opinion is highly favourable. His notes are commonly distinguished by their good sense; and his adduction of similar passages and expressions, though not always important, is generally successful and brought from rather an extensive circle of reading. As a commentator on Milton he occupies, after Patrick Hume, Pearce, and Newton, the very first place: and I wish that he had been satisfied with these three learned and ingenious men as his associates, and had rejected the trash which has been imposed on his facility by the gentlemen who write with ease, to mitigate the pains and penalties of idleness, or to indulge, in the only way open to them, the vanity of authorship.

THE END.

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Symmons, Charles
The life of John Milton

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